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LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

BENJAMIN JOWETT, M.A.

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Walker & Boutall, Ph. Sc.

The Master of Balliol.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

OF BENJAMIN JOWETT, M.A.

MASTER OF BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD

BY

EVELYN ABBOTT, M.A., LL.D.

AND

LEWIS CAMPBELL, M.A., LL.D.

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WITH PORTRAITS AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

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ERRATUM.

Vol. II, p. 67, l. 5 from foot, *omit the words* 'the first who held that office.'

Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett, Vol. II.

time to say a few words about Balliol and Jowett.

Every one was asking: What use would he make of his new position? Would he cast aside all restraint,

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LIFE OF BENJAMIN JOWETT

CHAPTER I

THE MASTERSHIP. SEPTEMBER, 1870—OCTOBER, 1871

(Aetatis 53-54)

THE election—Jowett removes to the Lodge—Term begins—Jowett at home—Reforms: The laundresses; the grace in Hall; the Undergraduates' Library—Dinner at the Albion Tavern—The translation of Plato—Life and work—Interview with Mazzini—Jowett in Switzerland—At Tummel Bridge—At Glasgow for the Scott Centenary—Letters, &c.

ON September 7, 1870, Jowett was elected Master of Balliol. The election was of course a foregone conclusion. For some years past his position in the College had been such that no other choice was possible. No other person could have been Master except in name, unless indeed Jowett had left Oxford. But *cosa fatta capo ha*, and the election, though expected, was an event. Not a week had elapsed since the battle of Sedan and the fall of the French Empire; yet the papers found time to say a few words about Balliol and Jowett.

Every one was asking: What use would he make of his new position? Would he cast aside all restraint,

and reform the College after his own heart—or what was thought to be after his own heart? Would the old Balliol make way for a new Balliol, wider and more comprehensive than the old, but not less efficient? a Balliol where all who deserved help would obtain it; a College which was also a University in the range of the subjects taught, and the variety of the classes who met in it? What would become of the Chapel services: would they too be reformed on the new lines? Every one felt that changes were at hand, for it was unlikely that the 'native hue of resolution' would fade away under the change of circumstances, as so often happens when the Opposition becomes the Ministry, or that the bridle of responsibility would check the energy which for years past had carried all before it.

Jowett had hoped to pay Morier a visit at the end of the Long Vacation, but this was now impossible. Only five weeks remained before the beginning of Term, and in this interval he had to move into the Master's Lodgings —which had just been rebuilt on a much larger plan— and to furnish them. He cared little at any time for his own personal comfort, but he was pleased at the thought of having a house in which he could entertain his friends, and he was careful that they should want nothing. He took with him his old College servant Knight, who with his wife and daughter kept the house—Jowett's table being supplied from the College kitchen. 'We must be hospitable,' he said, when arranging his plans with Knight; 'we must be hospitable'—and Knight did not fall behind his master's wishes.

On September 12, 1870, he writes to Lady Airlie:—

'The election passed off quietly without any *contretemps* or protest. I am going to Malvern on Friday to be admitted

by the Visitor[1]. I was hoping that I should have had a reasonable excuse for coming to Scotland again (and to the Tulchan[2]), for he was reported to be at Dunkeld. But this turns out not to be the case. And having Plato to finish, who will take about a month longer, a house to furnish, servants to find, a cook for the College (a most important matter, for I am very desirous that we should have a good reputation for eating and drinking), also a Bursar or man of business for the College, I know not how to leave Oxford at present. I want you, when you return to London, to come and see my house and make suggestions about furnishing.'

From his secretary, the late Mr. Matthew Knight[3], I learnt a few more details. The first person to greet him by his new title was Archdeacon Palmer, who met him while taking a stroll in the quadrangle.

In furnishing his house he was helped by various friends, whose gifts he always valued, and remembered the names of the givers. 'He was proud of his house,' Mr. Knight adds; 'and when he returned from a visit or a sojourn at Malvern, he would often say with a sigh of relief, "Well, I am glad to be at home again!" Once he brought a lady, one of the visitors staying with him, into the study, and, as he opened the door, I heard him say, "Come with me, and, like Hezekiah, I will show thee all the treasures of my house."'

On the first Sunday of Term Jowett preached in the College Chapel from the text, 'Except the Lord build the house, their labour is but vain that build it': and of

[1] Dr. Jackson, Bishop of London.

[2] Lord Airlie's shooting box in Glen Isla.

[3] Matthew Knight (cf. vol. i. p. 396), the Master's friend and secretary, of whom we shall often hear in these pages, died after many years of ill health on September 24, 1895.

course he spoke of the College, of the past and the future, what the College had been and what he hoped that it might be[1].

Owing to various causes, it was now possible to make considerable changes in the domestic management of the College; Jowett took the matter into his own hands and gave particular attention to it, in the hope of securing greater economy and efficiency. I quote from a letter of Mr. Edwin Harrison, one of Jowett's intimate friends, who was then an undergraduate at Balliol:—

'OXFORD, *October* 22.

'I had a walk with "the Reverend the Master of Balliol" the other day. He is in a reforming mood,—has passed a sumptuary law restricting each man to one guest at dinner weekly, has abolished the long grace-duet[2] after meat, and substituted a short grace-solo before it, and now meditates a grand revolution in the Balliol cookery—opprobrium of our race. The head cook died at the end of last Term, full of iniquities, so there is a chance of better things.'

Even the laundresses felt the touch of his reforming finger, and were compelled to revise their charges, and submit to checks. The undergraduates, of course, had their stories of these changes. It was told in the Apocrypha of Balliol how the indignant women had clamoured for an interview with the Master. The interview was granted, and when the hubbub of complaint had subsided, the clear voice was heard asking, 'Will you wash for Balliol at such a price?' 'No' was screamed in chorus. 'Then, Knight, show these ladies downstairs.' A second interview was granted, and with no better result: but at the third the Master was victorious. By the ingenuity of a malicious friend I was compelled,

[1] The sermon is No. iv. in *College Sermons*.

[2] See below, pp. 5, 21.

some two years after the supposed event, to repeat this story to Jowett himself. He listened patiently, and remarked, 'There is not a word of truth in it; not a word of truth.'

Another and less apocryphal reform was the abolition of the old grace at dinner to which Mr. Harrison refers. It had been the custom for the Scholar 'in course' to remain in Hall till the Fellows had finished their dinner, in order to take part in a somewhat elaborate Latin grace—an arrangement which often detained the solitary Scholar long after the rest of the undergraduates had gone. This custom was now abolished; the presence of the Scholar was no longer required, and the grace, if the old form was used, was said by the Fellows among themselves.

Before the Term ended an Undergraduates' Library had been founded in the College, a very valuable institution which was set on foot by the munificence of one of the Scholars. Many wealthy men have availed themselves of the resources of the University, treating their Scholarships or Exhibitions as lawful prize of war; but others have taken a different view. In this case the whole of the money received was returned, and out of it books were purchased for the use of the undergraduates. For some years the library went on increasing, until it was combined with the College Library and the whole made accessible to undergraduates.

In February, 1871, Jowett was entertained at dinner at the Albion Tavern, by his friends and old pupils, to celebrate his election to the Mastership. Dean Stanley was in the chair. Among the company were Robert Lowe—then Chancellor of the Exchequer—Lord Cardwell, Secretary of State for War, Lord Houghton, Robert Browning, and, at his own request, Lord Westbury.

Of Jowett's own speech on this occasion nothing has been preserved beyond the brief notice in the *Times* (February 27). He spoke with deep emotion, referring to the close and unbroken friendship which for thirty-four years had existed between himself and Stanley; of the battles which they had fought together in the cause of religion and education. Then he turned more especially to his own pupils, and urged them, while supporting the advancement of freedom and truth, not to forget the lessons of Christian charity and forbearance. But of all the speeches made on this occasion that which lived longest in the memory of the hearers was the speech of Lord Westbury, of which Jowett himself has left an account in a letter to Lord Westbury's daughter[1]. Speaking with the utmost seriousness, in tones almost pathetic, and without a smile, Lord Westbury 'put into twenty minutes about as much fun and mischief as it was possible to get into the time.'

'How much better and wiser a man he would have been,' he said, 'if he had had the good fortune to be the pupil of Stanley or Jowett, how many errors he would have escaped, how different would have been his retrospect of life! In his own days the University was like a great ship, left high and dry upon the shore, which marked the place where the waters of knowledge had once flowed. But now, by the efforts of his two distinguished friends, the stream had attained a level, lower indeed, but not much lower, than in other places.'

In the same month the long-expected translation of Plato was published, in four octavo volumes. As a literary work, a classical rendering of a Greek classic, its merit was at once recognized, for Jowett's style was irresistible; but as a work of philosophy and scholarship

[1] See Nash's *Life of Lord Westbury*, vol. ii. pp. 286–288.

it was less appreciated. The more philosophical readers missed a connected statement of the philosophy of Plato; and scholars often turned to the book in vain for an explanation of the more difficult passages of the Greek[1]. Yet every one acknowledged that Plato was now an English book; that a new era had begun for the study of the great master. He was brought before us in his strength and his weakness: the poetry, the imagination, the elevation of thought shone out through the English; and on the other hand the sophistry of argument, the uncertainty and indefiniteness of the conclusions, the contradiction of various points of view, were not less apparent. Jowett's introductions to the *Dialogues* were and were not disappointing: on the one hand more—much more—might have been said about the relation of Plato to previous philosophers, and on the plan and purpose of the *Dialogues*; but on the other, every reader was charmed by the beauty of the style, the wisdom and depth of thought, the happy illustrations from modern feeling and experience. Many who left Plato unread lingered with delight over Jowett's essays[2].

By the election to the Mastership, and the publication of his Plato, Jowett's work in life became fixed.

[1] It was at this time Jowett's intention to write a 'comprehensive account of the Platonic philosophy' (see below, p. 42); but he never carried out his purpose, owing probably to his distrust of constructive criticism. The vagueness of the translation was due in part to his habit of polishing the English when he had laid the Greek aside.

[2] One of the first to appreciate Jowett's translation of Plato was the Lady Charlotte Elliot, who had seen an early copy of the book when on a visit to her friend the Countess of Airlie. She wrote a sonnet to 'Mr. Jowett, who has revealed the mind of Plato to those unskilled to read his language.' Another lady—herself eminent as a translator—used to say that the translation was one of the books which she 'would take with her to a desert island.'

Henceforth the practical power was developed at the expense of the speculative. It would not indeed be true to say that in his later years he was less thoughtful than he had been formerly, for he was always thinking and planning and criticizing. But it is true that as Master of the College the demands on his time and energy became too great to allow of that 'simmering over work,' by which alone such writing as we find in the *Epistles* can be produced. And the great success of his translation of Plato tended to confirm him in his choice of this kind of work; from Plato he went on to the translation of Thucydides and Aristotle's *Politics*; theology, in which perhaps his real strength lay, occupied his thoughts but not his pen; and though the work on the Life of Christ had a place among his plans almost to the end of his life, the vision was never realized. It was the same with his philosophical writing. He was not in truth at any time of his life a philosopher in the sense that he had a theoretical system. Perhaps it may be admitted that his way of thinking was essentially unsystematic: he grasped truth intuitively, rather than discursively, vividly apprehending one aspect of it after another, but hardly making any effort to trace their logical connexion. 'I put down my thoughts like sparks,' he once said, 'and let them run into one another.' In his mind all systems of moral philosophy were but partial glimpses of the truth; all were true, and all were imperfect, for each needed to be corrected and expanded by the other. 'If we ask,' he says, in the introduction to Plato's *Philebus*, 'which of these many theories is the true one? we may answer, all of them—moral sense, innate ideas, *a priori*, *a posteriori* notions, the philosophy of experience, the philosophy of intuition—all of them have added something to our conception of

ethics; no one of them is the whole truth[1].' One whose range of vision was so wide, who, without being inconsistent, was yet inclined to look at moral or religious questions from many different points of view, found it more and more difficult, as he grew in knowledge and experience, to write on such subjects with the systematic exposition required in an independent treatise. And so it came to pass that another great work which his friends, especially Lowe and Grant, urged him to undertake, and to which he constantly returned in his schemes for the future—a treatise on morals—was never written[2].

There was a change, too, in his relation to the undergraduates. As Master he could not exercise quite the same sort of influence on them which he had exercised as a Tutor. But the change was not great. He continued to ask them to breakfast or wine, rarely allowing a day to pass without seeing two or three. He thought of them day and night. He won their confidence as he had always done, and those who were in distress turned to him for help and advice. To evil-doers he was a terror; and the countenance with which an offender left his room was sufficient evidence of what had taken place within. Nor did he entirely give up Tutorial work. He took essays from a number of undergraduates once a week at least. He established weekly Tutorial meetings at which he never failed to attend, going through the whole list of undergraduates and satisfying himself by inquiry about the work of every man. In the terminal examinations a careful record was

[1] Cf. Professor J. Grote, *Examination of the Utilitarian Philosophy*, p. 177: 'My complaint against utilitarianism has been, all along, that being partial, it claims to be all that is needed for morals.'

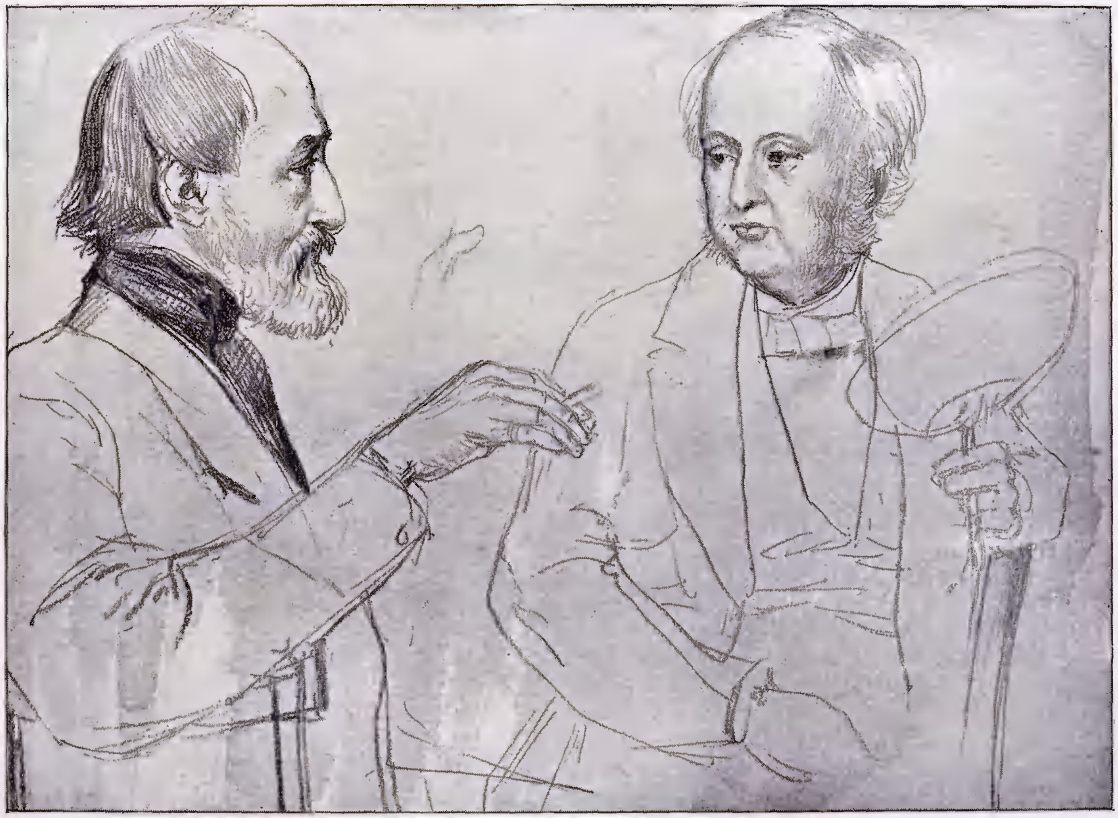
[2] Cf. vol. i. p. 382.

made of the marks given, and if there was any failure in the public examinations it was quickly noticed and brought before the Tutors[1]. And, as we shall see, he kept up as Master his old custom of inviting men to spend part of the Long Vacation with him in Scotland, and afterwards at West Malvern.

It was Jowett's habit to write down notes of conversations which interested him, or of his own thoughts and reading, a practice which grew upon him, as the circle of his friends became wider and the subjects in which he was interested more numerous. Had he left nothing else behind him but these notes, he might still claim a place among the remarkable men of his time, so large is the number of the distinguished persons with whom he is brought in contact, so great the variety of subjects with which his mind is engaged, so forcible the language in which he expresses his thoughts, so original, or at least uncommon, the views which he takes.

In the spring of 1871, at Jowett's request, Mr. George Howard (now the Earl of Carlisle) asked Mazzini to meet him at his house in London. Jowett had a sincere admiration for Mazzini—'He was an enthusiast, a visionary,' he said, 'and may perhaps have recommended the "moral dagger" in early life. But he was a very noble character, and had a genius far beyond that of ordinary statesmen. Though not a statesman, I think that his

[1] Jowett wished to make 'Collections,' as these terminal examinations are called, a progressive test of work, extending over the whole course. Each Term was to see an additional layer imposed on the subjects of the preceding Term, and the standard of examination was to be severe. The undergraduates had their rhymes on this—a wicked parody of *Dies Irae*, which I do not dare to quote! The system was ideal, but it did not last long.



J. MAZZINI AND PROFESSOR JOWETT

From a Drawing by Lord Carlisle

reputation will increase as time goes on, when that of most statesmen disappears[1].' At the interview the Master said very little, and after he had gone Mazzini remarked: 'He made me talk all the time, and I have no notion what he thought of it.' He thought a good deal of it, and made careful notes:—

'Mazzini thought that a great mistake was made in not distinguishing the beginnings and ends of periods. People thought the first French Revolution was the beginning of a period, but it was really the end, and was purely negative in its results. It enforced the equal legal rights of men and social equality, but it did nothing to construct society or bind men together. The French had been without a Government ever since. I said there was such a difficulty in governing France on account of the opposing elements of Republicans and Catholics. He denied that the Catholics were strong, and appealed to his own experience at Rome. Any new idea which took the initiative made way for a time; at Rome, for example, his friends said that he was mad to call together an assembly of the country people, who were under the control of the priests. He persisted, and the assembly was elected, and not more than four or five who were opposed to him were chosen. We then spoke of Materialism. He was entirely opposed to it, and had refused to be at the head of a materialistic society; he complained of the Government for putting Germans into professorships. You ought to ascertain the mind of the people by making inquiries of the clergy and others what they believed, and when you have ascertained the national mind you should express it in education. At the same time the motto of the nation should be progress. I asked him what could be done if the teachers thought progress to mean Materialism. He admitted that would occasionally happen, but he regarded Materialism as a passing phase, inseparable from great transitions of opinion. He had always been for God and the people.

'He spoke with great hope of the Sclavonic races: they were not at the end but at the beginning of their period. He said

[1] See vol. i. p. 354.

that they leant to Russia, as Italy leant to France, because they had no better helper. He did not believe that the Poles were extinguished; he thought their poetry the greatest in Europe.'

For the first time for many years Jowett was now at liberty to enjoy a vacation, free from the burden of translating Plato. Three weeks of the summer of 1871 were spent in a tour in Switzerland with the Hon. E. L. Stanley, who gives me the following account of the excursion:—

'I was with Jowett in 1871. We left England by Paris, and went to Geneva by rail. Thence we went on up the Valais and up to Zermatt and the Riffel; we then went up to the Eggischhorn, and thence to Brieg. Jowett walked the whole way from the Eggischhorn to Brieg.

'Next day we went over the Simplon to Baveno; and the day after drove to the Lake of Orta. We then went on to Milan, where Jowett was specially keen to see the Cenacolo of Leonardo. We then went up the Lake of Como and drove up by Madonna di Tirano to a little lake below the Bernina called, if I recollect right, Le Prese. Next day Jowett walked over the Bernina to Pontresina. We then came to Chur, sleeping on the way at the foot of the Via Mala, then to Darmstadt where he wanted to pay the Moriers a visit, and there we went out to a villa where the Princess Alice was staying, who wished to see him.

'I forget exactly how we came home. We were away altogether not more than three weeks, and it was a very pleasant trip.'

From Switzerland Jowett returned to Tummel Bridge —'brown with Swiss suns and full of life and good sayings.' Mr. Harrison, who was with him there, writes:—

'Robert Browning was in the neighbourhood at the time, staying at Little Milton, up in the hills above Loch Tummel, where he was perpetrating "Hohenstiel Schwangau" at the rate of so many lines a day, neither more nor less. He walked over

to see Jowett one afternoon, very keen about a fanciful rendering he had imagined for *αὐχμηρὸν οὖδας* in the *Alcestis*. A few evenings later we met him and his son at dinner at Altaine House, by the foot of Loch Tummel. You may be sure that where Jowett and Browning and Swinburne (who was staying at Tummel Bridge) met, the conversation was animated and interesting. But I have clean forgotten it, and only remember that the salmon was a present from Swinburne, and that we drove home in the starlight.'

While at Tummel Bridge he occupied himself with revising *The School and Children's Bible*, a project set on foot by his friend Rogers, of which we shall hear more, and with writing an Essay on the Religions of the World, over which he spent much time and thought, without bringing it to an end. It was originally intended to form part of a second volume of *Essays and Reviews*[1]. To a friend he writes:—

'I shall send you some of the *Children's Bible*, as you are kind enough to run your eye over it, and should like to know what you have to say about it. I have laid it aside for a few days, being at work upon my essay and having to go to Glasgow on Wednesday and, I fear, to make a speech there on behalf of the Scott Bursaries, which may be useful if I can stir the liberality of the Scotch, but is not pleasant to me. Owing to the connexion of the College with Glasgow I did not like to refuse.

'Here I am fairly embarked on a three months' study of the religions of the world. What have you to say about that? I have read Max Müller's first volume of *Chips*, and also his *Sanskrit Literature*. I shall embark on Colebrooke's essays on Monday.

'I mean to give a condensed sketch of each of the great religions, and then make applications of them to ourselves. I intend also at the beginning to say something against Darwin, and to show what appears to me to be the bearing of the antiquity of man on Theology.'

[1] See vol. i. p. 404.

At the Scott Centenary he was called on to propose 'The University of Glasgow, and success to the Scott Bursaries.' He naturally dwelt on the old connexion between Glasgow and Balliol, to which the College has been indebted for some of the most eminent of her sons.

'Forty years ago, or a little more, two young students came up from Glasgow University to Oxford as Snell Exhibitioners —one of them is the Lord President Inglis, and the other the Archbishop of Canterbury. And ever since then there has not been wanting a succession of distinguished students who have taken the same road. I hope that if I mention the names of some of them I may call up pleasant recollections in the minds of some persons here present—such as my friend Mr. Monro of Oriel College, one of the best Homeric scholars of the day; or Professor Campbell, the learned editor of Sophocles and Plato; or Mr. Harvey, the able Head Master of the Edinburgh Academy; or Principal Shairp, or Professor Sellar; and I must not forget to mention two others —Professor Edward Caird and Professor Nichol, teachers who would do honour to any University. And, if you will allow me, there is one other person whom I would like to mention, who was taken from us by an early death, and who, I think, did more for the University of Oxford than any one of his age and standing—Mr. George Rankine Luke. I hardly know how far, in an assembly like this, I can suppose his name to be known—though you have a Luke Fellowship among you—for the reputation of young men who have not had an opportunity of distinguishing themselves in life very soon passes away; but I think that on occasions like the present a word or two may be said about them. He was the most devoted man I ever knew, in whom the moral and intellectual qualities most entirely interpenetrated.

'. . . My Lord Provost, I think that Glasgow University has reason to be proud of her sons, and that Scotland has reason to be proud of her Universities.

'. . . There is one point above others in which I think they have a claim to honour and gratitude—I mean in the manner in which they have assisted young men of merit, bringing them

forward out of obscurity into the light of day. That I hold to be the greatest glory of the Scottish Universities. I think it is a great advantage to a nation when its youth, deserting the more usual paths of trade and commerce—though, indeed, a great moralist has told us that "there are few things in which a man can be more innocently employed than in making money"—but still I venture to say that it is a great advantage to a country when that other ambition takes possession of the mind of youth, and they feel a desire for the higher education which they attain through the University. Why is it we are always complaining of the dearth of talent in politics, in literature, in the professions? Is it not because we do not draw from a sufficiently large area? Education and natural talent are not always made to meet. The precious seed is allowed to be wasted. And I think that a University can hardly claim the praise of being truly national until it has not only opened its doors to all classes, but has made the way easy and cut the steps of the ascent for them.'

From Glasgow Jowett returned to Tummel Bridge to entertain his friends and work at his essay.

On September 11 he writes from Glen Isla, Alyth:—

'I have finished my "party" with satisfaction upon the whole. But I have only written thirty pages upon the "Religions of the World," and I begin to perceive (as I always do) that my essay will take six or eight months instead of six or eight weeks, and the second essay nearly as long. Still I am quite satisfied (though not with myself) that I could not have chosen two more important or interesting subjects than the "Religions of the World" and the "Reign of Law."'

LETTERS, 1870–1871.

To R. B. D. MORIER, C.B.

BALLIOL COLLEGE,
September 12, 1870.

It is with great regret that I am obliged to give up the idea of coming to you at this time. The reason is that I have so much to do which I did not anticipate: (1) to complete Plato, which must be finished before the beginning of Term; (2) to furnish a house and find servants; (3) (which is much more important) to find a cook for the College; and (4) to find a Bursar, or rather a man of business for the College in the place of Wall. Also I have about 100 letters to write, arrangements for matriculation to make, &c. Some of these things must go wrong if I go away now. But I will come to you at Christmas.

I may tell you, as an old friend, that I have been quite delighted with the affection and enthusiasm that the event of last week has called out. I hope I shall not rust or let the grass grow under my feet as I get older. I certainly intend to lose no time as years begin to be fewer.

I am busy moving. One of the things which I look forward to is having you and your wife and 'kinder' to stay with me.

To MRS. TENNYSON.

Address BALLIOL,
September 16, 1870.

God bless A., E., H., L.[1] I wish I could believe that they would come and see me at Oxford, now that I have

'A handsome house to lodge a friend,'

but I have almost given up hopes of this.

[1] Alfred, Emily, Hallam, Lionel.

Dear Mrs. Tennyson, I hope you know that any sixth cousin of yours will be looked after at Balliol College for your sake: only I cannot get him through the matriculation examination unless he is up to the mark.

I am at Malvern, having gone to take an oath before the Bishop of London, who is staying there. So the business of the Mastership is finally concluded, and I have only now to consider how I can make the utmost use of the new position. I am in, and I do not think any one can get me out unless, like my great predecessor John Wycliffe, I go away and take a country living.

I have got into my house, which, though too large for me, is certainly extremely comfortable. I have only furnished three rooms, and shall only furnish two more at present. I must have a serious deliberation with you before I venture on the drawing-room.

I hope that you enjoy your house at Aldworth, which I think is one of the nicest houses that I know.

To Lady Stanley of Alderley.

Balliol College,
September 20, 1870.

Let me thank you in a word for your kind note, which gave me great pleasure. I should have answered sooner but I have been very much occupied, partly in an attempt to finish Plato when I am not quite well.

I often think of the many happy visits which I have paid to Alderley, and the unmixed kindness which was shown me there. The friendship of you and your family has really been one of the bright spots of my life. You will find me, I hope, not ungrateful or forgetful. I want you to come and see me here some day. I wish that Lyulph were still a Fellow here, and then I should consider you a kind of relative of the College. But I am glad that you still take an interest about us.

Certainly I could have had no position which would have suited me so well, or in which I might hope to do so much. Oxford is in a very changing state, and this greatly increases

the interest. I shall think about the undergraduates day and night (though I cannot say this to most people): I believe that this is the way to succeed. At the same time it is one of the advantages of the place that I have not so much drudgery as I used to have.

To Dr. Greenhill.

Oxford, *October* 2, 1870.

I have been long intending to answer your kind congratulations. I hope that you will not take the delay as a measure of my feelings about them. Thank you many times. There is no place that I would sooner have than that which I hold. Some of my friends seem to entertain rather exaggerated expectations of what I can do, but I shall try to do something.

Will you come and see me when you come to Oxford? I should like your boy to understand that he is welcome to come and see me whenever he likes; I will do what I can for him.

E. Harrison to ———.

Balliol, *November* 26, 1870.

A 'perpendicular' at the Master's last night. Among others Dean Stanley, gorgeous as to the neck with the ribband of some order[1], flowing with historical and ecclesiastical anecdote; Lady Augusta, playing with a fan, universally chatty; Père Hyacinthe, short, big-nosed, talking French to whoso could talk French to him; and dear old Jowler, simple, hospitable, and genial; handsomer too than anybody in the room, man or woman.

To Lady Stanley of Alderley.

Oxford, *June* 5, [1871].

Accept my best thanks for your beautiful present, which is a great ornament to the drawing-room. I have to thank

[1] The ribband of the Order of the Bath, of which, as Dean of Westminster, Stanley was Dean.

you for very much more than this—the unvaried kindness and friendship of you and your family, which has been a great good and happiness to me.

I understand now why you wanted the Balliol arms.

You will be well informed about Paris from Lyulph and Colonel Stanley.

Both the Commune and the Versailles people seem to be detestable; the revenges are almost worse than the crimes. I cannot help feeling that among the Commune there must have been fine fellows victims of an idea. But there will be no more ideas in France for some time to come.

To a Friend who was in Danger of Overwork.

[1871.]

I must beg of you to grant me one favour, that you will go out of town within the week, whether your business is finished or unfinished. And do not write me a letter of reasons why this cannot be (at a great expense of labour to yourself, though your letters are always valuable and interesting to me), but just one word to say on what day you are going. Nothing is more evident to me than that you are doing wrong by this overwork, and making it less and less probable that you will complete your book.

To the Countess of Wemyss.

Tummel Bridge, *August* 10, 1871.

I am afraid that you are wearing yourself out with sorrow: will you let me tell you the truth about this, as he might have told you, if he had been alive? To indulge in a life-long sorrow is not natural, nor quite right. We ought, I suppose, to be first resigned to the will of God and then cheerful again after a time. You have many years of life before you (humanly speaking) and great duties to fulfil, and if you allow your mind to dwell entirely on this dark place, will you be equal to them? Is there not a real danger that the affections may become narrowed and dried up, if we allow them to be absorbed in any single feeling; and that we may be unthankful to God for the many blessings which He has

left, because He has taken away one of them? It is not because I do not feel for you, but because I do, that I write this. And I venture to ask you whether sorrow should not work in some other way—in raising us to a higher level of life—in a diffused care and love of all, taking the place of an absorbing affection for one—in an absolute trust of God, though He has left us so very dark? According to each person's character, should they not try to heal their sorrow for the sake of others?

I should not expect any one to be the same as they were before, after such a calamity as has fallen upon you. The world cannot have the same interest for them. But they may reconstruct their life on another basis; and that basis, if they have any depth of character, must be living for others and for God. As a matter of pleasure or pain they give up life, but they determine to fulfil their trust, and do the best which they can with it.

To R. B. D. MORIER[1].

July 18, 1870.

Did you foresee this? How I should like to have a talk with you about the matter. It seems to me, considering the visits to Biarritz, that Napoleon was deceived by Bismarck in a way that he could not make public, and so that the *casus belli* is more real than has as yet appeared. The debate in the French Chamber was extremely unsatisfactory. I think that Prussia is very much to blame as well as France, and that it is nonsense to say that she had given no causes for suspicion, and having done so she ought to have been willing completely to remove them.

It is quite true that I have a feeling for the Emperor. He

[1] Jowett was not so absorbed in his work and his College as to take no interest in the great war which was now raging, and the humiliation of France. His sympathies were largely with the French; he had even a good word for Napoleon III; and he defends both the one and the other against the attacks of his friend Morier, then Her Majesty's Minister at Darmstadt. The letters are too long to print here, but a few extracts are given to indicate his views.

is a dreamer—he has had corrupt ministers, from whose maladministration he is now suffering: he has broken faith on more than one occasion. But he is a man of genius, who has had many great thoughts pass through his mind; he has shown the greatest courage; he is the real liberator of Italy, and would have been the liberator of Poland. I know he is spoken of in the language which Tacitus applies to the Roman emperors. But I never read a book, or a speech, or a letter of his without being impressed by him. He is an unsafe politician, because he is too dreamy and too full of ideas, and he either cannot or will not choose suitable instruments.

September 12, 1870.

It grieves me to see the Germans at Paris as much as it would to see the French at Berlin. They have all they can really gain. And for the future they cannot be perfectly safe in any case, because they cannot exterminate the French, and they are of course creating in thirty-eight millions of people sentiments of never-dying hatred which become the curse of the world in after generations. . . .

I don't want 'La belle France' or any other woman to be pained in her feelings. These are the things which make 'nations, like individuals, go mad.' A mad woman can be put in an asylum, not a nation.

The Balliol Grace

As it used to be said in Hall every day at dinner, the Scholar 'in course' beginning, and the Dean and Fellows answering.

Sch. Benedictus sit Deus in donis suis,
Soc. Et sanctus in omnibus operibus suis.
Sch. Adiutorium nostrum in nomine Domini est,
Soc. Qui fecit caelum et terras.
Sch. Sit nomen Dei benedictum
Soc. Ab hoc tempore usque in saecula.
Sch. Tribuere digneris, Domine Deus, omnibus nobis bona facientibus ob tuum sanctum nomen vitam aeternam.
Soc. Amen.

Sch. In memoria aeterna erit iustus.

Soc. Ab auditione mala nunquam timebit.

Sch. Iustorum animae in manibus Domini sunt.

Soc. Ne tangant eos instrumenta nequitiae.

Sch. Funde, quaesumus, Domine Deus, in mentes nostras gratiam tuam, ut tuis hisce donis, datis a Iohanne Balliolo et Dervorguilla uxore ceterisque omnibus benefactoribus nostris, rite ad tuam gloriam utentes in vitam caelestem una cum fidelibus omnibus defunctis resurgamus, per Iesum Christum Dominum nostrum.

Soc. Amen.

Sch. Deus pro infinita sua clementia Ecclesiae unitatem et concordiam concedat, reginam conservet, pacemque huic regno populoque Christiano largiatur, per Iesum Christum Dominum nostrum.

Soc. Amen.

CHAPTER II

REPEAL OF TESTS. TUMMEL BRIDGE
OCTOBER, 1871—DECEMBER, 1872

(Aet. 54–55)

REFORMS at Oxford—Repeal of Tests—Stanley's sermon—Jowett at Manchester—At St. Mary's—At the Old Greyfriars Church, Edinburgh—Chapel services at Balliol—Lectures given at Edinburgh on Boswell and Johnson—Jowett at Tummel Bridge—*The School and Children's Bible*—Life at Tummel Bridge—Opposition to Stanley as Select Preacher—Letters.

DURING the first year of his Mastership Jowett had spent much time in College meetings, helping to revise the Statutes, mainly in regard to clerical and married Fellows. For of the first there were too many and of the second too few to suit the spirit of the time. The results pleased him. 'My terminal meetings,' he says in October, 1871, 'have passed off extremely well, and the Visitor has acceded to all the most important changes in the Statutes.' But besides these labours in College he was endeavouring, with others, to rearrange the studies of the University in order to develop more fully the system of combination among the Colleges, and here he found great difficulties.

'We get on very well,' he says, 'with our plans for reconstructing the historical and philological studies of

the University, but not equally well with the philosophical, about which we are at loggerheads. I believe that we shall get through the whole before the end of Term.' That was always Jowett's belief—he would finish the work long before it could be finished. And it was so in this case—for six months later Mr. Harrison writes:—

'I am tired out just now, having spent the last hour and a half in reforming the University: that is, I have been helping the Master to reduce into better shape a new scheme of studies, which the Dons have been making and marring, and amending and wrangling over, Heaven knows how long. And after all I am not sure that the old system was not better.'

In 1871 the Bill was carried which abolished religious tests as a condition of proceeding to the degree of M.A. at the Universities. Though clerical Fellowships still continued to exist, all lay students were now on precisely equal terms. To many this removal of a deeply felt and galling restriction, together with the greater freedom allowed by residence out of College, seemed to be the beginning of a new era in University life. The Universities were no longer to be the privilege of the few, who by their wealth and religious views were able to take advantage of them, and the prizes which they had to offer; they were to be open to all, to the poor no less than the rich, the Dissenter no less than the Churchman; they would at last become what they ought to be, national centres of thought and education, whose influence would reach far beyond the aristocracy and the clergy—to the national school and the parish Ebenezer. Nowhere do we find a more eloquent expression of the thoughts which were animating the Liberals of Oxford at this time than in the concluding words of a sermon

preached by Dean Stanley, in St. Mary's, on February 25, 1872, on the well-known text (the valley of dry bones), Ezekiel xxxvii. 1–3. Those who remember Stanley can picture the voice and look with which he made this thrilling appeal:—

'There is the glorious prospect now for the first time revealed to Oxford of becoming not the battle-field of contending religious factions, but the neutral, the sacred ground, where the healing genius of the place and the equal intercourse of blameless and generous youth shall unite the long estrangements of Judah and of Ephraim, of Jerusalem and Samaria. There are the chances for the teachers and the students of the nineteenth century, such as have not been known in any previous age, for the reconcilement of the holy claims both of science and religion, of the love of truth and the love of goodness.

'And to answer to this trumpet call, to join in this splendid work, we appeal to the manly, upright, independent, industrious, modest, reverential spirit of the rising generation of this place, to lift themselves to the level of their great vocation.

'You have inherited this beautiful, soothing past; you must inherit also that bright, that inspiring future. Prophesy—not only over the dry bones of a dead antiquity, but over the living souls of this living generation—Prophesy, O Son of Man, and come from the four winds of heaven, from East and West, from North and South, O Breath of God, O Spirit of Truth, of Charity, of Eternal Progress. Come, O Spirit of holy Hope and high Humility, "Give unto us made lowly wise the spirit of self-sacrifice." Come from the ages that are dead and buried and from the ages that are yet in store for us, and breathe into these heirs of all the ages the mind to understand, and the heart to love, and the will to do what is true and right. "And they shall stand on their feet, an exceeding great army, who shall follow Him that is called Faithful and True, who was dead and is alive for evermore."'

Jowett had, of course, taken a leading part in this emancipation of the Universities; and his joy at the success of the movement was proportionately great. He

felt himself animated with larger hopes, and stimulated to new measures of reform. He was filled, as Stanley was filled, with a glow of enthusiasm for the future of Oxford and of education; and in the speeches and sermons of this time we find flashes of this inward fire.

On October 25 he was called away to Manchester to be present at a dinner given by the masters of the Grammar School in celebration of the opening of the new buildings. In replying to the toast of the Universities he spoke of the changes that had taken place there since he went up to Balliol thirty-five years previously. During the last five or six years the numbers admitted to Oxford had increased about one-fourth; they were greater now than they had ever been since the Reformation. The admission of Dissenters to the Universities was, he trusted, something more than the barren assertion of a just principle. He sometimes dreamed, not exactly of a ladder let down from heaven to earth, but rather of a bridge which might unite the different classes of society and at the same time bring about a friendly feeling in the different sects of religion, and that might also connect the different branches of knowledge which were apt to become estranged one from another. This was his ideal of the work and office of the Universities, to which he was constantly returning, and a great part of his life was devoted to making his ideal a reality. Whether it ever will be realized, now that he and others like him are gone, may be doubted.

By the side of his ideal of a University he set his ideal of a schoolmaster. He confessed that he had not come to Manchester to speak about the Universities; he would rather speak of the school and the position which it had gained, and of the Head Master[1], of whom he prophesied

[1] F. W. Walker, now High Master of St. Paul's School.

that he would become the most distinguished schoolmaster in England.

'There are few things in this world,' he said, 'more satisfactory than to see a great institution growing up from small beginnings, to see the seed become a large tree, the leaves diffusing the influence of education over a whole city; or to see a man, perhaps reserved in his manner and exterior, who has an ideal in his mind by which he is possessed, thinking day and night for the good of his pupils, preferring their interests and those of the masters of his school to his own, until he becomes gradually recognized for his efficiency, and the people perceive that he has been labouring for their good[1].'

Later in the same Term (Michaelmas, 1871) he preached, after an interval of many years, from the University pulpit. The scene, as at all great University sermons, was very striking; the undergraduates completely filled the galleries, the seats of the Masters and Bachelors of Arts were occupied long before the sermon began, the rest stood. In a letter written at the time, Mr. Harrison says:

'Last Sunday (November 26) was a great day here. After long exclusion Jowler, in the exercise of his right as Head of a House[2], preached from the University pulpit. He had a great congregation, including myself and all the other people who never go to church, and his sermon was worthy of the occasion. He gathered all his teaching into one great discourse, and in presence of all Oxford uttered it "trumpet-tongued." Men have been criticizing it, this way and that, ever since; and it brought to the minds of some the thought of those bygone times when, from the same pulpit, Newman stirred the soul of Oxford and drew all Romeward.'

[1] I quote from the report in the *Manchester Daily Examiner and Times*, which has been sent to me by the kindness of Mr. Rees Davies.

[2] Mr. Harrison was misinformed. Jowett was nominated by the Vice-Chancellor of the time, the Very Rev. H. G. Liddell, Dean of Christ Church.

The sermon was a description of the true nature of Christianity, and Jowett sought to give the description reality by applying it to the present time and present state of the world. The text was taken from St. Luke xviii. 8: 'When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth[1]?'

Were Christ to appear again on earth, he said, the new Gospel would be the old. It would not be a revelation to clear up our doubts on points of doctrine, and prove the truth of miracles, and explain the nature of a future life; it would only be the Sermon on the Mount, and the Parable of the Prodigal Son, and the simple teaching: 'There shall be no sign given to this generation,' or, 'In the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage.'

But would Christ at His coming find faith upon earth? 'In other words, what prospect is there of any great moral or religious improvement of mankind?' Jowett's answer was one of hope. He thought that there were indications in our time of a better state of the world for our descendants, if we would read them; the poor were being better educated and placed in a position of improved comfort and healthfulness; and 'if we pursue this path, the England of a hundred years hence might wear another and a smiling face.' 'The gospel,' he said, 'will not allow us to entertain the fatal doctrine that nations, like individuals, tend necessarily to decay; or that of human evils there is not a great part which kings and statesmen may cause or cure.' In regard to religious differences he already perceived a change; and, though it was not likely or even desirable that all the sects of Christendom should be united, yet the old animosities seemed to be dying out, and men of different opinions were working together

[1] Sermon v. in *College Sermons*.

as they had not done hitherto, recognizing the accidental nature of their separation and the reality of the bond which united them. The opposition of science and religion, of faith and knowledge, would tend to disappear as both were better understood. 'Human life cannot be reconstructed out of the negative results of criticism or the dry bones of science.' 'And if the truths learned in later life seem to contradict the lessons of childhood, we must remember that no truth can really be at variance with any other, and wait for the reconcilement.'

'These are a few of the signs of greater harmony prevailing in the world, and of the Spirit of Christ being more diffused among men. They may lead some of us to think of a new epoch in the history of Christianity bearing the same relation to the Christianity of the three last centuries which the Reformation did to the ages which preceded.'

At the close of the year (December 24), in a sermon[1] preached at the Old Greyfriars Church, Edinburgh, Jowett returned to this subject. By a comparison, or contrast, of Bunyan and Spinoza, he illustrated the opposition of faith and reason. And here, as in his sermon at St. Mary's, he dwells on the hope that the dissensions and schisms which divide the Christian world may be, or indeed are being, healed. While some were saying that knowledge would destroy faith, that science was the mortal foe of religion, he would say, 'You cannot destroy what is true and founded on some of the deepest instincts of human nature.' When some exalted the Church and dogma he would say, 'The points in which Christians may and do agree are more, and more important, than those in which they differ. Union is strength.

[1] It was substantially the same discourse which he delivered when he preached for the last time in Westminster Abbey, on July 16, 1893.

Let us work together; for there is enough for us all to do, so long as there is evil and misery in the world.' It was this love and charity—this practical view of religion—which endeared him and his teaching to those who felt most keenly the difficulties of faith. More and more, as his life drew to a close, he insisted on this teaching. 'Those who do the works of Christ are Christians,' he said, 'whatever the name they bear.' And again: 'It is not with the very words of Christ, but with the best form of Christianity as the world has made it, or can make it, or will receive it, that we are concerned to-day. There is an ideal which we have to place before us, intimately connected with practical life—nothing if not a life—which may conveniently be spoken of as the life of Christ.'

If no one was more anxious than Jowett to see persons of all denominations gathering together at Oxford and at Balliol, the interest which he took in the services of the College Chapel was not in the least diminished by his wide sympathy. One of his first reforms had been the abolition of the answers to questions on the catechetical lectures. Every Balliol man of those days will remember this institution, which cast a gloom over the service on Sunday afternoons. Dr. Busby, of Westminster, had left money for a lecture to be given in Chapel on Christian Doctrine, and the Lecturer was compelled by the terms of the trust to put up on the Chapel door a number of questions to be answered by those who heard his lecture. Many attempts had been made to get rid of the lecture, or at least of the answers, but in vain. Jowett, on becoming Master, requested Mr. Palmer, the Lecturer for the time, to put up the questions as required, but to take no trouble in inquiring for the answers. This took the sting out of the matter, for of course, in good hands, the lectures were a connected series of excellent sermons, and the

only objection to them was that one preacher was heard too often[1].

Another reform which he now introduced was the shortening of the week-day services. This had occupied his attention for a year or more, and the reform—or change, for perhaps it was not universally regarded as a reform—was only introduced after long and careful consideration, and of course with the sanction of the Visitor[2]. The change provoked criticism, but Jowett was certainly right in making it. Feeling so deeply as he did about the value of the Chapel service, he could not do otherwise than attempt to make it as attractive as possible. In the same spirit he promoted the introduction of music into the service, and the building of an organ. 'The Chapel services,' he says, in a letter written about this time, 'seem to be successful; we have about thirty men who come voluntarily every day. I find much greater pleasure in going to Chapel than I ever did before.'

In my own undergraduate days, when the Chapel service was dreary enough—very plain prose indeed, except that now and then Jowett read the Epistle—it was one of the jests of the College that some one who proposed to him that there should be singing in Chapel, was met with the question, 'If we can praise God equally well in half an hour, why should we spend three-quarters of an hour over it?' But this, like other stories, is from the 'Apocrypha.' Jowett detested formality and ritualism; with him the spirit was always more than the letter; but he had a heartfelt interest in the services,

[1] In a short time the lecture was discontinued, and the proceeds of the fund applied to a prize in theology, in pursuance of a scheme sanctioned by the Charity Commissioners.

[2] Dr. Jackson, Bishop of London.

and wished them to be attractive and well attended. Speaking once of some friends who, though eager in the cause of Church Reform, were not very regular in their own attendance at Chapel—'Our friends,' he said (and he was looking out on the Chapel as he said it)—'our friends are the "buttresses of the Church[1]!"'

Jowett's visit to Edinburgh was made for the purpose of delivering two lectures to the members of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. The subject was Boswell's *Life of Johnson*—a book dear to him almost above all others. 'I have read it fifty times,' he wrote. Johnson's sound sense, his brilliant powers of conversation, his knowledge of the world, his manliness and resolute struggles against depression, were qualities which appealed to Jowett; he was never weary of quoting him, and applied his words with the greatest ingenuity to the most varied circumstances. The 'Life and Character of Johnson' was a subject which he frequently set for the weekly essay in College, and I well remember the tone in which he once remarked to me that '—— was a wretched fellow; he brought me an essay on the vices of Johnson.' I do not suppose that the writer of the essay has forgotten the incident. At a later time, when as Vice-Chancellor he was closely connected with the Clarendon Press, he took the keenest interest in Dr. Hill's edition of Boswell's *Life*, which is dedicated to him as 'Viro Johnsonianissimo.' That such a book as Boswell's could have been written by a man of ordinary ability was quite contrary to his views of what genius is. 'We can

[1] 'On an occasion when his merits were discussed among some lawyers, a warm partisan of the Chancellor extolled him as "a pillar of the Church." "No," retorted another; "he may be one of its *buttresses*, but certainly not one of its *pillars*, for he is never seen *inside* its walls."'—From Lord Campbell's 'Character of Lord Eldon,' *Lives*, vii. 716.

but what we are,' and no man could have written the best biography in the world unless he had been above all others fitted to write biography. In this respect Jowett was altogether at variance with Lord Macaulay.

'Let any one,' he said in his lecture on Boswell's book, 'let any one who believes that an ordinary man can write a great biography make the experiment himself. I would have him try to describe the most interesting dinner-party at which he was ever present: let him write down from memory a few of the good things which were said, not forgetting to make an incidental allusion to the good things that were eaten; let him aim at giving what I may call the dramatic effect of the party. And then let him compare the result with Boswell's account of the famous dinner at Mr. Dilly's, the bookseller in the Poultry, where Johnson was first introduced to Wilkes, and he will begin to understand the nature of Boswell's genius.'

In these days it is rare to find any one who has read, still less any one who will recommend the reading of *Rasselas*. The book is put aside as belonging to a bygone age. But this was not the view which Macaulay took of it, and in this matter Jowett agreed with Macaulay. He thought *Rasselas* the most instructive among the writings of Johnson, and the most beautiful as a work of art. He agreed with Boswell that 'we might all read it with interest once a year.' 'It is the vanity of human wishes,' he said, 'delineated in a sort of prose poem or idyll. It is the Book of Ecclesiastes ringing the changes on the various conditions of human life, ending in a conclusion in which nothing is concluded. There is no verisimilitude in the characters, but there is a verisimilitude in the thoughts; they are true to life and are always passing through our minds.'

Of Johnson himself he said:—

'Johnson first taught literary men the lesson of self-reliance and independence. Of all men of genius he is the only typical

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Englishman in whose strength, as also in his weakness, we see the national character. He was absolutely free from meanness and jealousy; a mighty soul which disdained tricks and subterfuges. "Like the Monument," in his own language, he stood upright and never stooped; no human power could have torn him from his base.

'Yet in this strongest of natures there was the gentlest affection, and the deepest reverence and humility. The giant has a heart like a woman or a child; can find time to soothe the morbid self-tormenting fancies of Boswell; is sorrowing for his poor Tetty thirty years after her death; makes his house a hospital (his seraglio, as he facetiously termed it) for two old women who disturbed his life with their quarrels, and in the last year of his life must do penance for the disobedience of his youth.'

When the Summer Term of 1872 came to an end Jowett spent a few days with his sister at Torquay—'the old place which is always quiet and happy to me.' 'I think that I have a recollection,' he says, 'of writing more successfully—long spells of Plato—here than anywhere else. But at present I am only vegetating.' Afterwards he returned to his favourite retreat, the inn at Tummel Bridge. Mr. Harrison was one of the party, and again I quote from his letters:—

'TUMMEL BRIDGE, *July* 12, 1872.

'Swinburne enlivens the place wonderfully. Elliot and Gillespie are boating men by nature—good pleasant fellows—but somewhat silent at table, so that the burden of talk would fall on me, but for Swinburne, whose paradoxes and extravagances and recitations of Mrs. Gamp are a godsend. The Master is looking better again, and is hard at work. The first edition of his Plato is nearly exhausted, and he is busy revising it for a second. He is exceedingly angry about the vote of the House of Commons last Monday to pay Governor Eyre's expenses. "A generation ago," he says, "we should have hanged him."'

'TUMMEL BRIDGE, *August* 9, 1872.

'We have had two Sundays this week. Mr. Lancaster was the cause of the second. He came here on Tuesday, fresh from the law courts, with Austin on Jurisprudence in his portmanteau, intending to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest. But his cheerfulness was too much for him; he skimmed Austin a little, grumbled a good deal, and this morning proposed a general holiday. So we struck work, and went to Loch Rannoch; and Elliot and Gillespie, our boating men, rowed us on the loch. Coming back we gave the Free Kirk minister a lift in our machine, and he and Grigsby chattered the whole way about the Free Kirk and the U. P.'s and Presbyteries and General Assemblies and all the other horrors of Scottish Christianity. Lancaster was counsel against the lady medicals in the late trial at Edinburgh, and is full of wrath at the judgement against him. There is to be an appeal, and Lancaster spends his leisure in inventing cunning arguments. It was to please Jowett that he put Austin in his portmanteau. The Master had been advising him not to become completely immersed in his professional practice, but to find time to study the theory and general principles of law.'

In this vacation the Essay on Religions appears to have been laid aside, and Jowett was occupied partly with a translation of Thucydides, which was destined to cost him years of labour, and partly in revising *The School and Children's Bible*—the little work already mentioned, in which he engaged at the request of the Rev. W. Rogers, the late Rector of Bishopsgate. Mr. Rogers gave me the following account of the book:—

'Mr. Longman, with whom I was associated in founding the Middle Class School, which was attended by upwards of a thousand boys, suggested to me that as I was associated with so many schools my name would ensure a sale. After deliberation I undertook to do what I could—it was a very delicate task to cope with, to which I did not feel myself

quite equal. I consulted Jowett, who fell in with the project, and both with advice and devotion rendered me great assistance, enabling me to bring out the work in its present shape.'

The selection was practically made by Jowett, who not only spent much time upon it, but availed himself of the kindness of friends in revising his own work, and not the least of Mr. Swinburne, who tells us how Jowett increased the scope of the selections at his suggestion and said with a smile, 'I wanted you to help me to make the book smaller, and you have persuaded me to make it larger[1].'

The book was first published in July, 1873, and a second edition, thoroughly revised, came out in December, 1874. More copies were issued in 1886, but the work is now out of print. In spite of the labour spent upon it, it failed to secure the circulation which was necessary to cover the expense of printing.

As this was the last summer which Jowett spent at Tummel Bridge, a sketch of the life in the little inn by Mr. Harrison, who formed one of the party every summer from 1869 to 1872, may find a place here:—

'I never knew Jowett so happy or light-hearted as at Tummel Bridge. He liked the little inn, and comfortable Miss Menzies who kept it, and he was never tired of the hills and the heather, the brawling Tummel and the keen scent of the bog-myrtle. He was still vigorous enough in body to enjoy a long tramp across the moors with his young companions, the highland air inspired him, and his conversation had an unwonted ease and buoyancy.

'He was busy, of course, with Plato—when was he not busy with Plato?—but would find time every day to hear a pupil

[1] *Studies in Prose and Poetry*, p. 32.

TUMMEL BRIDGE AND INN, PERTHSHIRE

read an essay, or to stroll out with him for an hour or so, "coaching" as they strolled. The subject of this peripatetic teaching was usually the *Republic*, and the scene the first mile or two of the pleasant road to Loch Tay—hence known to us as "Republican Road." In his common talk there was something of a Platonic strain, which, I suppose, was catching: "That sounds very like Plato," he said of a remark of one of his pupils, and was gratified by the reply: "No wonder, we breathe Plato here."'

'He took a lively interest in all we did, would ask for news of our bathing and fishing, and was pleased to be gently satirical about our smoking. "Did you ever smoke, sir?" I asked. "Yes, I once smoked a cigarette abroad, with a lady[1]." *Omnes*: "With a lady! Name, name!" *Jowett*: "She made me promise never to reveal the name, when in England." *H.*: "But we are not in England, this is Scotland." *Jowett*: "That, sir, is a sophism."

'He was always a fanatic for fresh air, and the windows at Tummel stood open night and day, until a sultry season brought us such a plague of gnats that we were driven to close our bedrooms against their incursions. Jowett held out for two or three nights, but at last he also had to succumb. Next morning at breakfast he recounted to us the discomfiture of the enemy. He stood at his window for several minutes with a lighted candle, watching them maliciously as they battered against the panes, myriads of them, in a vain attempt to get at him. Are these details too Boswellian? Boswell's "great friend" would have been satisfied with the colour of Jowett's tea. Do you remember how he used to agitate the pot with a little circular motion before pouring out, to make sure that the brew was strong enough? "By Jove," exclaimed Tavistock one day, "what tea the Master gives you! It nearly blows your head off."

'Besides the books which he was consulting for his Plato, Jowett always had a few favourite authors lying about—Sydney Smith, the Cambridge Shakespeare, and a well-

[1] Jowett told me that a doctor once advised him to smoke; 'and I did smoke every day for a month. I never smoked before or since.'—E. A.

worn little *Imitatio* in limp calf. His last gifts to me, some twenty years ago, were a copy of the *Imitatio* similarly but more daintily bound, and an English version of the *Confessions* of St. Augustine, which, he said, had long been a great favourite of his.

'Our company at Tummel usually consisted of Jowett and three or four undergraduates; but it was enlarged from time to time by the arrival of some Balliol man of an older generation, who would spend a few days or even a few weeks with us. Then there was "good talk." Campbell would air the latest parallel he had discovered between Shakespeare and Sophocles; the jovial Lancaster, fresh from the courts, raised points of law for his famous case against the "lady medicals"; and Swinburne—who shall tell of Swinburne's paradoxes and hyperboles, and how he "set the table in a roar" with his recitations of Mrs. Gamp, and how he and the Master capped quotations from Boswell against each other *ad infinitum*? In the autumn of 1870 the war was naturally a frequent theme of discussion, and the great event of our day was the arrival of the mail coach from Pitlochry with the *Times* and the latest news of the campaign. Some of us were for Germany and others for France; Jowett, I remember, was warmly and steadily French; and his sympathies found vent in such sayings as that "La belle France had conferred far greater benefits on mankind than Germany," and that "Voltaire had done more good than all the Fathers of the Church put together." He even had a kind word for Louis Napoleon.

'After an early dinner—too soon afterwards for easy digestion, for Jowett was less of a physician than he imagined—we used to sally forth for a mountain climb or a long moorland walk, returning in the dusk to tea. Once a slight mist overtook us, and we were glad to catch sight at last of the lights of the inn. "How far that little candle throws his beams," quoted the Master; "so shines a good deed in a naughty world." Another evening, as the night fell and the stars appeared, I remember his repeating softly, half to himself, the whole of Tennyson's "Break, break, break," and then, after a pause, he went on with Wordsworth's "She dwelt among the untrodden ways." Some eighteenth-century verses, which he was very fond of, and often repeated,

I have forgotten; but perhaps you can recover them. All I remember of them is:—

> "Thus age and sad experience, hand in hand,
> Led him to God, and made him understand
> That all his life he had been in the wrong[1]."

'The country folk about Tummel had a great regard for Jowett, whom they knew as "the Professor," but his dealings with the Sabbath were something of a stumbling-block to them. He was in the habit of attending morning service at the little kirk; but that duty done, the rest of the day was always devoted in fine weather to some distant expedition—a drive to the Black Wood of Rannoch, or to Glen Lyon, or to the remoter shores of Loch Tay. On these occasions he would take a volume of Shakespeare with him, and when the road grew tame and conversation flagged, would lose himself in a scene of *King Lear*, or the *Merry Wives*. Our great Sunday feat and annual festival was the ascent of Schiehallion. I think I see Jowett now in an easy suit of grey, a wideawake on his head, and a stout stick in his hand, trudging sturdily up the rough mountain side. Halfway up he would call a halt at a cool spring, draw from his pocket a silver flask engraved with the cheerful legend, "Drink wine and let water go to the mill," and qualify our draughts with a little brandy. How triumphant he was when we attained the summit; and how eager to point out to us the lie of the land or to name the distant peaks! Night would be upon us before we reached home to discuss the adventures of the day over a merry meal, half dinner and half tea. "Very good 'confused feeding'" Jowett called it.

'Years afterwards—so many that these scenes had become to him, as he said, "like pictures"—he would refer to them in

[1] The lines are from Rochester's poem, 'A Satyr against Mankind':

> 'Thus Old Age and Experience, hand in hand,
> Lead him to Death and make him understand,
> After a search so painful and so long,
> That all his life he has been in the wrong.'

See Johnson's *English Poets* (1790), vol. xv. p. 46. I owe the identification to the Rev. H. E. D. Blakiston, of Trinity College, Oxford.

conversation or in letters, as among the happiest recollections of his life. They are among the most cherished memories of some of his old pupils. As I write, the little inn rises before me, and the kind face of the Master; and I feel again the warm grasp of the hand, and hear the cordial "God bless you," which were his welcome and his good-bye.'

In December I came to stay with Jowett at Balliol. I had not been in Oxford for more than six years, and the many changes which have been recorded had taken place in the interval. There was Jowett in the Master's Lodge, the right man in the right place, happy and hospitable; there was the new front of the College quadrangle—which I could not bring myself to think the finest of recent buildings in Oxford, though I did not venture on criticism! In the daytime we were both occupied in different ways, but in the evening we met at dinner, and talked away the time till Jowett retired to his work. On the Sunday afternoon we went to New College Chapel, for the Term had ceased and there was no longer service at Balliol. The stirring event of my visit was the contested election of Dean Stanley as Select Preacher, which animated Oxford even in the torpor of a vacation. Dean Burgon, who was then a Fellow of Oriel and Vicar of St. Mary's, a 'character' such as would now be sought in vain at Oxford, kindly yet ferocious, simple yet vain, learned yet ignorant, who scented heresy from afar and snorted for the battle, endeavoured to get Stanley rejected by the votes of Convocation. So from all quarters men gathered to Oxford, some for, others against Stanley. Jowett was of course most zealous on his friend's behalf, and not less so because Burgon was the leader of the opposition. He had a warm welcome for every one who came up to give his vote for Stanley. How delighted and touched

he was to see Dr. Lushington, at ninety years of age, journeying from London to Oxford to support his friend —how keenly he felt the absence of any one on whose vote he had counted in the struggle! Stanley's friends carried the day, and this was in fact almost the last attack which was made in Oxford on the Broad Church party.

LETTERS, 1872.

To F. T. Palgrave.

February 12, 1872.

I do not intend to publish the lectures on Boswell—perhaps I may some day elaborate them into something more. What I chiefly desired to impress upon people was that Boswell was a greater genius and also a better man than is commonly supposed; and I do not think that his character has been at all exhausted, or that the right thing has been said either by Carlyle or Lord Macaulay.

A. Grant to F. T. Palgrave.

21, Lansdowne Crescent, Edinburgh,
March 11, 1872.

Jowett was very delightful when here last, and his lecture on Boswell was full of humour and good spirits. The second lecture on Johnson was thought by some to be not so successful. I doubt if he will publish them, as they were really written each the day before its delivery, though containing of course the results of *il lungo studio e il grande amore.*

When he was here he was almost persuaded to write an 'Ethic.' This I believe is the one great work which he could do better than all men. But *mens refugit*, and I almost doubt his ever really going at such a big fence. He staves off the beginning of such a work by alleging that he has first to do

a comprehensive account of the Platonic philosophy[1]. I don't think that this is needed from him. It is certainly not so much needed as a new exposition of the theory of morals.

To ———

February 10, [1872].

I am away from Oxford for a day or two, having taken to walking about with two friends of mine among the Surrey hills. Yesterday I had a charming day with T. H. Farrer, one of my oldest friends, about Leith Hill and Wootton. I find great pleasure in going about among such scenes and without a book.

I have just finished the *Children's Bible*. I have adopted your selection almost entirely, with a slight abridgement[2]. You will be glad to hear that this book is finished, but not equally satisfied that Thucydides makes progress, and that the translation will be finished in about two months.

To ———

OXFORD, *February* 19, [1872].

I want you to fill up and illustrate your thoughts more. The power of developing an idea is what I have been endeavouring to gain for twenty years past and more, and I have not succeeded, and therefore, like many other preachers, I suggest my own defects for your consideration. Your writing seems to me too abstract, and to turn too much upon the use of certain words, which have a meaning to yourself but not equally to others.

When I turn to the substance of the paper I agree very much. We want to form an idea of a Millennium (not like the Millennium of interpreters of prophecy) which shall represent to us the working out of the will of God upon earth, and the paths which lead thither. To realize this we must take the better mind of man, the highest conceptions which we can form of righteousness and holiness, and the like; and see how far in the past history of the world we can find recognition

[1] Cf. vol. i. p. 418.

[2] This refers to the first draft of the book.

of them, or tendencies towards them. In some respects this new moral world must be different from the highest morality which we have at present, especially in the religious importance attached to the consequences of actions; and in the positive as well as negative goodness which morality will require, e.g. whether not doing good is not equivalent to doing evil. Neither is it synonymous with care of health, or with sanatory improvement. It should begin (I mean a new system of morality should) by clearing away some figments of necessity, the origin of evil, and the like, which throw one powerless into the hands of the priests.

I paid another visit to Shrewsbury[1] last week, and saw my old acquaintance the Bishop of Manchester. I am trying to get the school removed, and hope that we shall succeed, but people are afraid of the expense. It has the most abominable buildings, yet I am assured that no school is more healthy.

I feel more difficulty about the College than I used to do. All the mechanical part is pretty well in order; the dinners are good, and the College servants are well in hand. But I feel that men's characters are not easily trained or formed, and I have not so much opportunity of influencing them as I had when I was only a Tutor. I can avoid some of the mistakes of Dr. Arnold, but I can't do what he did. I must go on hoping that I may some day accomplish more; at present the external measure of success is beyond the real success.

To ———

OXFORD, *March* 16, [1872].

I have finished Thucydides—I mean the translation, or rather shall have done so in two days. I was elected chairman of the Board of Studies for the Literae Humaniores Final Exam. I mean to hold this for life.

The Bishop[2] has disallowed our 'Versicles' and some other

[1] Jowett had recently been elected to represent the University on the governing body of Shrewsbury School. He continued to hold the post till his death, and indeed his last public speech was made at Shrewsbury.

[2] i.e. Bishop Jackson, the Visitor of the College.

things on legal grounds:—i. e. on the opinion of Sir Travers Twiss (poor man). We will have them in a particular book of our own. He says they are admirably selected.

To ———

Inglewood, Torquay,
April 3, 1872.

You have an endless work to do in your own sphere. And you must finish that and not fancy that life is receding from you. I always mean to cherish the illusion, which is not an illusion, that the last years of life are the most valuable and important, and every year I shall try in some way or other to do more than the year before.

To Sir A. Grant.

Inglewood, Torquay,
April 3, 1872.

. . . . Did you ever think of extending your operations to the whole of Aristotle's works– making, in short, or editing, a translation of Aristotle with introductions? I think that this would be worth doing, as it has never yet been done. Some of the works, e. g. the *Ethics*, *Politics*, *Rhetoric*, and *Poetics*, would be as interesting as Plato, and the Physical Science would also have a great interest. Of the *Second Ethics* and *Second Rhetoric* it would only be necessary to give an account, pointing out their bearing on the other.

If you would set on foot such a project I would undertake to help; and would contribute a translation of the *Politics* which I have made, and also would make a translation of the *Metaphysics*, as I am thinking of doing with a view to a new edition of Plato and the volume of introductions which I hope to prefix to it. Tell me whether this project attracts you at all.

I think that I could probably get you some further assistance. Green has translated the greater part of the *De Anima*. And there is probably some one of the young Scholars here who would be willing to do the *Rhetoric* or the *Poetics*.

I suppose that there is no chance of your coming to London

this spring:—if you do, come and see me. I have never had you under the shadow of my roof. I am afraid that the Sellars are very much shaken by the loss of poor Frank. From these troubles we unmarried people are free, but I expect that we lose more than we gain.

I am very sorry about Maurice's death. He was misty and confused, and none of his writings appear to me worth reading. But he was a great man and a disinterested nature, and he always stood by any one who appeared to be oppressed.

To the Marquis of Lansdowne[1].

April 27, [1872].

I was delighted to hear of your promotion, and at your kindness in writing to tell me. I do not know that you have got the 'pleasantest place under Government,' but you have got one of the most interesting and important at this time. And I hope that the Ministry will live long enough to enable you to bring in the Army Bill in the House of Lords.

I suppose that you will have to work hard at first in getting up details. When you know these, and know whom you can trust in the office, I should fancy that you can leave smaller matters to take care of themselves, and fix your attention on the greater ones. Administration is much alike in all offices when you have got up some technical details, and therefore your experience at the Treasury will not be thrown away.

A great deal, I suppose, may be learned in conversation from the permanent officials.

I sometimes think of the Army Reorganization Bill as a great measure of Education. The army is one of the two great public schools of England. This is not a point of view that can be stated prominently. Yet to those who reflect that in the next thirty years we shall probably spend on the two services a sum equal to the National Debt, and as we hope without even engaging in war, it may be a consolation to remember that our military arrangements have improved the national character and the physique of the people.

[1] On his becoming Under Secretary for War in Mr. Gladstone's Government.

To Dean Stanley.

Oxford, *December* 10, [1872].

I think that a real effort has been made by the Liberal party to bring up voters. *Nous verrons.* I wrote a paper which I wanted them to sign, but they would not: the wiser heads thought it better to be colourless.

The Liberal party here seem to me extreme in opinion and feeble in action. But I suppose that we must take people as they are. They have the weakness of all Liberal parties—not being very much in earnest. If any of them wish for the vote being rejected to-morrow, this is not because of their enmity to the Church, but because of a desire to get rid of Convocation. I read an article in the *Pall Mall* about this business, of which I did not approve. These people have such a habit of cynicism that they cannot support any object consistently.

I have received several most indignant letters, which do credit to the hearts of the writers. . . . You are quite right in thinking that the annulling of the nomination is no loss to you. It will create an additional interest about your sermons and make your opponents disliked.

But what is to become of religion or truth amid all this fetishism and intolerance I do not see.

And why are you so anxious about the English Church unless you can improve it?

To Dean Stanley.

Balliol College,
December 11, [1872].

You will have heard by telegram that we have won by sixty-two.

The victory is not of great importance to the University or to the Liberal party, for I believe that the opposite faction will resort to the same practices again; and of course we have succeeded because their leaders thought it imprudent to incur the unpopularity of the attempt. They calculated also on the deterrent effect which their resistance will have on future Vice-Chancellors.

But I am glad that we have won, and in one point of view especially glad. I do not think that we could have won with anybody but you. I was surprised to find the number of persons who came up unbidden out of regard and respect for you. And though in these wretched contests there is not much to rejoice in, I think that you and Lady Augusta may really rejoice in the proof which a great many persons, hardly known to you, have given of their attachment.

CHAPTER III

THE COLLEGE AT BRISTOL. THE REVISED PLATO

1873–1876

(Aet. 56–59)

JOWETT's hospitality—Notes on society—Jowett at Grantown—At Munich (1873)—At Malvern—The College at Bristol (1874)—Jowett's speech and views on education—Tyndall at Belfast—Science and religion—Jowett's sermon—Colenso—Arnold Toynbee—Jowett at Munich (1875)—Reads Euripides—At Malvern—Interest in architecture—The Encaenia of 1875—Proposed reforms—Jowett's views—Ruskin at Oxford—Aestheticism; Spiritualism—Memoranda: G.'s metaphysical sermon; Memory in later life; Infidels; Head of a College; Speaking out; Maxims for statesmen; Old age—Death of Lancaster—*Literature and Dogma*—Plans for life (1876)—Tour with Lord Ramsay—The Grande Chartreuse—The Revised Plato—Notes on the Life of Christ, &c.—Letters.

ONE of the chief pleasures which Jowett anticipated from his new position was the entertainment of his friends in his own house. He was the most hospitable of men. When his stipend as Greek Professor was increased, the fact was brought home to us, his pupils, by the increase in the plates and dishes which his servant piled up on the stairs leading to his room. He had undergraduates with him at almost every meal; he wished to know as much of them as possible—'for everybody is a good sort of fellow, when you know him,' he would say, applying a sentence of Plato—

and by entertaining them he hoped to draw them out. Sometimes they were only too well aware of this. 'He asked me if I would have a glass of wine, so I poured out a glass and drank it; then he asked me if I would eat an apple, so I ate an apple. But he said nothing, and I said nothing. I'm told that he asks you to wine that he may find out what sort of a fellow you are, but I wasn't going to let him see what sort of a fellow I am.' So observed one of the Scholars of the College, now an eminent man.

When he became Master he had both the means and the leisure to indulge his inclination more freely. For many years the entertainments at Balliol Lodge were a feature of Oxford and even of London life. Perhaps they were at times too catholic—*iniquae mensae* (I believe they were spoken of as 'Jowett's Jumbles'), but if they were, it was because he thought that those whom he brought together would be the better for knowing one another. I think he sometimes had in his mind that dinner, so vividly described by Boswell, at which Wilkes and Johnson met—a remarkable instance of what a dinner can do in rubbing off angles and removing prejudices. Often too his hospitality had a definite purpose. It was a means of introducing young men of promise, who were just leaving College for a profession, to those who had been successful in the career upon which they were entering. If he had distinguished lawyers with him, he would go through the College list and ask those who were going to the Bar to dine with him and make the acquaintance of men who were what they wished to be. For he never, in anything that he did, forgot the College or the undergraduates, and nothing was more remarkable in him than the pains which he took about the future career of his 'young men.'

This was in his opinion one of the chief duties of the Head of a College [1].

From Miss Knight, who was with him for twenty years as housekeeper, I learn that when she came to join her father and mother at the Lodge in 1873, Jowett told her that one of the principal things he would require of her would be to take charge of his visitors, to see that they were made comfortable in every way, and to make his house a home to them for the time that they were there.

'He said that he had many "delightful and dear" friends, and that it would be pleasant for them to see me about, and very good for me to be with them. And this was one of my chief duties throughout all those twenty years. I used to look forward with the keenest interest to the brilliant and happy gatherings, so often seen at Balliol.

'As a rule we had fifteen or sixteen such parties in the course of each year. Many of his old friends of course came again and again; but he was always making new ones, and his first wish was to see them at his house, to meet some of those whose friendship he had enjoyed so long. Amongst those who visited him in the early part of my time were the Dean of Westminster and Lady Augusta Stanley, Canon Pearson, Bishop Colenso, M. Turguenieff, "George Eliot" and Mr. Lewes, Professor Ruskin, Mr. William Spottiswoode, Lady Charlotte Elliot, Professor and Mrs. Fawcett, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Matthew Arnold, Sir Alexander Grant, Professor Tyndall, Lady Marian Alford, and Lord Sherbrooke.'

In a note-book of 1876 I find the following remarks on social entertainment:—

'The art of society is never studied; yet it is full of subtle influences. A good start to a party is essential; suitable persons must be brought together and the party must not be too large.

[1] Cf. below, p. 78.

'There is a good deal of magnetism in society. How great is the difference made by the absence or presence of a single person! The kindly receptive power, the readiness to attend to anything which is said by a person who says nothing, has a great effect.

'A party is a whole, a work of art. Eight or ten is the right number.'

In the Summer Term of 1873 Jowett's health somewhat failed. Though he was not ill, he found himself unable to work as usual, and felt the need of a change. This was perhaps the reason why he abandoned his old summer resort at Tummel Bridge for Grantown on the Spey, in an outlying part of ~~Inverness~~-shire. Here we find him in July, surrounded as usual by a number of undergraduates and other friends. Mr. Harrison was one of the party, and once more we can quote from his letters :—

'It is not nearly so good as Tummel; the country is too open, and there is no great mountain overshadowing us behind and no swift stream dashing in front. But it is the most fragrant land I ever was in, and Dr. John Brown, the man who wrote "Pet Marjorie," told Jowett that there was no spot so healthy in all Scotland.

'The village is commonplace enough, consisting of one long street, gray, stone-built, clean and well-to-do, which stretches from MacGillivray's lodgings, where we live, to a fine park of pines and beeches, where Lord Seafield lives. The country round is well wooded, and bright with flowers and flowering bushes. Swinburne says he has seen no place comparable with it for flowers except among the Apennines. Our chief pride is in our river, which runs a few hundred yards from the house, though not in sight from it. It is no stream like the Tummel, but a real river broad and swift, its banks thick with woods and its hedges fringed with wild roses and the yellow broom. One reach is very lovely, and your view is closed by the distant Cairngorm Mountains, on whose peaks and in whose clefts you see the snow still lingering. Besides Swin-

burne and the Master we have Higgs here, whom you know, and Roe, a Scholar of Balliol. Five we are in all, and fill the lodgings of MacGillivray.'

'GRANTOWN, *August* 2.

'On Tuesday the Master and Swinburne and I dined with Mr. Grant, a banker of this place, at a pretty cottage about fifteen miles away. There we met Mr. Martineau and his two daughters. Martineau has been ill lately, and his face bears the marks of it. But it is a noble face, and might have been worn by some mediaeval monk.

'Over our wine we fell into a keen discussion on education. I was maintaining the duty of the State to provide free education of all kinds, from the highest to the lowest; whilst Martineau argued against State interference even in primary schools, on the ground that it sapped the autonomy of the family.

'*Martineau.* "If you give education, why not food? You are steering straight for communism."

'*H.* (hotly). "And a very good port, too!"

'*Jowett* (who had been listening with an amused smile). "I think we may draw a distinction. It may be bad to feed men and yet good to educate them. You cannot do harm by helping people to help themselves."'

Jowett himself writes to Morier, July 21, 1873:—

'Here I am at the same occupation as twenty-five years ago, when I went with you to Oban in the year 1848. And now we are all growing old together, and even the persons who were young then are growing old too. Nevertheless "do not let us old fellows be discouraging one another"; we are but in the "vaward of our youth[1]" (where does that come from?) and there is time yet. Great things have been done too by men who had the gout, as for example your great prototype[2] and Lord Chatham, though I heartily hope that you are delivered from that plague and curse. "As you love me[3]," do mend your

[1] See Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, iii. 303 (Clarendon Press), and Shakespeare, 2 *Henry IV*, i. 2.

[2] Falstaff.

[3] 'Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.'—Shakespeare, 1 *Henry IV*, ii. 4.

ways about diet (in which I cannot think you by any means perfect, though you are improved), and live to the age of Cornaro[1] and your excellent father.

'I have not been very well myself this Term, but I mean to alter, and am beginning by coming to this alpine climate, where I shall put my second volume[2] in training for the press; after that, about the last week in August, I shall go abroad. Will you be in any accessible place at that time?

'Falstaff says[3]:—I would rather go fifty miles on horse than budge two yards on foot; and I say:—I would rather go a hundred miles to see a friend than write four sides of a letter. Therefore consider my affection in writing this.'

While at Grantown he heard of the death of Lord Westbury, for whose abilities he had the greatest admiration and of whose character he never would allow any evil to be said. By the same post came the news of the death of Bishop Wilberforce. Mr. Harrison writes:—

'The *Times* brought us news of the deaths of Westbury and Wilberforce. Jowett was displeased with the fulsome obituaries of the bishop. He thought Lord Westbury "a man of higher character, certainly possessed of more uncommon abilities."

'I had met Lord Westbury once at Jowett's table in Oxford, where he was "as good as a play." He made some *bons mots* and repeated some of his old ones, and ended with an *Apologia pro vita sua*. "I have been much maligned," he said. "Many have spoken of me as aggressive and satirical. That is a calumny. Patience, meekness, gentleness, the long-suffering of the worm that never turns—these have been my prevailing characteristics throughout life; and it is only"—turning to

[1] Luigi Cornaro died at Padua, April 26, 1566, aged ninety-eight years. He was the author of a treatise, *De vitae sobriae commodis*. See the account of him in Chalmers' *Biographical Dictionary*, and *Spectator*, No. 195.

[2] Of the revised translation of Plato.

[3] In a play which, I fear, was never written! But cf. 1 *Henry IV*, ii. 2: 'Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me, and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough.' Cf. ib. ii. 4 iii. 3.—E. A.

Jowett—"it is only since I have read the Master's Plato that I have begun to cultivate a little Socratic irony."'

Jowett's own thoughts on Westbury and Wilberforce are expressed in a letter to Morier:—

'So poor Lord Westbury is gone. He was a very remarkable man, and it grieves me to think how very much his life is a *vie manquée*. People call him unprincipled, but that is not my view of him. He was a man of genius, by accident converted into a lawyer. With extraordinary abilities and great cunning, he was also very simple and childish in some respects—the notion that he was a sceptic or hypocrite is quite a mistake. I should have said that though, I suppose, very loose in his life, he was naturally religious and never gave in to rationalist explanations more than he could help. He was also one of the kindest men in private life whom I have ever known. A lady told me once "he was an *esprit faux*," but I do not think that this was true, although, like Plato, he could invent Egyptians or anything else.

'And the Bishop of Winchester, of whom we talked so much, is gone too. I am always sorry when an eminent man dies, even when I think the continuance of his life rather an evil than a good; yet I do not think that he was worse than about half the bishops, but he was more versatile and able. The truth is that the whole system of appointing bishops—giving great prizes generally for moderation, and sometimes for dishonesty—is demoralizing. If a man wants to get on in the Church he must say what is expedient and not what is right or true, and he must say this with a sanctimonious expression of countenance, first fancying himself, and then making other people believe, that he is better than they are, and the Church better than the world.

'If you have time to write I shall be glad to hear from you, and especially to hear of any literary work which you are carrying on. I do not give up my Life of Christ, for which I am extracting and making reflections, but I think that I shall deliver the lectures in Balliol College Chapel, and not in a London church. This Term I was not well enough to do

anything. I have a great desire both for you and myself that we should live to say "It is finished."

'We are just beginning building at College. The Hall not yet—that depends on the contributions of the faithful. I think that the College prospers on the whole. We have also a great scheme for the examination of the Public Schools conjointly with Cambridge on hand, and various plans for increasing the Professoriate, &c., as always at Oxford.'

Later in the summer he went on the Continent with W. Rogers, and afterwards visited Morier at Munich, where he discussed political topics, above all Bismarck, who was now making his onslaught on the Roman Catholic Church. The rest and refreshment of a foreign tour and the companionship of an old friend were much needed, as we may see from the following letter to Dean Stanley:—

'MUNICH, *September* 23, 1873.

'You are very good to write and ask about my health. I am much the same (thank you) as I was when I stayed at your house; that is to say, not up to much intellectual work, but not otherwise unwell. I intend to work about half-time during the coming year. It is a little discouraging to have so many things to do and to find one's powers of doing them decrease. Still I hope that both our lives may go on "broadening to the end."

'I was disappointed to find that you were not made Bishop of Winchester; more for the sake of others than of yourself. People say that the most distinguished clergyman of the English Church should not have been passed over. I am not of the opinion of those who think that you can possibly have as much influence as a Dean as you would have as a Bishop, though you probably have a quieter life. You know my old theory that the last years of life ought to be the best and the most distinguished and most useful. I still hold to this, though I am a little laid on the shelf at present, and I pray that it may be so both for you and me.

'I return to England at the end of next week, being at

present with Morier, from whom I hear a great deal that is interesting about politics and the Old Catholics.'

Jowett did not derive so much benefit as he had hoped from the change from Tummel to Grantown. His illness increased—or weariness, for he did not like to call it illness—and on February 17, 1874, he wrote to Professor Campbell :—

'I am beginning to think, though I have not mentioned it to any one, that I must get away from Oxford next Term. But I do not like to leave England during Term time, partly because we have the matter of the building in hand[1], and also for other reasons. Could we manage to be somewhere together in a good air, say at Malvern, where I might go on simmering over Plato, and you over Sophocles, for three or four hours a day, and might help one another?

'I am not ill, but I get tired and fear that I shall do nothing more in the way of writing unless I leave Oxford for a time. I wish that your plans would fall in with mine. Later, about the middle of June, I shall go abroad somewhere, probably to some high place in Switzerland.'

This was the beginning of those visits to West Malvern which were continued till his serious illness in 1891. A considerable part of his vacations was now spent there[2], and for some time he went for two or three days in the week even in Term, taking Knight with him. As an instance of his delight in the place, and also of his tenacity even in small things, I may mention that on one occasion, when he was suffering from a cough, he could not be dissuaded from starting for Malvern by the last train, though the weather was most severe, and it was impossible to arrive at the end of the journey

[1] The building of the new sets of rooms, which was begun in October, 1873. See below, chap. iv.

[2] He nearly always lodged with Mr. Gale at Ashfield House. See letter to Professor Campbell, April, 1874.

till nearly midnight. Remonstrance was useless; go he would; and the inevitable result followed. He returned to Oxford the next day, his cough so much worse that he hardly left the house for six weeks afterwards.

If Jowett found himself unequal to literary work, he showed abundant energy in carrying out the projects, both in College and out of it, which he had most at heart —the building of a new Hall, and the extension of University teaching. Every day he was writing letters to old members of the College to collect subscriptions towards the expense of the new Hall, which it was found necessary to build[1]; and much time was devoted to examining plans and estimates. Jowett had a great love of 'bricks and mortar'; and, besides, a good building was something accomplished; something to remind those who came after that they must not fall below those who built it.

There was nothing that Jowett desired more than to see the benefits of the Universities extended to the large towns. The idea did not indeed originate with him—it had long been in the air at Oxford and Cambridge—but he took it up eagerly when he became Master, and in the first College meeting of 1872 he proposed that a committee should be appointed to consider the best means of carrying some scheme of the kind into effect, either by Balliol College alone, or in conjunction with some other College. It was not very long before the proposal took a definite shape.

For many years past lectures had been given by University men in Clifton, under the direction of a local society for the higher education of women, and the present Bishop of Hereford, then Head Master of Clifton College, had issued a pamphlet urging the advantage

[1] See below, pp. 100 ff.

of some more permanent institution. About the beginning of 1873 the faculty of the Bristol Medical School were proposing to establish themselves in new buildings, when they were met by the suggestion that the opportunity should, if possible, be used for the foundation of a Technical College of Science, of which the Medical School might constitute a department. A local committee was accordingly formed to consider this proposal; and a circular was issued appealing to the public for such aid as might be necessary to carry out the scheme.

Jowett seized the opportunity. He wrote to the committee, informing them that his own College and probably one other at least would be likely to co-operate in the work; and after some further negotiations a definite offer of co-operation was made by Balliol and New College, who were willing to assist in the establishment and support of the College by a yearly contribution of £300 each, for a period of not less than five years, on certain stipulations—among which the education of women, and of adult persons engaged in the city during the day, were included.

On June 11, 1874, a meeting was held in the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, to promote the foundation of a local College or University. The resolution was proposed by Professor Williamson, at that time President of the British Association. Jowett was asked to speak second, and he spoke for the Colleges and the part which they had taken in the movement.

The project, he said, did not emanate from the Universities. Yet it was also true that many persons both in Oxford and Cambridge had desired to extend the borders of the Universities. They wanted to place them really, as they were nominally, at the head of the education of the country. They did not like to see

their benefits confined to the upper hundred thousand. As much as twenty years ago a scheme for teaching and examination in the large towns, somewhat similar to this, had been put forward by a distinguished person, brother of the present Warden of New College[1]. Looking about to find ways in which these views could be carried out, they were told that the city of Bristol was already establishing a College designed to meet the wants of the locality. The two schemes met in one; they thought that by the union of the two something better could be accomplished than either could effect singly. They at Oxford desired to show their good will by a moderate contribution of money, and having spent all their lives in education, they hoped that their experience might be of some service.

In the words of the resolution, the College was to be established 'for those who wish to pursue their studies beyond the ordinary school age.' These words, he supposed, applied to two classes of persons—first, to regular students who, though they could not afford a University education, could carry on their studies at home; and besides that, to another class which had at least equal demands upon their sympathies, those who could only carry on their studies by the use of the few hours which they could spare early in the morning or late at night, while they were at the same time earning their livelihood. In any of their large towns there were thousands of such persons with a taste for knowledge, with a zeal for improvement, but yet without the opportunity of

[1] W. Sewell died on November 19, 1874. In an obituary notice he is spoken of as 'the foremost and best known College Tutor of his day, whose genius lighted up the subjects of collegiate instruction and exercised a most powerful personal influence on his pupils.'

education. Was it not almost denying a man bread to deny him knowledge if he had the wish for it? They often spoke of the loss of the wealth of a country; was there not something much worse than this in the loss of the intelligence of the country? They could not bring this class to the Universities, and therefore they must take the Universities to them.

'There are two things,' he continued, 'which distinguish a University from a mere scientific institution: first of all, it is a seat of liberal education, and, secondly, it is a place of society. The distinction which I will draw between liberal education and merely technical education is this: the one comprehends the other; it is the other with something added to it, and carried on in a higher spirit; it is the one pursued not merely for the sake of getting on in the profession, or making a man an engineer, or a miner, or a doctor, but for the sake of the improvement of the mind. No man will be a first-rate physician or engineer who is not something more than either, who has not some taste for art, some feeling for literature, or some other interest external to his profession. And as a man in order to know one thing well must know other things, so if he is to have any real knowledge of the world, he requires to have some association with classes besides his own. The great charm of Universities, which gives them such a hold on after life, is that they form a society in which mind is brought into contact with mind, and there is conversation and enthusiasm for knowledge and united help in study.'

To follow the fortunes of the College at Bristol a little further. Subscriptions were raised, not quite on a scale which satisfied Jowett, but to a considerable amount. And in the autumn of 1875, when the British Association was at Bristol, a second meeting was held at which Jowett also spoke.

The College was opened and the first Professors appointed in 1876. When giving evidence before the

University Commission in October, 1877, Jowett was able to say that he was completely satisfied with the result. 'During the past session there had been more than three hundred students paying fees, of whom about half were women.'

At the opening of the second session (October, 1877) a Principal was appointed—Mr. Alfred Marshall, of St. John's College, Cambridge, now the well-known Professor of Political Economy. When he was a candidate for the post Jowett asked him for a week's end to Balliol; but though they walked and talked together nearly the whole of the Sunday, the subject of University College was never alluded to. They talked about architecture, about Herbert Spencer, about theology at Cambridge, and many other things, and it was only when Marshall was leaving that Jowett said, 'I don't know how this election may turn out, but at any rate I am glad to have made your acquaintance.' This was the beginning of an intimate friendship with the Marshalls, which added much to the happiness of the last years of his life.

In the same summer (1874) the British Association met at Belfast, and Tyndall, as President for the year, delivered his remarkable inaugural address. The speech was described at the time as 'probably the least dry address ever delivered before the Association.' It was a brilliant sketch of the history of the atomic theory and a plea for the truth of that theory. Tyndall made his own attitude perfectly clear.

'In that Matter,' he said, 'which we, in our ignorance, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, I discern the promise and potency of life.' With this Matter science is concerned, and Tyndall claimed for science

that she must be free to deal with her subject as she chooses, for only in this manner can we hope to widen the boundaries of knowledge.

'But if,' he continued—'if, still unsatisfied, the human mind, with the yearning of a pilgrim for his distant home, will turn to the mystery from which it has emerged, seeking so to fashion it as to give unity to thought and faith—so long as this is done, not only without intolerance or bigotry of any kind, but with the enlightened recognition that ultimate fixity of conception is here unattainable, and that each succeeding age must be held free to fashion the mystery in accordance with its own needs—then, in opposition to all the restrictions of materialism, I would affirm this to be a field for the noblest exercise of what, in contrast with the knowing faculties, may be called the creative faculties of man.'

Such expressions could have but one result. Tyndall was regarded as an avowed atheist; and the old opposition of science and religion seemed to have reached a crisis. Mill's *Essays on Religion*, which appeared this summer, helped to turn men's thoughts in the same direction. From the notes of conversations which Jowett wrote down during the Long Vacation, it is clear that religious subjects were much discussed between himself and his friends; and in the October Term he made the relations of science and religion the subject of a sermon at St. Mary's Church. It was three years since he had preached from the University pulpit, and for that reason alone the audience would have been a large one. It was not only large but mixed to an unusual degree, representing all shades of opinion, 'from the heretical Bishop of Natal to the High Churchmen who were insisting on his deposition and annexing his diocese[1].'

[1] 'Burgon used to come in rather late, and take a seat at the foot of the pulpit. Colenso came in not very early; the church was full and he sat down in the seat which Burgon usually occu-

Jowett took his text from Coloss. i. 15: 'The image of the invisible God.' He spoke of the image as it is seen in the order of nature and in the moral law, and of the relation in which the two stand to each other.

'Let us imagine some one,' he said, 'I will not say a little lower than the angels, but a natural philosopher, who is capable of seeing creation, not with our imperfect and hazy fancies, but with a real scientific insight into the world in which we live. He would behold the hand of law everywhere; in the least things, as well as in the greatest; in the most complex, as well as in the simplest; in the life of man, as well as in the animals; extending to organic as well as to inorganic substances; in all the consequences, combinations, adaptations, motives, and intentions of nature. He would recognize the same law and order, one and continuous in all these different spheres of knowledge; in all the different realms of nature; through all time, over all space. He would confess, too, that the actions of men and the workings of the mind are inseparable from the physical incidents or accompaniments which prepare the way for them or co-operate with them, and that they are ordered and adjusted as a part of a whole. Nor would he deny, when he looked up at the heavens, that this earth, with its endless variety of races and languages, and infinity of human interests, each one so individual and particular, and each man only to be regarded as a pebble on the sea-shore, is a point in immensity in comparison with the universe; and in this universe, in the utmost limit to which the most powerful instrument can carry the eye of man, there is still the same order reappearing everywhere, the same uniformity of nature, the same force which acts upon the earth. This is that law, one and continuous in all times and places, which may be truly said to be "the visible image of God," and "her voice the harmony of the world[1]."'

pied. Then came Burgon, and by that time the church was crammed. So when Colenso saw Burgon looking wistfully at his seat, and no vacancy apparent, he made a little room and Burgon and Colenso sat side by side at the feet of Jowett!'—From a friend who was present.

[1] Hooker, *Eccl. Pol.* I. xviii. 8.

But how is this universality of law to be reconciled with freedom and responsibility—with the justice and love of God? Jowett answered the question with another:

'In which case are you the most free and most the master of your own actions—amid order or disorder, in a civilized country which has roads and laws, or in an uncivilized country? in a state of life which is dark and deprived of experience, or in one which is lighted up by history and science?'

The discoveries of science, so far from diminishing our responsibility, do but increase it.

'Is it not obvious that as our power over nature increases, our responsibility towards other men increases also? Do we not rather seem to want—I will not say a new religion—but a new application of religion, which should teach us that we are answerable for the consequences of our actions, even in things that hitherto seemed indifferent; perhaps answerable for the good which we neglect to do, as well as for the evil which we do[1]?'

In Jowett's view the moral remains beside the natural, and, so far from being destroyed by science, moral law becomes of wider scope as knowledge increases[2].

Towards the end of the Term Bishop Colenso was Jowett's guest at Balliol. It had been arranged that he should preach at Carfax Church on the morning of November 29, but the Bishop of Oxford intervened, and Colenso was not allowed to appear in the pulpit. The diocesan's action did not, however, prevent the Rector of Carfax, Mr. Fletcher, from reading the sermon to his congregation; and in the afternoon Colenso preached in the Chapel of Balliol, which is outside the jurisdiction

[1] See p. 43.

[2] The sermon was subsequently preached in Westminster Abbey. June 13, 1880.

of the bishop. Jowett's whole sympathy was with Colenso, and indeed the harsh treatment which the bishop received from his opponents was such as to rouse the indignation of any one not blinded by prejudice. It was impossible to know him, even slightly, without being impressed by his noble and disinterested character. After his death in 1882 Jowett wrote of him :—

'He has made an epoch in criticism by his straightforwardness. No one now talks of verbal inspiration. He was attacked bitterly, but the recollection of the attacks has passed away; the effect of his writings, though they are no longer read, is permanent.'

Among those who came to Balliol during these early years of Jowett's Mastership were many who have since made their way in the world, and are now well-known names : W. H. Mallock, H. H. Asquith, the Honourable M. E. G. Finch-Hatton[1], H. W. Watkins, P. L. Gell, T. H. Warren, A. Milner, W. G. Rutherford, G. S. Baden Powell, M. G. Glazebrook, Lazarus Fletcher, T. Raleigh, G. G. Leveson-Gower, D. G. Ritchie, W. P. Ker, R. Lodge, C. E. Vaughan, J. V. Jones, the Honourable W. St. John F. Brodrick, H. R. Reichel, the Honourable G. N. Curzon, E. J. Ruggles Brise, and many more. Of two, who have since died, I may say a few words.

It was at the beginning of 1875 that Arnold Toynbee came to Balliol. He had originally matriculated at Pembroke, and in November, 1873, he was a candidate for the Brakenbury Scholarship at Balliol. He did not win the Scholarship, but rooms in College were offered him. These he could not accept without the permission of the Master of Pembroke, which was, not unnaturally, refused. But Toynbee was resolute in his

[1] Lord Winchelsea.

determination, and Jowett would not go back from the offer which had been made. After a good deal of troublesome negotiation and some warmth of temper ('Balliol, sir, is a kidnapping College—they wish to have not only the first-rate men and the second-rate men, but even the third-rate men and the fourth-rate men') Toynbee was established in Balliol. Among the friends of his later life there was no one whom Jowett regarded with greater affection. He sympathized with his deep interest in moral and religious questions, and was moved, as all who knew him could not fail to be, by his noble and unselfish enthusiasm. And when Toynbee turned his attention to the study of Political Economy, he was engaged in a subject which always had the strongest attraction for Jowett. After taking his degree, he became connected with the College as Tutor of the Indian Civil Service students, and afterwards as Bursar, and so continued till his death in 1883. But his thoughts went beyond the College; he was filled with the desire to raise the poor through themselves to a nobler life. Into this he threw himself with an almost reckless eagerness, supported by youthful hopes, which for a time seemed to carry him over every difficulty. Those who watched his frail figure and knew how difficult was the task which he had undertaken, how unable he was to bear any strain or excitement, often sadly called to mind the warning of Andromache:—

δαιμόνιε, φθίσει σε τὸ σὸν μένος [1].

In his efforts to expose the fallacies of Mr. George's brilliant book on *Progress and Poverty*, and to prevent the mischief which they might cause among those who too readily accepted them, he over-exerted his powers,

[1] 'Headlong, thy doughtiness will be thy death' (Purves).

already strained severely by other labours. His strength failed him at the conclusion of a lecture, and he died after a short illness.

In the same year Lord Ramsay came into residence. He was older than undergraduates usually are, but the College had already, at Jowett's instigation, decided to admit older men under certain conditions. He had been brought up as a sailor, and left the command of a ship in order to improve an education which he felt to be in some respects deficient[1]. A sailor he remained to the end, with all a seaman's noble qualities—chivalrous, loyal, orderly, and warm-hearted. Between him and Jowett a close friendship sprang up. Each could not fail to appreciate the other, and Jowett also felt that his innovation was proved to be a success. After residing for a few Terms Ramsay was called away to take charge of the *Britannia* during the training of the young sons of the Prince of Wales. Not long afterwards he succeeded as Earl of Dalhousie to the family estates, and for the rest of his life he devoted himself with unsparing zeal and liberality to improving the condition of his tenants. For a short time before his death in 1887 he was Secretary of State for Scotland, the first who held that office. In the last weeks of his life Jowett was engaged in writing an inscription for a tablet which he wished to see placed to Dalhousie's memory in the College Chapel.

In the spring of 1875, when he could look forward

[1] The circumstances under which Lord Ramsay came up to Balliol were these. After reading Lord Rosebery's address to the British Association he wrote to his cousin Spottiswoode to say, 'I have read Lord Rosebery's address; I can see that it is very good, but I can only understand half of it. How can I understand the other half?' Spottiswoode wrote to Jowett, who advised a year at Oxford.

to the end of his long labours on the revision of Plato, Jowett formed plans for a tour on the continent in the following summer. He would join Morier at Munich, and together they would visit Florence and the Tyrol.

He writes to him on April 15 :—

'I hope to finish Plato in two months; after that I am detained by one or two preachments, but shall hope to get abroad late in June or early in July. By all means we will go to Florence together and linger round the Italian lakes or in the Tyrol.'

But Morier fell ill and the tour did not take place. Jowett remained at Munich for the greater part of July, occupying his leisure hours in reading Euripides. When he returned to Oxford at the end of the month, he was overflowing with Euripides and his faults; for that he had any merits he would never allow. 'I have been reading Euripides again,' he said, 'and I think even less of him than I did: he is immoral when he is irreligious, and when he is religious he is more immoral still.' Pages of his note-books are filled with depreciative criticisms of the poet. 'Monotonous, insipid, feeble, immoral; endless commonplace—sophisticated and affected in expression, as well as in thought—undignified and exaggerated—Homer and other tragedians mixed with puerilities.' These are general criticisms, and the same spirit appears in the examination of each play. Thus of the *Orestes* he observes: 'Absolute want of poetical justice in the *Orestes*; no reason for the treatment of Menelaus and Helen except that they are only sympathizing, and therefore said to be false friends; still less for the treatment of Hermione—gross improbability!' 'Orestes and Electra are said to be carefully watched, and yet they have Helen in their power, and her foreign guards.' 'The condition in which the spectator's mind is

left in all, or nearly all, Euripides' plays is wholly unsatisfactory[1].'

On July 16 I find him forming a resolution to read a Greek author every month in the course of the next year, and drawing up a list of the authors which he intended to read.

On his return from Munich he went to West Malvern, taking with him some undergraduate friends—'as I have done,' he writes, 'nearly every year since I went to Oban in 1848: I always feel that it is one of the most satisfactory parts of my life.' He was visited by Swinburne and Robert Lowe, with whom he discussed the art and genuineness of Shakespeare's plays and repeated in sympathizing ears the castigation of Euripides. I quote from a letter written by Mr. Harrison:—

'Bob Lowe was spending Tuesday night in Malvern with some sisters of his, and he dropped in here for a few minutes' talk with the Master; excellent talk it was. . . . He had been reading a recent book on Hebrew prophecy with interest, and re-reading Aeschylus with delight; he discussed the Elizabethan drama and foreign loans, quoted Pickwick and Thucydides, and denounced Euripides and the present Government. Bishop Temple is staying at an inn hard by, and every now and then we see P—— in the distance—a black figure which we carefully avoid.'

In a note on this letter Mr. Harrison adds:—

'Swinburne was at West Malvern with us—at work on "Erechtheus." Both he and the Master were enthusiastic when the *Times* brought us news of Captain Webb swimming across the Channel. Jowett said that in ancient Greece they would have crowned him with garlands and maintained

[1] Mr. Swinburne has called attention to Jowett's dislike of Euripides, and expressed his own views on the subject in 'Recollections of Professor Jowett,' p. 36 of *Studies in Prose and Poetry*. See also letter to Professor Campbell, July 11, 1875.

him at the public cost in the Prytaneum, and set up statues in his honour.'

'In the Summer Term of this year,' Mr. Harrison continues, 'I had been struck down in Oxford by diphtheria. Jowett sent me fruit and books—Boswell's *Johnson* and Miss Austen's novels, and beef-tea from the College kitchen; and often braved the risk of infection to come and sit with me, and talk with me, and cheer me up. So it was now again at Malvern, where I lay ill on his hands for some time, having caught a mixture of scarlet fever and measles which was going about the neighbourhood. He was kindness itself—as tender and solicitous as a woman.'

Among the undergraduates staying at Malvern at this time was E——, a Welshman who had come to Balliol on his way from work in a stone quarry to orders as a Dissenting minister; one of those men to whom religious feeling has become a reality more vivid than the realities of common life. When at work in the quarry, so he told me, he one day felt himself warned by a voice to remove from the place where he was standing, and no sooner had he stepped aside than a heavy stone fell upon the spot, which would certainly have killed him had he remained where he was. He regarded the voice as divine; he believed that a miracle had been wrought in his favour, and he resolved to devote to the service of God the powers which He had saved from destruction. He found means to come to College and, in spite of many difficulties, obtained a degree with distinction. Jowett loved to talk to him of his experiences and to hear his praises of Welsh pulpit oratory, of which he was very proud, maintaining that it was worth a Saxon's while to learn Welsh in order to hear the Welsh preachers.

Later in the summer Jowett visited a number of cathedrals, from Hereford to Peterborough, making notes

on what he considered the most beautiful feature of each. 'Hereford is the richest Norman and Early English work in the kingdom, and the effect of the Lady Chapel behind the reredos is charming.' At Gloucester 'are the finest cloisters to be found anywhere.' At Lichfield 'the sleeping children are exquisitely beautiful.' Lincoln he calls 'the greatest of all English cathedrals,' and remarks that there is the greatest depth of shadow there. Whether his views on architecture would be called sound I cannot say, but he certainly devoted a good deal of thought and study to the subject[1]. He was constantly in search of some simple principle, which should prove a guide in practice. In its present state he regarded the art as empirical: a good building was merely a happy guess. 'The difficulty in affirming any principle is that we are so much affected by use and history. Nothing appears incongruous which follows in historical sequence. The best chance is proportion, and proportion is to be attained practically by a study of the mechanical construction of buildings and by accustoming the eye to look for mathematical relations in the parts of a building.'

'It is the great misfortune,' he observes, 'of Protestantism never to have had an art or architecture. Hence it is always being dragged back through the medium of art into Romanism. The finest pictures and the noblest churches are Roman, and Roman is Pagan, and Romanism is dragged through the medium of art into Paganism, and into a bastard form of Paganism.'

This interest in architecture continued to the close of his life. When staying at Southwell in 1880 I was surprised by an unexpected visit from him; he had come to look at the Minster there,—and on the same tour he

[1] As early as 1846 he writes to Stanley that he is about to make a 'Cathedral tour.'—September 6, 1846. Vol. i. p. 157.

visited York, Durham, and Lincoln. In 1881 he was at Ely, in 1883 at Peterborough, and on each cathedral careful notes were made. Mrs. Marshall, of Cambridge, also writes to me as follows:—

'The love of architecture, which he shared with Dean Stanley, coloured much of his conversation. He was very fond of taking people round Oxford, showing them interesting bits of mouldings, and harmonious groupings which might easily escape notice. On such occasions he would sometimes talk a good deal himself; at others he would expect his companion to talk; his companion—for though he often took each of us round Oxford in that way, he seldom took more than one.

'During the latter years of his life he paid an annual visit to Cambridge, and he always spent a good deal of his time there in wandering among the buildings. He never came to Cambridge without paying a visit to King's Chapel. His feeling for the outside was almost as enthusiastic as for the inside. The deep light and shade of the Round Church came second in his affections. He used to say that the most important things in architecture were "first proportion, then shadow." He was constantly urging us to go and see fine architecture; and he was shocked when we once told him that we had spent a summer within thirty miles of St. David's without paying it a visit. He put Cologne, on the whole, first among cathedrals. Its perfection and unity of plan had something of the same charm for him that King's Chapel had. But he was also fond of buildings of quite another kind. Chartres, for instance, with its rich glass and fascinating inconsistencies, was one of his chief favourites.

'In July, 1891, he and I made a long-planned expedition to Ely. It was a delight to be with him when he was seeing fine architecture. He seemed to know every detail of the cathedral; and he said that many years ago he had stayed at the inn close by so as to be able to spend a whole quiet day with it. After a long look at the Norman transept, he said, "I call this sublime." He made the remark that if it had not been for the Reformation we should probably have

had little Norman or Early English left in our cathedrals; for it came just at a time when the earlier styles were being pulled down fast to make way for the later. On our way home we amused ourselves with arranging the English cathedrals in order of merit. He put Westminster Abbey first. A pet scheme of his was to line one of his rooms with the finest pictures of cathedrals he could get.'

The Summer Term of 1875 was memorable at Oxford for the attempts which were made to curtail the amusements at Commemoration, and put down disorder at the Encaenia. As every one knows, honorary degrees are conferred, and prize compositions read, in the Sheldonian Theatre on the Wednesday after full Summer Term is ended. It is a bright and interesting scene, at which most undergraduates wish to be present at least once in their career. College friends 'have their people up,' and make joint parties on the river or at breakfast; there are balls and garden-parties, and concerts and flower-shows; and for four or five days Oxford is *en fête*. This is what every one would wish to see, for such days are among the happiest of life. Unfortunately, for some years past, the undergraduates had made the ceremony in the Theatre an opportunity for something more than merely amusing remarks on men and manners; the noise and disorder had become intolerable. It was necessary to take some steps. In 1874 the plan of admission by ticket had been tried, but without success. The Hebdomadal Council now issued a notice that the Encaenia would be held in the Divinity School—an arrangement which not only excluded the undergraduates from the ceremony, but very much detracted from its prestige and brilliance, owing to the limited space available for the audience. At the same time a circular was sent round inviting the Colleges 'to give no sanction to any enter-

tainments on a large scale, unless it be on the day of the Encaenia.'

Jowett was strongly against the proposed measures. Hospitable himself and delighting in the society of his friends, he liked to see others doing the same; he was jealous too of the dignity of the University, and did not wish to see the chief ceremony of the year hurried over in a room of insufficient size, and deprived of its brilliance and popularity. There were conferences and compromises; and finally no change was made beyond the original proposal, from which the Council could hardly go back—that the Encaenia should be held in the Divinity School—and this was generally felt to be a mistake, an arrangement which could not be repeated.

The true solution of the difficulty which puzzled the Council was suggested by the undergraduates themselves in their *Journal*. 'Nobody,' they said, 'would think of throwing halfpennies at a Proctor if he had a pretty cousin, not necessarily his own of course, at his side to engage his attention.' This suggestion Jowett took up, and happily it found favour with the Council. It was carried into effect in the following year with complete success; the upper gallery, as it was no longer filled exclusively by undergraduates, ceased to be the terror of the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors; men sat with their 'people,' and the proceedings were orderly without being dull.

Among the well-known figures to be seen in Oxford at this time was Ruskin, who was now living in rooms in Corpus, lecturing as Slade Professor, and gathering round him a following of younger Fellows and undergraduates. His views on the worth of manual labour were a not unwholesome corrective to the tone which naturally

prevails in a University, where learning and literature divide the field with athletic sports and pastimes. In one point these views took a practical, if a somewhat grotesque shape. Ruskin persuaded a number of University men to undertake the construction of a road at the village of Ferry Hinksey, about two miles out of Oxford—where a road was certainly needed. Forth they went, several times a week, with picks and spades, to do the work of navvies. Some laughed at them; others approved. Dr. Acland—ever a loyal friend—supported Ruskin against the *Globe*; and the authorities of the *Undergraduates' Journal* were 'inclined to throw in their lot with him!' The road was never finished, but the nature of manual labour was better understood!

Jowett had little sympathy with extravagances of this kind. His attitude towards Ruskin was hesitating, for he was suspicious of aestheticism, and was too shrewd and clear-sighted to fall in with the peculiar political economy by which Ruskin sought to regenerate society. Once after dinner when Ruskin was seated in Jowett's drawing-room talking to a lady, Jowett, who stood with other friends in front, suddenly broke into a hearty ringing laugh. Ruskin sprang up and caught him by both hands: 'Master, how delighted I am to hear you: I wish *I* could laugh like that.' Upon which all the room laughed—except Jowett. But if now and then he spoke or wrote sharply of the great art critic, he was not insensible to the genius of his writings[1], or the noble devotion of his character. At a later time, when Ruskin's health was beginning to fail, he entertained him in his house with a watchful and almost tender courtesy, which left on me an indelible impression.

[1] See vol. i. p. 114; and cf. below, p. 257.

If Jowett disliked aestheticism, he was positively afraid of spiritualism, which for some time past had been gaining ground at Oxford. He discussed the subject with his friends, especially with Huxley, whose strong sense reassured him. Still he felt that there was something uncanny about it; something by which the mind might easily be thrown off its balance. It seemed to lie on a borderland into which reason could not wholly penetrate[1].

'I always refuse to inquire into these things,' he writes, 'because they seem to me to be against the laws of nature, although they are repeated to me by the most veracious witnesses.

'Is this reasonable?

'I think it is, whether in myself or in scientific men: because—(1) They are mixed up with imposture. (2) The evidence of them can never be satisfactorily examined. (3) No progress has ever been made in the investigation of them, any more than in the refutation of them. They are too vague for proof or disproof, and therefore it is unlikely that I shall make any progress. I am much more certain that the laws of nature are uniform than I can be of any testimony to the contrary—not perhaps of any conceivable testimony, but of any testimony known to exist. (4) The fluctuating character of them in different ages seems to show that they are subjective. There are no miracles in England, no ghost stories in America. (5) The evidence produced against them would constantly be denied or forgotten by human credulity.

'Yet on the other hand I am unable to deny many extraordinary phenomena, e.g. mesmeric sleep; the extraordinary personal influence called electro-biology; inexplicable noises in so-called haunted houses.'

Other thoughts from the memoranda of this period may be quoted here:—

[1] See vol. i. p. 385.

A Metaphysical Sermon.

'G.[1] wants to write a sermon in which the language of theology is omitted—a Christian discourse meaning the same thing in other words.

'The attempt is worth making, but it requires great genius to execute it. The words will seem thin, moral, unitarian. The spiritual is an echo of the past, derived from great prophets and teachers, hardly to be found anywhere at present in the human bosom. It would require an extraordinary power to create it afresh. Yet something like this is what the better mind of the age is seeking—a religion independent of the accidents of time and place. Those who give up orthodoxy have nothing to support them; they have no words responding to their higher thoughts. They bury themselves in the physical world, or are lost in systems or abstractions. "I will put a new heart in you, not like the former heart," seems too much for any mortal to say.

'What will be the deepest, most useful, truest, most lasting form of philosophy? Common sense idealized; or rather a meeting of common sense and metaphysics, well expressed by Coleridge: "Common sense is intolerable when not based upon metaphysics." But are not metaphysics intolerable when not based upon common sense?'

Memory in Later Life.

'At fifty-five you fail to remember things—words, pictures, persons—after six months' or a year's interval. Yet the circle of objects which you recognize is ever becoming wider, and this power of recognition is a great gift if cultivated.

'There is the greatest value in "forgotten knowledge." Instead of the stores of memory oppressing you, with a little trouble you can recall all that is useful or necessary.

'Use a younger person's memory as yours gets older and your own reason, and in this way the last twenty years of life may be the most productive.—Memory is greatly disturbed by efforts of thought or feeling. Repose is the natural state of memory, Thoughts should not be allowed to jostle one another[2].'

[1] T. H. Green, at this time Tutor of Balliol. For his sermons, see *Works*, vol. iii. p. 253 ff.

[2] See below, p. 172.

Infidels.

'Newman, Manning, Gladstone would call me an infidel. Are they quite certain that they are not more infidel than I am, and more materialist? They believe in the Church only and an ecclesiastical organization. I try to believe in God and in the presence and possibility of God everywhere.'

The Head of a College.

'The Head of a College should be identified with the interests of the College. The life of the College is his life. His money is the money of the College. He is married to the College and has a duty to support his family.

'He should put forward the undergraduates, suggest thoughts and plans to the Fellows, create a common spirit. He should be absolutely above personality. He should inspire a feeling of duty in the whole College. He should know how to "put pressure" upon everybody.'

Speaking out.

'The difference between one man and another is not so much in his power of thought as in his demonstrativeness and willingness to give expression to his thought.

'Thus it is a great fault to keep one's thoughts to oneself instead of expressing them. If I live I ought to speak my mind.

'The inevitable consequence will be that I shall be called atheist. The world will be the harder upon me because it supposes that I shall be frightened. Terrorism is always practised when it is supposed to be effectual.

'It will be said that I had not the courage to speak out while anything could be lost. Now in advanced years, when there is nothing to be hoped for, I say out my mind. But this is *not true.*'

Maxims for Statesmen and others.

'Never quarrel.
Never explain.
Never hate.
Never fret.
Never disappoint.
Never fail.
Never fear.
Never drudge.
Never spare.
Never tell.
Never detract.
[Illegible.]'

The Approach of Age.

'1. Beware of the coming on of age, for it will not be defied.

'2. A man cannot become young by over-exerting himself.

'3. A man of sixty should lead a quiet, open-air life.

'4. He should collect the young about him, though he will find probably in them an inclination to disregard his opinion, for he belongs to another generation. And "old age and youth," &c.[1]

'5. He should set other men to work.

'6. He ought at sixty to have acquired authority, reticence, and freedom from personality.

'7. He may truly think of the last years of life as the best, and of every year as better than last, the if he knows how to use it.

'8. He should surround himself with the pictures, books, subjects in which he takes an interest and which he desires to remember.'

On December 12, 1875, Jowett writes to Morier :—

'Shall I tell you that I think I am rather prosperous than otherwise? I seem to have better health and do more than I could two years ago. More than half the second edition of three thousand of Plato is already disposed of and I am getting on with Thucydides. Also the Hall, which you and I used to discuss on the way over the Brenner, is approaching the roof and promises to be a very successful building[2]. After next June, when I hope that Thucydides and Aristotle's *Politics* will be completed, I mean to settle down finally to theology and moral philosophy.'

Before the year closed he lost a friend in H. H. Lancaster, the able editor of the *North British Review* and a leading member of the Scottish Bar, whose acquaintance we have already made[3]. Jowett was much grieved for the friend who was cut off 'when his greatness was

[1] 'Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together,' &c.

[2] See below, p. 100 ff.

[3] See p. 35, and vol. i. p. 266.

a-ripening' and for the widow who was left behind. He wrote to Mrs. Lancaster :—

'No one can do for your children what you can. Do not look back upon the past, but concentrate your whole thoughts upon them. I think that the last time I saw your dear husband was at the Aberfeldy railway station, when Mab pleased us both so much by saying that "it was better to be too late at a railway station than too early, because then, if you loved your friend very much, you went back and saw him again."'

And long after, in 1884, remembering his old friend, he wrote :—

'Last June we gave a dinner to the Speaker of the House of Commons in Balliol Hall. He mentioned the name of H. H. L. as likely to have been Lord Advocate had he lived. There is an Italian proverb which says that a great sorrow when it has long passed becomes a kind of joy in the reminiscence of it. Perhaps this is a hard saying, but at any rate we can look back upon past sorrows with calmness and resignation. I always think of his affection for me gratefully and wish that he were with us still.'

The Christmas vacation was passed with friends—Lowe, Lingen, Bowen, and Lansdowne—at Torquay and West Malvern. When he returned to Oxford he occupied himself with reading Matthew Arnold's *Literature and Dogma.*

'Arnold,' he observes, 'is too flippant to be a prophet; his argument of the meaning of words from their etymology is fallacious, and a most Philistine sort of fallacy. But he is a master in the art of plausibility. A confident statement, a slight joke—an argument of this kind may be brought against anything : "O 'tis much that a slight jest will do[1]!"'

[1] Cf. 2 *Henry IV*, v. 1 : 'O! it is much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow,' &c.

Later on he notices that Arnold's dissection of Butler is incomplete: 'he does not notice the inconsistency of Butler with himself in the *Analogy*.'

'Arg. 1. There is a great deal of injustice in this world; ∴ there will be a great deal of injustice in another: *Analogy*.

'Arg. 2. There is progress towards justice in this world; ∴ there will be complete development in another: *Progression*.'

On April 15, 1876, which was his fifty-ninth birthday, he writes:—

'I cannot say *vixi*, for I feel as if I were only just beginning and had not half completed what I have intended. If I live twenty years more I will, *Dei gratia*, accomplish a great work for Oxford and for philosophy in England. Activity, temperance, no enmities, self-denial, saving eyes, never over-work.

'*Amicitiae sempiternae, inimicitiae placabiles.* Greater interest in Greek. To read new Greek daily.

'To arrange my own life in the best possible way, that I may be able to arrange other people's.

'Is it possible for youth to have the experience and observation and moderation of age? or for age to retain the force of youth?'

In July he made a tour in Switzerland with Lord Ramsay, visiting the Grande Chartreuse, where he spent a Sunday, and going thence by Geneva and Vevay to St. Moritz; thence to Locarno. From Locarno he went to Baveno and Val d'Anzasca, and by Monte Moro to Zermatt, returning by Chamouni, Basle, and Paris. He attended the midnight and morning Mass at the Grande Chartreuse, but was little pleased with what he saw there.

'The monks' time is spent in prayer and in doing nothing. They are allowed to wander out of the convent on Thursday and talk to one another, but this is an innovation. Dreadful to see the monks throwing themselves on the ground at their devotions, *perinde ac cadaver*.'

With Ramsay he talked over ships—their speed, defence and attack, the protection of commerce, landing of troops, torpedoes—with as much eagerness as if he had had command of a ship.

In the later summer he was again at West Malvern, toiling at Thucydides and the *Politics*, which, as we see, he hoped to finish in a year's time. His health was now better than it had been for some time past, and of the two schemes which he had most at heart, the University College at Bristol was fairly set going by the election of Professors, and the new Hall at Balliol was completed at the beginning of the October Term.

The second edition of the translation of Plato, which appeared in June, 1875, was a great improvement on the first. It had cost four years of toil—years which Jowett felt that he could hardly spare. 'I am sorry to have done so little in the way of original work,' he said, 'but I believe that the new edition will be much more correct and better expressed than the old, and it contains some hundred pages of new matter.' And again: 'I rather regret that you read the *Republic* in the old edition, for the new will be a great deal better; the text is altered in several thousand places and the introductions amended and enlarged.' In mere bulk the new edition is larger than the old by quite three hundred pages, excluding the index; and these additions are of course in the introductions only, for the correction of the text could not add to the size of the book. The description of the true statesman and poet in the introduction to the *Gorgias*; the criticism of utilitarianism in that to the *Philebus*, and of sensation and sensational philosophy in that to the *Theaetetus*; the account of Hegel's philosophy in the introduction to the *Sophist*, all appear for the first time in this edition. Less in extent but not less in value are

the passages in the introduction to the *Politicus* on the nature of law (vol. iv. pp. 522–529); in that to the *Republic* on the relation of the sexes (vol. iii. pp. 161–170); in that to the *Phaedo* on the immortality of the soul (vol. i. pp. 412–416), and the exquisite passage in the introduction to the *Phaedrus* on love and friendship (vol. ii. pp. 88–92).

In these essays Jowett poured out the accumulated thoughts of years in a style which had been rendered perfect by care and practice; and by these, more than by any other of his works, his position as a writer and thinker is to be determined. As he lived to publish yet another edition of the book, we may leave his philosophy out of sight for the present, but on his style a few remarks may be made.

Jowett thoroughly believed in the old saying that 'the style is the man,' and the words of Johnson were often in his mouth: 'I always tried to say everything as well as I could.' He had a number of curious little rules about writing: he would not, for instance, allow an abstract word to be the nominative to a verb of action. Such a canon, he acknowledged, had caused him much difficulty in translating Plato, and he had not always been able to adhere to it. The balance of the clauses and the cadence of the sentences were also most carefully considered; and in this respect he would contrast the majestic sounds of the classical languages—the long words and constantly recurring assonance of cases in agreement—with the large number of monosyllables and comparative poverty of sound in English. Sentences were more likely to attract the mind if they attracted the ear, and at times a 'jingle' was permissible if it caught the reader's attention. The result of this minute care was that Jowett was more successful with sentences than with paragraphs—

the expression of his thoughts was sometimes clearer than the connexion of them; and he was better at an epigram than an argument. Hence the fascination of his conversation, and his remarkable power of putting the whole gist of a matter into a sentence. Hence too the extraordinary beauty of some descriptive passages in his writings. But in argument he is not always clear—the point of view changes as the paragraph goes on, and what is easy at a first view becomes on further study a tangle or a puzzle. Of this defect he was quite conscious. 'How hard it is to write connectedly,' he would say; or, 'What a great thing it is to write a good paragraph, well constructed and having the strength in the whole, and not in any one phrase or sentence.'

After the publication of the revised edition of Plato Jowett took up the translation of Thucydides, of which he had made a rough draft in 1871–72. But his thoughts often wandered to other subjects—to the works on theology and moral philosophy on which in a very few years he hoped to bestow his whole time. On these subjects he was incessantly writing down his reflections; he talked about them with his friends, and drew up sketches and plans of the books which were to be written—a commentary on the Gospels, a Life of Christ in a series of sermons, sermons on the religions of mankind (a revised form of the essay which he had abandoned), and a treatise on moral philosophy. Time and chance defeated him, as we shall see, and not one of these projects was completed. His thoughts on philosophy he was able to embody to some extent in his Plato, but on theology he published nothing after the appearance of the Essay on Interpretation in 1860.

His memoranda remain, and from these we may select some passages which will indicate the tendency of his thoughts:—

The Life of Christ.

'An ideal necessarily mingles with all conceptions of Christ; why then should we object to a Christ who is necessarily ideal? Do persons really suppose that they know Christ as they know a living friend? Is not Christ in the Sacrament, Christ at the right hand of God, "Christ in you the hope of glory," an ideal? Have not the disciples of Christ from the age of St. Paul onwards been always idealizing His memory?

'We must accept the fact that the life of Christ is only partially known to us, like that of other great teachers of religion. And this is best for us. We have enough to assist us, but not enough to constrain us. And upon this basis the thoughts of men in many ages may raise an ideal more perfect than any actual conception of Him. Each age may add something to the perfection and balance of the whole. Did not St. Paul idealize Christ? Do we suppose that all which he says of Him is simply matter of fact, or known to St. Paul as such? It might have been that the character would have been less universal if we had been able to trace more defined features.

'What would have happened to the world if Christ had not come? what would happen if He were to come again? What would have happened if we had perfectly known the words and teaching of Christ? How far can we individualize Christ, or is He only the perfect image of humanity?

'Instead of receiving Christianity as once given, all mankind from the first should have been endeavouring to improve it, to adapt it to the wants of other ages, to get rid of its eccentricities and peculiarities. We fancy that it came in perfection from Christ and therefore are afraid to touch it. But even if we know exactly what came from Christ, it is in perpetual process of depravation and needs to be restored; it is in process of being narrowed and needs to be enlarged, or rather in any case needs to be enlarged, if it is to comprehend the world. There is a fallen Christianity if there is a fallen man, and man is always falling.'

Jowett's conception of the life of Christ, as it may perhaps be one day written, is given in a later sermon:—

'If the life of Christ is ever written over again in our own age and country, it should not be as a history of wonders,

but as a history of truths which seem to be always fading away before the eyes of men, and are always needing to be revived. It should not be critical or sentimental or picturesque, but it should seek to bring the mind and thoughts of Christ a little nearer to the human heart. To do this in the spirit, not in the letter, not rashly applying the precepts of the Gospel to an altered world, but strengthening and deepening their inward power and life, may be the work of another generation in theology.'

Among the subjects which were to be included in the introduction to the Life of Christ were miracles—a constant source of difficulty when the religious view of the world is fading away before the scientific view, or at least has to take new forms in adaptation to it. Thirty years previously he had written to Stanley: 'I have not any tendency to doubt about the miracles of the New Testament'; and defended the miracles of the Old Testament on grounds of general probability[1]. In the interval his view had greatly changed. Now he writes:—

'The grounds on which miracles have been believed are perpetually shifting (the arguments of to-day differ from Paley); the attack on them has never been combined with a profound faith in the Christian religion; they have never been regarded as the great hindrance to the reception of religion. The last century asked us to believe in Christianity because of the miracles; the present [asks us] to believe in Christianity in spite of the miracles, or to believe the miracles for the sake of Christianity.

'No one believes the miracles who does not believe the religion which they are supposed to attest. No Pagan believes the miracles of a Christian; no Christian, of a Pagan; no Jesuit, of a Jansenist; no Protestant, of a Catholic. Every one who affirms the truth of miracles does in fact assert the truth of his own miracles as the one exception to all the rest. But how impossible is this! For he asks you to believe the most improbable of all things, and does at the same time acknowledge

[1] Vol. i. pp. 119, 120.

a principle of self-illusion in human nature, quite sufficient to have invented them.

'We are led to believe miracles by the consequences of disbelieving in them. (Consider also the consequences of believing in them: no reconcilement with science, no principle on which you can believe them, and not believe the ecclesiastical Roman Catholic miracles.) And yet no one could say that this is a legitimate reason for belief of anything. On the other hand, it is a ground that becomes stronger as the world grows older.

'Whether we like to admit it or not, the belief in miracles is fading away, and can only be maintained by a violent effort, which must revive many other superstitions.'

In another note he sketches his idea of a perfect *Liturgy*:—

'A perfect Liturgy should be:—

'1. Ancient.

'2. Yet not at variance with modern scientific opinion.

'3. Should vary within certain limits.

'4. Should be adapted to private as well as public devotion.

'5. Should consist of what is highest and deepest in thought and purest in expression.

'6. Should respond to the fears, hopes, sorrows, speculations of mankind.

'7. Should have no creeds; for these almost at once pass into mere words.

'8. Should be the "expression" of our highest thoughts and feelings; not exhortations or confessions, not the mere intensifying or exaggerating of our ordinary religion, but the elevation of it.'

And here we have some *last words on inspiration*:—

'1. Were the writers of the New Testament inspired when they wrote in any other sense than they were during the rest of their lives?

'2. Is there any essential difference between the apostle St. Paul and St. Bernard, and if so, how is this difference to be defined or ascertained?

'3. Is there any difference between St. Bernard and Plato except that they were men of genius of a different kind—the one a religious genius, the other a philosophical and poetical genius?

'4. But if so, inspiration must be extended to all men who rise above themselves, who get out of themselves, who have anticipations of truths which they cannot realize; who live not in the present and individual, but in the future and universal world.

'5. But if so, every great and good man is inspired, or none are inspired, and all the great thoughts of mankind are to be treated as part of the sacred inheritance.'

LETTERS, 1873–1876.

To R. B. D. MORIER, C.B.

OXFORD, *January* 16, 1873.

Will you be surprised at receiving a letter from me?—Not so much as I should be surprised at receiving one from you *à propos* of nothing, for I am writing merely from a desire to know how you are and what you are doing—in quest of your love, in short (and you owe me your love, 'which is worth more than a thousand pounds[1]'). And I shall make an agreement with you at the outset that you shall answer within twenty-four hours, if I am ever to write again—unless indeed a revolution is going on in Europe, and then of course I know that 'men of merit[2]' are better occupied than in writing to me.

Tell me whether you think that Bismarck can beat the Jesuits. I wonder whether he knows how to do it—not merely by expelling them—they will soon come back again with seven other

[1] 'A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.' —1 *Henry IV*, iii. 3.

[2] 2 *Henry IV*, ii. 4.

devils—but by leaving no place for them—getting education out of the Catholic hands—making priests take degrees at the Universities, and allowing them gradually to marry.

The Old Catholics go too far or not far enough. I suppose that as yet they have organized nothing. They are not scholars in the sense of the great scholars of the Reformation, but only learned Catholics. Nor do they seem to be penetrated with the desire to teach the world a great moral truth, with bishops or without bishops. How can that matter to any one who considers what religion is? A movement which makes the apostolical succession a *sine qua non* is essentially Catholic, and will appear so in history.

I have read some of Strauss's *Alte und Neue Glaube*. I am surprised to see that he pins his faith upon 'Darwinism,' which seems to me not so much an untrue, as an utterly inadequate account of the world. I have for a long time past thought that miracles had no sufficient evidence. But what I regret in these German critics is that they seem never to consider the proportion which their discoveries bear to the whole truth. Are we to be sunk in materialism and sensualism, feebly rising into a sort of sentimentalism, because Strauss and others have shown that the Gospels partake of the character of other ancient writings, or because Darwin has imagined a theory by which one species may pass into another? I shall have many talks to you about these things when we meet.

I have been taking holidays during the last three weeks, and mean for the future to take three months' holiday in the year, and two days in each week. I want to hold out as long as I can, and hope to make Balliol into a really great College if I live for ten years. This year we are going to add about twenty sets of rooms to the College, and, if the piety of the Balliolenses will assist me, I hope to build a large Hall in the garden of Morrell's house. Many things have been pleasant to me in the last two years. The College is really improved in some ways, and I have never had the least difference with any of the Fellows.

Are you coming to England this year? If not, I must come to look you up at Munich. I hope that you keep your enemy, the gout, at a respectful distance, and that you really pursue some plan of life—an unrealized ideal, if you like, and often

interrupted by illness, but still cherished at forty-five as well as at twenty-five. And do not be discouraged by the weakness of poor human creatures, ourselves included, more especially statesmen, who always have an unsound piece somewhere when they are looked at all round. Any man who has any bulk or weight in him (I wrote this without thinking) is to be respected, or at any rate may be made use of, if we who profess to have a clearer insight can keep our heads and hold our tongues.

To Dean Stanley.

Oxford, *April* 28, [1873].

I am afraid that we fight the battle about the Athanasian Creed in too gentle a manner. As Wesley says of predestination, if the damnatory clauses are true, God is worse than the devil. Better far to be an atheist than to believe them.

They are the watchwords of a party, and the party is so strong that the Archbishop of Canterbury, having spoken a few words which express the natural feeling of every honest man, is fain to retract and deny them. This is the miserable result of these great positions. Every idea of truth bows to ecclesiastical expediency.

Is there no eccentric person in the House of Commons who can be induced to bring in a Bill making the use of the Creed optional?

I send you a little book of Prayers which I have compiled for the Chapel—not really what I wished, for the Bishop forced upon me the Litany, but still I find it answers pretty well.

To Professor Lewis Campbell.

Address Balliol College,
December 29, 1873.

I shall be very much pleased to have Sophocles dedicated to me (I cannot express how much I feel all your kindness and attachment to me); but you must do it, if you will, without my permission, for I have refused others.

I am so glad to hear that you are prosperous and able to work. I have been rather lagging during the last year, and am told

that I must give up work for a time. This may, I fear, make a difficulty in my joining you in Switzerland, at least with the view of going over the *Republic*.

To the Countess of Wemyss.

Inglewood, Torquay,
January 5, 1874.

If you consider, it is a wonderful thing (only to be found among officers in the army) that a young man having all the enjoyment of society and the prospects of life before him should have offered himself to an even chance of death, without any considerable prize or reward to be obtained if he had survived. It is unlike this interested frivolous world in which we live, and has a touch of nobleness which may comfort you in this great sorrow.

The two brothers are at rest now. Whether they recognize one another or whether we shall recognize others in another life we cannot tell. I cannot believe myself in consolations of this sort. They are removed from our sight, and are in the hands of God, where we shall soon be. We must leave them with Him, though often recalling their gracious and noble ways when they were with us.

To R. R. W. Lingen.

Balliol College,
January 12, 1874.

Will you look at the enclosed circular[1], and if you can, will you kindly assist us in an undertaking which will contribute greatly to the comfort and dignity of the College?

I am reluctant (though not ashamed) to beg. But several old Balliol men have told me that they would gladly contribute. I know that you are attached to the College, though I certainly shall not measure your attachment by the amount of your subscription.

I have thought it right for the sake of the College, to which I owe so much, to make this effort. When the Hall is completed nothing more in the way of buildings will be desirable; we shall

[1] With reference to the new Hall, see next chapter.

be as well housed as anybody. At present we are very cramped and uncomfortable.

If we had not given a great part of our revenues for public purposes, the Fellowships would have been increased in value £100 a year. This is, perhaps, our best title to the liberality of our old members. To the new Hall the Fellows propose to give, some £50 and some £100, according to their means, and I subscribe £500. I mention this lest we should seem to be asking of others and doing nothing for ourselves.

To Professor Lewis Campbell.

Westminster Arms Hotel, West Malvern,
April 5, 1874.

I shall look forward to seeing you here on May 1. I return to Oxford on Tuesday week and shall come back here about a week later (very dissipated this running away in Term time). There are some excellent lodgings here, kept by an old servant of the Stanleys, which I am thinking of taking for myself. Shall I take rooms for you also? They will probably not be vacant if we leave them, and it would be convenient to be together. Do you know the place? The opposite side from Great Malvern, looking towards the Welsh hills—the air is firstrate[1].

I think that we might read over the *Republic* together. I fear that it will require a great deal of labour before we get it up to the mark.

I have been reading over Grote and Schleiermacher on the *Republic*. Schleiermacher was the first pioneer in those regions and therefore one is less disposed to find fault with him, though he surely might have seen obvious things, such as the difference between the character of Glaucon and Adimantus. But Grote is really inexcusable in his matter-of-fact and at the same time inconsistent manner of reading Plato, never seeing anything according to its true meaning or intention, and defending Plato as paradoxically as he attacks him. He is always thinking, and always thinking wrong.

[1] Jowett had previously stayed at West Malvern. See vol. i. pp. 163, 225.

To C——

WEST MALVERN, *July* 17, [1874].

I do not think that I am seriously unwell, but I have gone to Malvern partly to work and partly to get well. The long years of work rather tell upon me. And I have found the revision of Plato, now about two-thirds printed, very laborious. When that is finished I shall leave off for a year or two, and then, if I am able, begin again with something else.

To PROFESSOR LEWIS CAMPBELL.

Address OXFORD,
October 8, 1874.

I am sorry to hear that you are giving up your work. But I have no doubt that it is better. And I hope that you will stick obediently to the commands of your physician. It has long struck me (and I think, as Socrates would say, that 'God has given me an insight into these sort of affections') that you were below the proper standard of health, though you declared the contrary. You know, of course, that the mind grows as much by idleness as by work; and that life, if properly husbanded, is long enough for all your undertakings.

I am trying to write an Essay on Sensation and Sensational Philosophy to illustrate the *Theaetetus*. I go back to Malvern to live between Malvern and Oxford the week after next.

I wish we were beginning the summer again instead of ending it.

To JOHN FFOLLIOTT.

OXFORD, *January* 7, 1875.

I was very pleased to get your letter and to find that I was not forgotten by you. Will not you and Mrs. ffolliott come to England this spring or summer and pay us a visit? I can find room for the young ladies too. I hold it a good principle that all people should go to London once a year to enliven their minds, to keep their friendships in repair, and perhaps to marry their daughters.

From 'Joe[1],' I have not heard for a long time. A day or

[1] R. B. D. Morier.

two ago I heard of him that he had refused the secretaryship at Paris. I am afraid that he is rather disappointed (and with reason) at not rising faster in the service. He would have liked to go to Lisbon. His father, that wonderful old man, I heard about to-day—he is quite well and very happy and contented.

You, I suppose, are still busy with Church matters, and all the world are expecting to be busy with them. Yet if the High Church have any sense or moderation, the cry should come to nothing. They should give up the vestments and the eastern position, and then, seeing the difficulties of the case, the political instincts of the House of Commons would refuse to stir in the path of Church Reform. I believe that they are so infatuated that they will not do this, and then probably will come a secession and great changes. I shall be very much interested to hear what you are doing in Ireland; for the disestablishment, first, of the Scotch Church, and, secondly, of the English Church, is looming in the distance.

This letter is 'like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer,' nothing; but I wanted to send a few words of greeting and good wishes to you and Mrs. ffolliott.

To Professor Lewis Campbell.

Munich, *July* 11, 1875.

Dr. Kennedy will have done good to both of us if he impresses upon us the necessity of absolute clearness. I suppose too that there must be some limit to oscillation between two or three constructions:—for the purposes of teaching the wavy line is troublesome. I feel convinced that with time and thought you can make a clearer and also a more philosophical edition of Sophocles than any which has yet appeared.

I came here intending to go to the Tyrol with Morier, but am stopped here by his illness. He was taken ill about ten days ago—a cold caught after the *Cur* at Wildbad. On Wednesday we were very much alarmed about him; but since then he has been coming round, and is now thought to be out of danger, though he will probably be confined to bed for a week or ten days longer. Having nothing to do and hardly

any one to speak to, I have been reading Euripides, and mean to read him through, though I detest him; for what I did not know of him—*Electra*, *Rhesus*, *Iph. in Tauris*, &c.—seems to me a great deal worse than what I knew. I am struck by his sophistry, scepticism, sensationalism, sentimentalism. He is to a far greater extent than I supposed a bad imitator of Sophocles and Aeschylus. Browning is mistaken in describing him as delivering a new world. He has no world either new or old to deliver himself of, but he mixes together the worst parts of mythology and of modern Athenian ideas. In short, I read him though I don't think him worth reading, except for the light which he throws on Athenian ideas and for the Greek.

I shall be here or in the Tyrol for about three weeks longer, and on August 9 propose to be at Malvern with Knight and a party of undergraduates. I shall then begin regularly to dictate to Knight a volume on the Early Greek Philosophy, so as to get it into its first shape. It has a threefold interest to me—(1) I believe it to be the most important period in the history of the human mind. (2) It will contain a life of Socrates, (3) a connected sketch of Plato.

To the Rev. J. D. La Touche[1].

Oxford, *July* 27, [1875].

I am sorry that I have delayed to answer your letter[2].

You must have been in Natal at a very interesting time. It seems sad that natives and Europeans never remain on good terms, at least in English colonies. I was very sorry to hear of the defection of the Bishop's friend, Mr. Shepstone. The Bishop really is in the position of one man against the world, and in the right too.

We have been astonished in England at a sort of explosion against the Ritualists shown in the reception of the Public Worship Bill by the House of Commons. No one thought that they were so weak. The subject is not done with, but will

[1] Rector of Stokesay, Salop. He had gone out to assist Bishop Colenso.

[2] 'This is a reply (I believe) to a suggestion that some appointment at home should be provided for the Bishop of Natal.' J. La T.

come up again next year, when very probably the rubrics of the Athanasian Creed and some others will be altered. Gladstone is of course very much discredited by his reappearance in the House of Commons as the High Church leader.

When you return to England I hope that you will pay me a visit here. It must be great gain to the Bishop to have you in Natal.

To Professor Lewis Campbell.

Balliol College,
October 28, 1875.

You still require to be careful for a year. Though you are better you have not regained your power of attention and elasticity of spirit. I hope you have not 'forgotten' to have an assistant. I think that the plan we agreed upon, of finishing the small Sophocles first, is the right one.

I should be very glad indeed to know Maxwell if an opportunity offered. I hope that he will let me know when he comes to England, and I will ask him to pay me a visit. I have always imagined him to be one of the first of our scientific men, who, if any one, may be expected (not to give popular lectures but) to make discoveries.

This Term has begun prosperously for me; I am trying to get the Liberal party together here, and hope in time to do something in the Council. One of the first things which I want to try is the extension of the Schools Examination delegacy to women and girls' schools.

To Professor Lewis Campbell.

West Malvern,
December 21, [1875?].

I was very glad to hear you are better. If you take care of yourself and do no more work than is necessary, I think that you may be as well as ever in a year or two.

I have been more than usually well this Term, and sometimes entertain a 'light hope[1]' that I shall see the completion of the various projects which you and I have so often talked

[1] Cf. Thuc. ii. 51 *ἐλπίδος τι εἶχον κούφης.*

about. I have revised three books of the Thucydides, and hope to revise the rest before the beginning of the Long Vacation, and also the *Politics*. After the Long Vacation I intend to begin again lecturing on theology, together with Thucydides. We must continue to meet either at Malvern or in Scotland, and work at Sophocles and Plato, if you are well enough.

I am here for a day or two, and am coming back again in about a fortnight. Though I am such a bad correspondent I hope you will write to me from time to time.

You must get back your health, and then make everything subservient to writing. I think that you escaped a great misfortune in not being elected to such an oppressive place as the Greek Chair at Glasgow.

Is the Dundee project[1] going forward? I should like to see the University of St. Andrews finding its way there. Lord Derby says that the Government are going to send a commission to the Scotch Universities. The opportunity should be taken to reorganize the curriculum, above all things, and to obtain money from Government if this cannot be accomplished without.

To ———

WEST MALVERN,
October 17, 1876.

I am always interested to hear about the lady who keeps a diary.

Shall I recommend her to read Pepys' *Diary*, which is a most remarkable work considering it was never intended to be read by any other human being? It is so clear and graphic, and contains treasures of human nature. . . . Also, has she seen the Greville Memoirs? I do not join in the outcry against them (though there are one or two things which ought not to have been published). They are very curious, as expressing the current opinion of men and things just as they presented themselves, the contemporary judgements of a shrewd man of the world, which he gives unaltered. If you make allowance

[1] The foundation of a University College at Dundee.

for a certain amount of cynicism he is in the main quite trustworthy; and he has provided most valuable materials for future history. . . .

I too have seen 'men like chameleons' (that expression pleases me) both at Oxford and in London. I have a bad memory for most things, but an unfortunate one for inconsistencies of other people who come saying one thing at one time and another thing at another. There is no use in taking notice of it: but it is necessary to know how few persons you can trust to be of the same opinion now and three months hence.

CHAPTER IV

THE NEW HALL. 1877–1879

(Aet. 60–62)

BUILDING of the new Hall—Jowett collects subscriptions—His views on strikes—Opening of the Hall—Speeches—The new Library at Balliol—Notes: Female friendships; 'George Eliot;' Disraeli; G. F. Watts; Metaphysics; Vita Mea—Proposed tour—Death of Morier's father—Letters.

THE Lent Term, 1877, was marked by the opening of the new Hall at Balliol, an event which formed an epoch in Jowett's life. In the twenty years before he became Master a large part of the College had been rebuilt. The 'Grove' at the north-west corner had been pulled down, and replaced by the massive block which bears witness to the skill of Salvin[1]. The old Chapel, lovely with oak and stained glass, had been destroyed, much to Jowett's indignation[2], to make room for Butterfield's structure, which has indeed a beauty of its own—of line and proportion—but a beauty which is partly hidden by the adjacent Library and rooms, and partly out of harmony with them. The Master's and Fellows' gardens had been combined and reorganized into the present Garden quadrangle. And at length, in 1866–68, with the aid of Miss Brakenbury's munificence, the east and south

[1] Vol. i. p. 211. [2] Vol. i. p. 247.

LIBRARY ST. MARY'S COLLE

sides of the front quadrangle, and the Master's Lodge, except the dining-room, were rebuilt[1]. But much still remained to be done. More rooms were required to receive the increased number of students; and in 1873 a block of eight rooms was begun on the site of the stables, at the north end of the Garden quadrangle.

The need of a larger Hall had long been felt and discussed. Some of the Fellows had wished to enlarge the old Hall by taking in the Master's dining-room, with its beautiful oriel window; others to build an entirely new Hall on a new site. The question of enlargement was settled by the rebuilding of the Master's house in 1868. Meanwhile, owing to the constant increase of the numbers in College, the old Hall became more inadequate every Term; and for some time dinner was served in one of the Lecture Rooms as well as in Hall.

In December, 1873, it was resolved to build a new Hall, Lecture Rooms, and Common Room, at the north end of the garden, and to solicit subscriptions from old members of the College towards the expense. Mr. Waterhouse was asked to prepare plans, and in the following autumn, when the new rooms on the site of the stables were completed, a beginning was made with the work.

In collecting the subscriptions Jowett was indefatigable. He plumed himself on his dexterity in drawing money out of a man's pocket. Mere circulars he regarded as of little or no use, except for giving information; 'you must write yourself,' he insisted, 'to every individual person from whom you hope to get anything.' And this he did, both on this occasion and later when he was collecting money for the recreation ground. He would make a practice, in his methodical manner, of writing so many letters a day; and the letters were the occasion of

[1] Vol. i. p. 397.

saying something to the old members of the College which showed that, though he might not have met them for some time, he had a clear recollection of them and of any subject in which they were occupied or interested. The answers often gave him much pleasure, so great was the kindly feeling shown to the College, and the liberality of the givers. Jowett had nothing but praise for any one who was a 'lover of his College,' but he had a poor opinion of a man 'whose principles would not allow him to subscribe to the new Hall.' More especially was he indignant at one who, having promised a subscription, withdrew it on hearing that Colenso had preached in the Chapel.

The building of the Hall was one of the great interests of his life. He loved to watch the rising walls from his study window, or visit them in his morning's walk, passing along the scaffolding to examine each detail, and then returning with a brighter look to Plato or Thucydides.

In writing to his friends he records the progress of the work: 'We have laid the foundations of the new Hall, 95′ × 45′, and have raised about £6,000. I hope to raise at least £2,000 more.' 'We are deep in bricks and mortar; just beginning, like the crocus, to appear out of the ground.' 'The College is very prosperous, and will, I think, be yet more so in two or three years' time, when we have the new Hall completed, and a new scheme for Scholarships and Exhibitions carried out.' 'The new Hall of which we used to talk at Venice and in the Pass of the Brenner is opened and is a very great success. Every one seems to think it a noble building, though Ruskin told me it would be a dull sort of a church.'

His eagerness to see the building finished led him into an amusing inconsistency. With the popular condemnation of strikes he had no sympathy, arguing that

combination was the only weapon within the workman's reach, who had a right to improve his condition, and raise the price of his labour, the only commodity which he had to sell, by refusing to work at too low a wage. But these views underwent a change when the masons employed on the building went out on strike, and thus delayed the completion of the work which he had so much at heart. A strike was now a breach of contract; a man ought to do what he had undertaken to do; and how could contractors arrange for the completion of any building, if the men were at liberty to abandon work at a moment's notice?

The Hall was ready for use in October, 1876. In the following January, on the 16th, it was formally opened, at a banquet to which as many old Balliol men as possible were invited by the Master and Fellows of the College, and never before or since have so many distinguished members of the society been gathered together. The dinner was followed by a number of speeches, in which much was said of Balliol and Balliol men. The Master began with a few words of welcome to those present, and notice of those absent—among whom he mentioned Canon Oakeley, Mr. W. G. Ward, and the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

'Though unable to be present on this occasion they have promised us a visit at some future time. They were separated from us by a strange fate thirty years ago. They have not forgotten us nor have we forgotten them. One of them has become the most distinguished person of his communion in this country. But when they left the Church of England, they gave up all worldly prospects of advancement, and went out not knowing whither they went. There is a story related of Dr. Johnson that when a change of faith was told him of any of his friends he used to exclaim, "God bless him." And such is our feeling. There are many opposite opinions amongst

PART OF THE NEW HALL, BALLIOL COLLEGE

us, but there is but one common sentiment—we were all educated at Balliol.'

Jowett then proposed the Queen, 'a toast which is always popular,' after which followed:—

Floreat Domus de Balliolo:—Proposed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and answered by Jowett.

The Visitor, Dr. Jackson, Bishop of London:—Proposed by Jowett.

The Houses of Parliament:—Proposed by Professor H. J. S. Smith, and answered by Lord Cardwell and Sir Stephen Cave.

The Clergy:—Proposed by Jowett, answered by the Archbishop, the Dean of Westminster, and W. Rogers.

The University:—Proposed by Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, answered by the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Sewell.

The Bar:—Proposed by Lord Lansdowne, answered by Mr. Osborne Morgan.

The Civil Service:—Proposed by Lord Camperdown and answered by Mr. Lingen.

Literature and Science:—Proposed by Mr. Green, answered by Matthew Arnold and Sir Alexander Grant.

Past and Present Fellows and Scholars:—Proposed by the Dean of Westminster, answered by the Rev. E. Palmer, Professor of Latin, and Sir C. Bowen.

Old members of a College can never meet together without speaking of the society as it was in their day, and so large a number of distinguished men could not speak on subjects on which they felt deeply without saying something of more than passing interest. In proposing the prosperity of Balliol, the Archbishop spoke of the Heads of the College whom he had known, of Jenkyns, Scott, and Jowett. He repeated the touching story of Jenkyns' death-bed, how when he 'lay with the shadows of dissolution about him' he raised himself, and

in the words of the ancient grace, which had been so long familiar to him, breathed his 'last prayer for the College.' Scott he described as the 'greatest scholar at Oxford in his day—a valued friend and colleague, than whom no one more energetic or high-minded ever ruled the College.' Of Jowett he said:—

'Of my friend on my left it would ill become me to speak in his presence. "Si monumentum requiris, circumspice." Many buildings have risen at his bidding; and this great gathering shows to all that there must be some secret of fascination about him, which not only enables Balliol to keep its place, but which has raised it to a far higher position than it ever held before.'

The last words, spoken after midnight, were those of Bowen:—

'It is an inexpressible pleasure to be here. I sit among the shadows of my past life. I see the members of the old Balliol boat, which I helped to push forward. Chateaubriand, on revisiting Venice, found a charm gone; but from school and College the charms never pass away. Memory is the only fountain of perpetual youth. Here we can dream once again that we are young.'

Of those who were seen and heard on this memorable evening, Jowett, the Archbishop, Cardwell, Dean Stanley, Arnold, Coleridge, Cave, Bowen, Smith, Green, the Bishop of London, Sir A. Grant, Mr. Rogers, are gone from us. It is a pleasant memory to recall the time when they met together, and told us who were younger the story of the College of their day—the College which they had made so famous and of which we felt so proud. And surely it is a striking tribute to the value of College life that men, so widely separated in their pursuits and opinions, should have gone back to the three or four years passed together at Balliol, as a bond of union never to be broken. 'We were all at the

same College; and therefore, whatever our pursuits and studies, we had all one great common interest in life,' that was the burden of the speeches. Dean Stanley was only expressing the thoughts of every one present, when he quoted the fine words of Clough:—

> 'One port, methought, alike they sought,
> One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
> O bounding breeze! O rushing seas!
> At last, at last, unite them there!'

Jowett was supremely happy; he had long looked forward to this day, which brought to him the fulfilment of many hopes and the birth of many more. He had taken the utmost pains to ensure the success of the entertainment, even in the smallest details—'I want them to know that we can give a good dinner,' he said. And if others thought that there were too many speeches, he was never weary of listening when anything good was said of Balliol or Balliol men; for that was 'the best history of the College.' He was surrounded too by his old pupils, 'who have always been the best of friends to me,' the object of their deep affection and regard; and by the companions of his youth, who had helped and cheered him in his early life. And looking to the future, he was radiant with hope, believing that the College would draw renewed life from this great gathering of her sons. It was altogether such a day as can come but once in a lifetime.

When the tumult of the entertainment was over Jowett returned to Professorial and College work. There was nothing more to be done to the structure of the College; there was no room for anything new, and what was old had been rebuilt or put in repair. With the exception of the Fisher Building[1], and the interior

[1] This also was re-cased in 1877.

of one other staircase, the old Hall, and the Library, with the Common Rooms underneath, and the Master's dining-room, there was no part of the College which had not been rebuilt since 1826. One change it was still possible to make, and this was a change in which Jowett took the liveliest interest. The old Hall, no longer required for its original use, was converted into a Library and Reading-room. The books which had been acquired by the Undergraduates' Library were transferred to it, and those in the College Library which were likely to be of most use to men reading for their Schools were placed with them, and Jowett added a considerable number from his own collection. Rules were drawn up for the use and maintenance of the Library, and a committee formed for purchasing books. For some time the Bishop of Oxford, then Professor Stubbs, was on the committee. 'Well, Professor,' Jowett would ask, 'what good books in history have been published since we last met?' 'I think, Master, that no good historical work has appeared of late,' was the answer. When the question was raised whether we should buy works of fiction, Stubbs smoothed the way with the remark: 'You already buy works on philosophy, and how would you classify *them*?' Another member of the committee was opposed to the purchase of Renan's works: 'But how can we object to Renan's works,' asked Jowett, 'when we have already agreed to purchase Voltaire?'

Jowett was so delighted with the new Library that he had a door made from the Master's house into it. At the end of the year he writes to Morier: 'I shall look forward to seeing you in the spring: when you must come *en famille* to Oxford. You will find a splendid library at your service, which I am just opening, one of the best things which we have done.'

Among the arrangements connected with the Library was one which was very characteristic of Jowett, who never let slip an opportunity of giving a poor and deserving lad a good education. It was necessary to have one or two assistant librarians in order to put the books in their places, to keep the vouchers, and do other work of the kind—work which any intelligent lad could do. Jowett at once brought one or two boys into the Library, and arranged that along with their occupation there they should go through the University course as they were able. The plan had great success. One of the assistants is now at the Bodleian, after taking a good degree; another, F. Fletcher, distinguished himself by obtaining an Exhibition at the College and a University prize, and when Knight's health failed he became Jowett's secretary, and proved himself an excellent scholar and a valuable assistant.

Meanwhile the note-books are filled more rapidly than ever. Two are now kept, side by side, one more miscellaneous in its contents than the other. This record of his thoughts has become one of the great interests of his life; *nulla dies sine linea*; no day is allowed to pass without some note of what he has read or thought or heard in conversation. At a later time he alludes with pride to the thirty or forty volumes[1] which he has filled, feeling that he had in them a storehouse of thoughts, from which to draw whenever the leisure came for writing the books which he still dreamed of as the work of his life—the treatise on Morals and the Life of Christ.

At one time he is conversing with a friend on friendship with women.

[1] Letter of February 21, 1881, below, p. 201.

'Hegel was right,' he says, 'in condemning the union of souls without bodies. Such schemes of imaginary pleasure are wholly unsatisfactory: the characters of human beings are not elevated enough for them. The religious ideal, the philosophical ideal, is far better than the ideal of female friendship. If any pleasure is to be gained from this, it must be strictly regulated—never allowed to pass into love or excitement—of a noble, manly sort, with something of protecting care in it.'

At another time he has met 'George Eliot,' and is deeply impressed, as he always was, with her conversation:

'She talked charmingly, with a grace and beauty that I shall always remember. She gives the impression of great philosophical power. She wanted to have an ethical system founded upon altruism; and argued that there was no such thing as doing any action because it was right or reasonable, but only because it accorded with one's better feelings towards others. She seems however to admit that there might be such a form of thought given by teaching, and acknowledged that practical moral philosophy should not be confined to one form. Her idea of existence seemed to be "doing good to others."

'She would never condemn any one for acquiescing in the popular religion. Life was so complex, your own path was so uncertain in places, that you could not condemn others.

'She did not object to remaining within an established religion with the view of elevating and purifying it.'

Or he is paying his annual visit to the Duke of Bedford at Woburn, a visit which was among the greatest pleasures of his life. Here he meets Disraeli.

'Dizzy told a long story (not very well) at dinner about the late Duke of Cleveland.

'He is quite the man of the world; very agreeable, and appears to me to have given up his old arts of flattery. He spoke with enthusiasm of Leyden [1], regretted the new transla-

[1] John Leyden (1775–1811), physician, poet, and orientalist: see *Dict. of Nat. Biography*, and Lockhart's *Life of Scott*.

tion of the Scriptures, which could have no authority and would disturb many consecrated phrases, and thought very highly of Renan's *Évangiles*, and praised his book on *Solomon's Song*. Wished for a new book on *Ecclesiastes*.

'He told H. Cowper that he first turned his thoughts to politics when in quarantine at Malta for forty-two days. The consul had sent him two years' *Galignanis* to read, and from that time he began to understand politics. He liked *Tancred* the best of his works; and he always turned to it when he wished to refresh his knowledge of the East. He delighted in *Pride and Prejudice*, and had read it seventeen times.'

With G. F. Watts, to whom he is now sitting for his portrait, he discusses subjects of art.

'Watts thought that sculpture and painting produce the same effects, painting being the higher and more difficult art. Thus to his mind the sculpture of the Parthenon might well go along with Raphael's and Leonardo's pictures. Both painting and sculpture appeared to him nearly akin to music, for of both the ideal not the individual was the truth.

'He thought there was no future for art. The world had become analytical, and we could do nothing but imitate and preserve. Formerly art was a want, now it is only an amusement.

'Of Ruskin Watts said that he was excellent about clouds, forms of leaves, animals, &c., but the higher the art, the less he seemed capable of comprehending it. He had no sympathy with the human or divine; and was incapable of appreciating either Michael Angelo or Titian.'

Jowett suggested that Ruskin was putting small things in the place of great, which was a misfortune for art; and to this Watts agreed.

At other times he has much to say on metaphysics, the growing influence of which at Oxford, owing to the teaching of Green and others, he watched with alarm.

'Metaphysics exercise a fatal influence over the mind in destroying the power of observation and of acquiring knowledge.

'They make the mind too large to take in small things—like a sight of which the focus is disturbed, it disregards them, or tries to weave them into a larger whole, or distorts them. History and even common life are converted into metaphysics.

'They are the only branch of knowledge which has the power of inspiring enthusiasm[1].'

'Never to the same extent has the human mind been dominated over by metaphysical conceptions as among ourselves. This plague of metaphysics is as bad as the plague of logic among the Greeks. The words law, force, necessity, evolution, development, cause and effect, the oppositions of mind, reason, and feeling, have the greatest power over us; and yet even philosophical writers have never asked themselves the meaning of them.

'These metaphysics are not so much the metaphysics of great writers as popular metaphysics filtered through language.'

'Metaphysics should be sparingly introduced into education, and not too soon: some boys want it, others are too much inclined to it.

'The power of thinking is equally destroyed by too much or too little metaphysics. In the latter case there is no power of combining facts, or of getting rid of prejudices; in the former the holes of the sieve are too large to contain them [the facts].

'Formerly metaphysics had an elevating tendency. But this new sort of metaphysics, which pretends to be founded on observation and experience, lowers all human knowledge to the same level.

'Metaphysics can only be useful so far as they give increased power (1) of retaining and comprehending facts; (2) of clearly expressing them.

'There is a metaphysical fanaticism, i.e. an absorbing power of metaphysics, as well as a religious fanaticism.'

[1] Cf. vol. i. p. 160.

Through all the note-books there runs the undertone of meditation on his own life:—

'I always seem to be beginning life again, and may I ever seem to be beginning life again until the end! I have always the feeling that I have lost so much time that I can never have a holiday.

'I trust that during the last ten years I may work only from the highest motives.'

Vita Mea.

'(*a*) Must be more alone, and get above phases of mind which come upon me in bad weather or when I am alone.

'(*b*) To rely on no one but myself, and to rely on myself. All through life I have had a false sensitiveness and egotism.

'(*c*) I seem to have great power in thinking and in dealing privately with persons, but no power in public or society.'

'I remember P.[1] calling upon me when in trouble about *Essays and Reviews*. He said that I should remember I was looked upon as very black by the University; they might forgive Congreve, but they would never forgive me! And he recommended me to go at once and submit, and to say that I [meant] nothing wrong. I had been misunderstood, &c. That is what he would do if he were in my place. Thank God I did not take his advice.'

'The greatest faults even with the best friends. Want of geniality. Geniality seems to be opposed to sympathy and even to tact. I never have anything to say to strangers.

'I have never had a proper force in acting publicly; have wasted in weakness and sensitiveness that which should have made itself felt in the world.'

In the spring (1877) Jowett had proposed to join Morier, who was now at Lisbon, and together they would visit some of the cathedrals of Spain; but he was unable to carry out his plan.

[1] Cf. vol. i. p. 311.

On June 3 he writes to Morier:—

'I have made up my mind with great reluctance that I cannot come to Lisbon at present. We have a Vacation Term here of six weeks, June 25 to August 6, and as it is an institution of my own, I ought to stay and take my part in it with the Tutors[1]. There is no one whom I more desire to see than you. But I feel that I must make the most of my life, as the years are getting fewer. I have given up visiting now except for a day at a time. I want to get rid of these necessary works—Thucydides and Aristotle's *Politics*—and to devote the rest of my days to something of a higher kind.

'Let me make a counter-proposal: Bowen talks of going abroad with me in September. Shall I bring him to you? We would stay for about a fortnight, then I hope that we should carry you away to see the cities in the south of Spain and Madrid, and spend a week in the Pyrenees coming home, where I suppose that we should be hardly able to carry you with us.

'I think that you know Bowen, but you hardly know all his merits. He always seems to me one of the most gentle and honourable men I have ever known—a man of genius converted, perhaps crushed, into a lawyer, and probably the greatest English lawyer of the day.'

But in July Morier was brought to England by the death of his father. Jowett writes to him from West Malvern:—

'Not being certain whether I shall see you on Monday I write a few lines to assure you at this solemn time that nothing which is important to you can be unimportant to me.

'Your father was one of the best men I have known, simple,

[1] Jowett was exceedingly anxious to establish a 'Long Vacation Term' at Balliol. He started the plan in 1874; and attempted to give it new life by residing, as we see, for a part of the time himself. The effort was not very successful, but he revived the scheme once more in 1889 under somewhat altered conditions; see below, p. 346.

unworldly, innocent. Though I could not agree in all his views about religion, I liked to hear him speak on such matters, because he was sincere; "il avait la religion bonne," as you once said to me. His enthusiasm was quite "youthful"; the last time I saw him he had bought a Portuguese grammar and was beginning to learn it.

'I am afraid that this will be a crushing blow to you. Yet perhaps you should sometimes think that it is well with him—he had a very happy life, protracted beyond the usual term. And I feel confident that you and your wife and children and your distinction as a diplomatist were the greatest sources of his happiness in his later years. He used to like to see me because it reminded him of you; and he would say to me, "These two dear people have shown how well they were fitted for one another;" and would add stories about the children. I believe you and they were his first thought in the morning and his last at night. You had all become a part of him and were woven into his mind.'

A little later he writes again:—

'My lads here are very clever fellows and do extremely well. I wish that you could have come and seen me here. It is twenty-nine years since we were settled at Oban together, twenty-eight years since we were at the Lakes. Those days will not come back; but I shall always feel that one of the great blessings of my life has been the friendship to which they gave occasion.

'I see you are "labouring in your vocation[1]." It is no sin for a man to be labouring in his vocation. I am sure that you are right about Russia. The great point is to reconcile the contending parties with honour, or the appearance of honour, to themselves. The war is horrible already, but will be horrible beyond description if continued another year. Were I a diplomatist I should think of nothing else.'

[1] Shakespeare, 1 *Henry IV.* i. 2.

LETTERS, 1877–1879.

To R. B. D. MORIER, C.B.

January 27, 1877.

I have intended to answer your kind letter for a long time, but 'the cares of this world have choked the seed.' I have had an uneasy feeling for six months past, but I 'will be guilty of that sin no more,' and am determined 'like a child of conscience to make restitution.'

Let me tell you of our buildings here, which you and I planned together nearly four years ago at Verona or Venice. We have a very fine hall—a great architectural success, I think; also a kitchen, common room, three lecture-rooms, and a beautiful reading-room, or second library, made out of the old Hall. When will you come and see all this? Last Tuesday week we had a solemn inauguration of the new buildings, which were blessed by a bishop and archbishop. There was a great deal of speaking, which went on till twelve o'clock at night, 'the Athenians praising the Athenians,' but upon the whole with modesty. I wish that you had been there. It was a delightful gathering of about two hundred and sixty old Balliolenses, some from the far west, and from the far north. Everybody appeared to have been greatly pleased. And *I* was pleased, and hope that it will be the beginning of a new life to the College. . . .

To THE LADY ABERCROMBY.

February 11, 1877.

How curious that difficulty of talking to others is to which you refer. I feel it constantly—partly a kind of sensitiveness, or the fear of not meeting with a response, or of some superior quickness or knowledge in the person with whom we are talking. For some reason or other, nothing comes into our minds to say—no pleasant nonsense, or more solid fact of interest—or only comes into our minds a minute too late.

It is a sad trouble—so much pleasure lost—such a bad impression created, such a humiliation to oneself. Sometimes it seems physical, almost like a headache. This is what I used to feel when I was young; now I fear that I have not much more elasticity or pleasure in conversation at a dinner-table than I used to have; but I know it does not signify much; if you are kind and listen to others, people are not dissatisfied, and you must rely on other things for any influence which you exercise in the world. Also if a person takes pains, and has leisure, and tries according to Dr. Johnson's rule 'always to say things as well as they can,' I believe that they may acquire the art of conversation.

To Dean Stanley.

April 15, 1877.

I have often thought of you during the last month, and shall think still more often after hearing from you. I was very greatly pleased to have such a proof of your affection. We must do what we can for one another during the years that remain.

I am glad to hear that you are able to preach. Attacks like yours, if there is no predisposition to them in the constitution, often leave no after ill effects. But for a year or so they require great care about a number of little things, diet, change of clothes and shoes, &c., which one is always forgetting. Like other old women, you see I am telling you my own experience. But dear Lady Augusta, if she had been living, would not have been displeased at my pouring these old wives' advices into your ear[1].

To the Lady Abercromby.

October 27, 1877.

I had a very interesting visit of a day to Woburn last week, where a very pleasant party were collected—Lord Lyons and, if I may describe him so in scriptural language, one 'of great

[1] Lady Augusta Stanley died on Ash Wednesday, March 1, 1876; see *Life of Dean Stanley*, vol. ii. p. 465 ff.

authority under Candace, queen of the Ethiopians[1].' No State secrets were talked of, so far as I know, but there was a great deal of interesting conversation. Lord Lyons was inclined to think that there would be no *coup d'état* in France. The pious Minister of Candace confided to me his admiration for Renan, and seemed to be posted up in the latest forms of rationalism, not only German but Dutch; he also said that there was a book which he had read seventeen times, *Pride and Prejudice*. He was more of the literary man than a politician. He left upon me the impression of a trifler and a great man in one. In health he is perfectly well, much better than the Liberals would like to see.

To Sir Henry Taylor.

Balliol College,
October 29, [1877].

Thank you for the most interesting book which you have ever sent me[2]. I think that I have read every word of it. The interest of it appears to me to consist in its absolute truthfulness and absence of egotism. Though I do not believe that your friends found in you at any time of life those disagreeable qualities which you attribute to yourself. This appears to me to be only the way in which a shy person imagines himself to affect others.

What a curious thing shyness is, having such hidden sympathies and antipathies, never knowing what to say, and yet sometimes pouring out its feeling like a flood. What acute pain it causes to the sufferer! and leading to all sorts of misunderstandings. Will you write an essay upon it—you who know what it is, as I also do, although the recollection of it becomes less vivid as time goes on? Is a Frenchman ever shy? or an Irishman?

I am very glad to hear that Una reads Plato to you. There are few things in it which a young lady may not read, chiefly, I think, a page at the beginning of the *Charmides* and a few

[1] Lord Beaconsfield.

[2] Sir H. Taylor's *Reminiscences*—then privately circulated, afterwards published (in 1885) under the title *Autobiography*.

pages of the *Symposium* and *Republic*. I would recommend her to read some of them in the following order: *Euthyphro, Apology, Crito, Phaedo, Phaedrus, Gorgias, Republic, Laws*, Book x, and to remember always that Socrates, besides being the wisest, is also the most provoking of human beings. There is a very interesting account of Socrates (though not quite right, I think) in Grote's *History of Greece*.

To R. B. D. Morier[1].

This morning [March 14, 1877] brought a new pamphlet of Gladstone's—'damnable iteration' about Bulgarian horrors, which are horrid enough, no doubt, but not to be weighed in the balance against a European war. I am not unwilling that he should raise the standard of public morality; but why did he say nothing about India, about Jamaica, where the horrors (with the exception of the outrages on women) were probably as great and as inexcusable by necessity as these Turkish horrors? . . .

I cannot help asking the question, whether civilized Europe at the end of the nineteenth century has no means of preventing universal war; and war too which will not clear the atmosphere, or place European politics ultimately on a better basis. No one can foresee where it will stop, or what the conditions of peace must be. People sometimes talk of the benefits of war, of carrying out the designs of Providence, and the like, of the virtues called forth by war, or the 'canker

[1] During this year (1877) and the next two Jowett wrote unusually long letters to Morier, pouring out his thoughts on the state of Europe and on the action of the Court and Ministry at home. They were the years of the Bulgarian atrocities and the Turko-Russian war, of depressed trade and a calamitous harvest (1879). Jowett was no Turcophil; he detested cruelty and oppression as much as any man, but on the other hand he did not wish to see the Turks driven out of Europe; for that, he believed, would be the signal for a general conflict. The letters are far too long to print here, and must be reserved for another volume, but a few extracts may be given, showing the general drift of Jowett's views.

of a long peace'; but in future wars there will be less and less of virtue and heroism and more of money, and God will be more and more on the side of the great guns. Improvements in war, as they are called, tend rather to extinguish the human side of it—the individual courage and chivalry, as well as the long endurance. I do not expect to see any great result upon character produced by war in the future.

I want to see the higher civilization of Europe combining against the lower, whether Czar or Pope [? Sultan], and offering something like paternal government to Egypt and the East. It is a dreadful thing in the world that countries whose inhabitants are hardworking, inoffensive people should be governed for centuries as Syria and Egypt have been. But then there is such a danger of taking away the government which they have and substituting only 'chaos.' This might be avoided if the European powers would jointly take up their cause. The fairest countries of the ancient world are now the most desolate; the Egyptians are as badly off as they were under the Pharaohs. How long is this to go on? Will no saviour ever hear the cries of these Eastern people? That is the real Eastern question.

I am afraid the year [1879] closes rather darkly and hopelessly for Europe (though I also believe that nations quickly recover and that one's opinions about them are apt to take the colour of one's own circumstances). But at present it seems to me that, besides the commercial distress, there is great reason for anxiety in the three chief countries of Europe, France, Germany, and Russia—France, after seeming for a time settled, falling into the hands of the Left, which means war with the clergy and the old *régime*, whether Napoleonist or Legitimist, who may perhaps ally themselves with the army, and will hardly give up all without a struggle. . . . Then there is Germany—poor, military, divided by caste, impoverished and oppressed by the conscription, the most educated country in Europe and yet having no share in its own government, hanging on the life of one man, and looking forward to the possibility of a desperate war. As for Russia, it may

fall through the crust into the volcanoes beneath. Everything needs to be reformed and there are no means of reforming it; the natural instruments of reform are in Siberia, and there is no middle party on which to work. There must be great force of character and self-devotion in Russia among these mad patriots, but there is no power of union and concert.

At home, allowing for the bad state of trade and harvests, I do not believe that our condition is so bad. The Liberals are furious and, headed by Gladstone, grow more and more exasperated, but I do not think that they make a great impression. The real enemy to the present Ministry is the depression of commerce and the bad harvest, which throw the minds of people into a sensitive state and make them desire change. 'We are badly off; let us try Gladstone who promises so fair.' The general opinion is that the result of the election will be almost a tie; and that after the next election another will soon follow, probably with a Coalition Ministry. It seems to me that the sooner this last comes the better, for neither party will have a decided majority: they will hang upon the Irish members, perhaps even upon a Tichborne vote—and half the Liberal party are more akin to the Conservatives than they are to their friends below the gangway. It seems to me that politics are not so great or patriotic or chivalrous as they used to be. Either I see things nearer, or they have really degenerated. Gladstone does not appear to me to have gained so much with the mob as he has lost with the upper and educated classes, who after all are still the greater part of politics.

CHAPTER V

1. THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY COMMISSION (1877–81).
2. THE CANDIDATES FOR THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE (1876–78).

1877–1881

1. REFORMS at Oxford—Duke of Cleveland's Commission in 1871–1874—Results of the Commission—Demand for further reforms: Mark Pattison; Professor Price—Appointment of a Commission—Jowett's views as given in his evidence (1) on buildings; (2) on Non-Collegiate students; (3) on the extension of the University; (4) on research; (5) on the increase of the Professoriate; (6) on Prize Fellowships—Jowett's views on the Bodleian—His feeling towards books and learning—Revision of the Statutes of the College—New Inn Hall—Effect of the Commission.

2. Proposal to bring the Indian selected candidates to Oxford: Jowett's plan; Dean Liddell's plan—Appointment of Professor G. F. Nicholl.

AFTER the success of the Commission of 1852, the spirit of University reform was never dormant in Parliament or at Oxford. For some time the proposals in the House led to no definite results—with one great exception, the abolition of Tests in 1871—but at the University a good deal was done [1]. In two points especially great changes were made, and both were due, directly or indirectly, to Jowett's influence. The system by which residence within the walls of a College or Hall was compulsory was given up, and men could now reside in licensed

[1] Cf. vol. i. chap. 6.

lodgings either as 'out-College residents' or as Non-Collegiate students of the University—a return to the ancient practice, designed for the advantage of poor students[1]. And, so far as their classical teaching was concerned, the Colleges were now collected into two large groups, in each of which the lectures were open to all the members of the group without any additional cost[2].

These were considerable changes, but they were insufficient to satisfy the reforming spirit of the time, and indeed it was impossible for the University to enter on any adequate scheme of reform without assistance from Government. The Liberals again took the matter up, and in 1871, as a preliminary step to further changes, a Commission, of which the Duke of Cleveland was chairman, was appointed to inquire into the amount of the revenues of the Universities and Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, and the manner in which they were spent. It was expected that the Report would be published while the Liberals were still in office. Some vigorous measures were anticipated, especially from Lowe, who was known to hold very strong ideas about University and College teaching, and many felt that a great danger had been averted when the Gladstonian Government fell from office before the Report of the Commission was published (September, 1874).

The Commission estimated the income of the Colleges at Oxford, derived from corporate property, at £330,836 16*s.* 1*d.*, with an additional £35,417 0*s.* 2*d.* derived from trust funds. The income of the University was given at £32,151 1*s.* Of the income of the Colleges £101,171 4*s.* 5*d.* was spent in Fellowships, i. e. in giving rewards to distinguished graduates, and £26,225 12*s.* in Scholarships.

[1] Vol. i. p. 379.

[2] See vol. i. p. 376.

'In other words,' so it was said in Oxford, 'four times as much is spent in giving rewards to academical success, which rewards are not often used to promote education, as is spent on direct aids to young learners.' Comparisons were made of the work done for education by some of the richer and some of the poorer Colleges; and many felt that the chief result of the inquiry would be to 'stimulate a great reform in the use of the collegiate revenues, devoting them more exclusively to educational purposes, and especially to bring about a better appropriation of the income now spent in non-educational Fellowships.' But others took a different view. In their opinion the money of Oxford was in danger of being wasted in education. Oxford was a University, not a school, and her chief business was to promote learning and research. If the Colleges were rich the University was poor; the Bodleian Library was in want of funds, the Professors were ill paid and more of them were required. Was it the only business of a University to train men for the professions, or to supply them with means to go to the Bar or enter the diplomatic service? If the Universities neglected learning where was it likely to receive attention? Of this view the foremost supporter was the Rector of Lincoln, the Rev. Mark Pattison, whose writings on University reform gave shape and authority to the agitation in favour of the endowment of research [1].

Reform of some kind was demanded on all sides, and by degrees a number of fixed points began to emerge out of the chaos of opinion. The tenure of prize Fellowships, the increase of the Professoriate, endowment of research, the relation of the College Tutors to the Professors, the

[1] *Suggestions on Academical Organization*, 1868; *Review of the Situation*, in a collection of Essays by various writers on the endowment of research, 1876.

election of Professors, the organization of the teaching, became the chief subjects of controversy. It was generally felt that a prize Fellowship, however useful the institution might be, should not be held for life, subject only to the restriction of celibacy. A prize of £200 or £250 a year, for perhaps fifty years, given merely because a man had been first in one examination, was a reward out of all proportion to his industry and ability. The relation of the Professorial and Tutorial teaching was not so easily decided. Was it worth while to organize the Tutorial teaching and leave the Professors no fixed position in controlling and guiding the studies of which they were the most eminent representatives? Was it worth while to increase the stipends of the Professors and enlarge their numbers if it was tolerably certain that many of them could expect very small audiences? A Professor who had the gift of teaching—the late Bonamy Price—took up a very uncompromising position. He wished to have the undergraduates bound to attend at least one course of Professorial lectures, and to be examined in them at their termination: to take all tuition out of the hands of the Colleges and appoint sub-Professors, to be chosen from the Fellows or graduates in Honours to fill the place of the College Tutors. In the examinations the Professors were to set the papers and decide the result. Such a scheme would have crushed the Colleges into mere boarding-houses, and it naturally found no favour with them. The College Tutors, on the other hand, insisted on keeping the control of the teaching of their pupils entirely in their own hands. They held that they could not be responsible for the position of a pupil in the class list if he were compelled to attend lectures which might not be helpful to him; or if he did attend them, they urged that his attendance would be

merely formal; he could have no interest in what was compulsory. Professor Price put forward his views in a pamphlet[1]; and meanwhile the Rector of Lincoln, supported by Professor Sayce and Dr. Appleton, the editor of the *Academy*, strongly urged the claims of research.

Legislation of some kind was promised in the Queen's speech at the opening of Parliament in 1876, and early in the session Lord Salisbury brought forward a measure in the House of Lords. The main purpose which he had in view was the diminishing of idle Fellowships and the employment of the money thus gained in paying for better instruction in art and science, in providing funds for new Professorships and Lectureships, and erecting new or improving the existing museums, libraries, and apparatus. A Commission of seven persons was to be appointed to hold office till 1880.

Lord Salisbury's views met with a good deal of opposition. The Archbishop of Canterbury strongly defended the system of prize Fellowships, not from any wish to endow research, but in order to make University education cheaper. In the House of Commons Mr. Lowe declared that every farthing transferred from the Colleges to the University would be diverted from the encouragement of learning to the benefit of laziness. 'It was hundreds of years since the University of Oxford educated anybody, and there is not the slightest chance that any number of years hence it would educate anybody again.' Sir C. Dilke, Mr. Goschen, and Sir W. Harcourt also defended prize Fellowships and doubted the wisdom of endowing research.

The Commission was duly appointed, but the Bill, though read a second time, had to be abandoned. In the following year it was brought forward again, and after

[1] *Oxford Reform*, 1875.

some discussion about clerical Fellowships and clerical headships, it was passed.

In these discussions and agitations Jowett of course took a leading part. He had no sympathy with the organized endowment of research, and he was strongly opposed to any measures which were likely to lessen the influence of the Colleges. He could not tolerate the idea of suppressing prize Fellowships in order to endow Professors with £900 a year. 'Every Professor,' he said, 'will cost as much per annum as four prize Fellows, and his chair will continue for life, while the Fellowships will lapse in seven years.' At the same time he warmly supported, as he had always done, any changes which would render education at Oxford more efficient and cheaper. He wished to make the Colleges more useful in this respect, and to provide good teaching for those who did not belong to a College. But he did not lose sight of other aims; and was as anxious as any one to see new subjects introduced and taught at Oxford. In his evidence given before the Commission, which sat in Oxford in October, 1877, he offered suggestions mainly on the following six heads[1]:—

(1) He advocated the expenditure of large sums to provide new Schools and other buildings required for tuition. 'If the Professors had lecture-rooms in a common building it would bring them together; it would bring the students together; it would enable the Professors to see their pupils without interruption. We see the great advantage of this at the Museum of Physical Science, and I think we feel the great want of it particularly in the Professorships connected with the Literae Humaniores School[2].' Other buildings required were offices for the

[1] See *Minutes of Evidence* taken by the Commissioners, 1881, p. 152 ff. For Jowett's earlier views on reform, see vol. i. pp. 183, 191, 379.

[2] This idea was always in Jowett's mind. See below, p. 235.

various delegacies; increased accommodation for the Bodleian; a museum of archaeology; a Hall and library for the Non-Collegiate students. Such buildings would of course be very costly, but the expense would be spread over a number of years, and Jowett supported his proposals with the characteristic remark that a good building is always a real advantage, while other improvements are often doubtful.

(2) The existence of the Unattached students, or as they are now called the Non-Collegiate students, was in some measure due to the action of Balliol College in pressing upon the University a request that some of their students might live in lodgings[1]. For this reason, and because his sympathies were always with the poorer men, Jowett took the greatest interest in the movement. He wished to bring the Non-Collegiate students together in a Hall, and to provide them with a library and place of meeting—as we have seen—believing that they would be much better for seeing and knowing more of each other. He urged the University to do far more than it had done for the encouragement of their studies, partly by providing more Tutors for them—one Tutor to every twenty-five or thirty men, 'so that there should be some one standing in the same relation to an Unattached student in which the College Tutor stands to a College undergraduate'—and partly by supplying funds for three or four Scholarships annually, to be held by Unattached students only. 'These young men,' he pleaded, 'are very imperfectly educated; they are very helpless, and instead of requiring less guidance than the other students, they really require more; and there, I think, is where the University

[1] Cf. vol. i. p. 378. Even as early as 1866 Balliol was compelled to petition for leave to have undergraduates residing out of College while the front quadrangle was being rebuilt.

has hitherto failed in its duty to them.' Jowett also pointed out two difficulties which attended the Unattached system. On the one hand the best men were always being drafted off into a College, and thus not only the whole class were lowered, but the Tutors were discouraged by losing their best pupils; on the other there was a good deal of jealousy in the University of a system which if highly successful would tend to draw men away from the Colleges. This feeling Jowett did not share. 'If we do our duty in the Colleges,' he said, 'we have nothing to fear from the Unattached students, and if we do not they will act as a wholesome stimulus to us.'

(3) To increase the usefulness of the Universities in every way, by establishing new studies, and extending the teaching to other towns, was a matter which Jowett had much at heart. 'Oxford may be justly charged,' he said, 'with having failed to encourage new subjects hitherto. It is not here, but at the British Museum, or at the Royal Institution in London, that some new study is begun.' The professions might be brought nearer to the University by establishing Scholarships in the studies preparatory to them. It was a great loss both to Oxford and to the medical profession that there should be almost an entire severance between the two, and an effort should be made to bring them together. Scholarships should also be established to support Professorships in any special subject.

'Wherever we have a Professor,' he said, 'we may lay it down as a principle that he ought to have some pupils. It makes a great difference, say, to the Chinese Professor, whether there are three or four students here whom he is working up in his own subject, or whether there is nobody, and his public functions are confined to giving an occasional public lecture. I think our additions to the Professoriate will lose at least half

their usefulness, unless we supplement them by Scholarships in the subjects which are taught by the Professors.

In the extension of the University to large towns Jowett was, of course, deeply interested.

'It is a subject,' he said, 'to which I have paid a good deal of attention, and I should like to put my views before the Commission. It seems that there is a considerable movement going on for adult secondary education in the large towns. We see Colleges springing up everywhere—at Leeds, Sheffield, Nottingham, Bristol, and other places—and this is a benefit to those towns in many ways. First, there is the direct benefit of enabling adults to carry on their education. It is also a great advantage to a centre of business to have a number of persons of liberal education residing there; and a great advantage for young men at the Universities to have some connexion with those towns. New positions are provided for Professors and Lecturers which they can combine with study and research at the same time that they are doing a very useful work. If we take no part in this movement it passes out of our hands: the local Colleges and the instruction given in them will assume a different character, and instead of being places of liberal education embracing classical and general literary studies, as well as natural sciences, they will be exclusively confined to the needs of business, perhaps the mining or engineering wants of the locality. But if the Universities would take a little pains about them they might receive a much higher and more liberal character. The prima facie objection is made that the great towns are rich enough to provide University teaching for themselves, and we are asked, Why do you propose to assist them in any way? Because some pecuniary assistance gives us a right and opportunity of taking part in them, although the kind of assistance which they want is not so much money as superintendence and connexion with the Universities. We are almost all of us engaged in teaching here; they are beginners in that, and may derive valuable assistance from us. Besides this, I dwell upon the fact that we ought not to allow a great movement to slip entirely out of

our hands, and become what I may call a Mechanics' Institute movement, instead of a real extension of such an education as the University would wish to see given. There are two practical proposals which I would make about it, and which I believe come within the powers of the Commissioners; one, that there should be an office for University extension and a secretary paid by the University; and the other, that the tenure of non-resident Fellowships, which I suppose to be in general limited, should be capable of extension in the case of persons lecturing or holding Professorships in the large towns. If these two suggestions are carried out, the University may take a useful part in a great work which is going on in the country.'

(4) In regard to the endowment of research Jowett was not inclined to go very far. 'No one can set a higher value on real research than I do,' he observed; 'but then it has to be considered that there are very few persons qualified for carrying it on; and therefore not much money would be required for it.' 'I should not include mere unproductive study under the title of research. I should define it as any kind of study that has definite results in adding to knowledge.' There should be no vague attempt to endow research as an abstract thing, no life payments which might degenerate into sinecures, but for any particular piece of work an adequate payment should be made.

(5) Passing to the proposed increase of the Professoriate, Jowett pointed out the difficulties which arise from the double system of teaching at Oxford, where there are two sets of teachers, the College Tutors and the Professors. With the proposal to take the teaching of Honour students out of the hands of the Colleges and place it in the care of the University he had no sympathy. It would be impracticable and undesirable. But he wished to see the two systems harmonized in such a manner that one would supplement the other, and with

this view he would have more Readers and Professors, and connect them as closely as possible with the College Tutors. Yet a Professor is to be something more than a teacher:—

'We must look for higher duties from him, such as study and writing; and in Oxford we must expect the chief use of the Professors to be found in that. It is of great importance to collect men of ability who have leisure for writing, and here our Professorships afford us the means of doing so. Lastly, there is one thing which I would wish strongly to urge upon the Commission, in connexion with the Professoriate, and that is the necessity of providing a career for young men here. Formerly, a College Tutor was a clergyman; if he was able and ambitious he looked to preferment in the Church, and if he was not, he went off upon a College living. That has so far passed away that it is absolutely necessary to find some kind of career to which a College Tutor can look forward. Young men of ability cannot be expected to be satisfied with a prospect inferior to that which they would have had in the Civil Service. Even if they are inclined to teach, the best of them will leave the University if nothing is done for them. Thus the whole teaching of the place will degenerate. In order to retain them, I would urge the appointment of several Readers and Professors; and instead of opposing these to the College teaching I would, as much as possible, identify them with it; in my view it is an essential point that the Readerships should be tenable with College Tutorships, so that there should be a reward for a distinguished College Tutor.'

(6) On non-resident Fellowships Jowett expressed himself very strongly: he thought it most important to preserve them:—

'They form a link between the University and the professions which it is desirable for us to maintain and to strengthen as much as we can. At the same time I think that their tenure should be diminished, and perhaps their value reduced to £200 a year.' 'I should wish to see at least the

same amount of money assigned to them which is given at present.' 'Many more poor men come to the University now than formerly; it is a bad thing to bring them up here unless you provide them with the means of finding their way into a profession, for you compel them all to become schoolmasters, whether they are fitted for the occupation or not. The numbers and influence of the University greatly depend on the non-resident Fellows. I think them not a bad but a good element in the government of a College, because they prevent the residents from degenerating into a clique. They bring the experience of the outside world and the knowledge of a younger generation to bear upon the College. About many of the proposals which are made by University reformers I feel doubtful; they are in the future and they depend upon the selection of the right persons, upon the ability that we can draw towards the University, and upon other doubtful particulars. But I feel no doubt of the great advantage of giving distinguished young men the means of getting into a profession; it is one of the surest services that the Commission can do to the country, and I would increase rather than diminish that expenditure.'

Another subject on which Jowett gave evidence before the Commissioners was the Bodleian Library, of which as Professor of Greek he had for many years been one of the Curators. Most of his suggestions are of a special nature, concerning the amount of money required, the number of the officers necessary to carry on the work of the Library, and the provision of a larger space for the ever-growing mass of books. A few are of more general interest. (1) He was strongly in favour of Mr. Robarts' scheme for connecting the Bodleian with All Souls College[1], though he wished to devote a far

[1] See Mr. Robarts' paper on 'University Libraries and Professional Colleges' in *Macmillan's Magazine*, February, 1876, and his letter to the *Times*, March 30, 1877. Also, *Minutes of Evidence* taken by the Commissioners, 1881 [c. 2868], pp. 317, 356.

smaller proportion of the College funds to this object than Mr. Robarts had suggested. (2) He wished to see a museum of classical art and archaeology established in connexion with the Bodleian and placed under the same administrator, for 'such a museum was needed in a University which is devoted to the study of the classics more than to any other branch of knowledge.' But (3) above all he wished to have a classified catalogue and a re-arrangement of the Library. 'If you run your eye cursorily along the shelves of the gallery you see the most heterogeneous books placed together on the same shelf, and the Library is in a state of disorder unlike any other library.' This disorder he wished to remove by bringing together in the same cases the books on any one subject:—

'I should like to see the Library so arranged,' he said, 'that Professor Stubbs could go into a room filled with books on his own subject and examine them as he pleased without the formality of sending for each volume separately. Such a plan would make the Library most useful to those who could make most use of it. It would also make it easier for the librarians to find books; and deficiencies would be detected more quickly.'

Jowett's attitude towards books and libraries was somewhat singular. He loved reading and delighted in looking over collections of books. 'You can hardly look at any library without finding in it some good book which is new to you,' he would say. We have seen what pleasure he had in arranging the new Library at Balliol, and making it accessible to the undergraduates; and to the last he took a warm interest in the Bodleian. Yet there was nothing of which he spoke with so much bitterness as useless learning. 'How I hate learning!' he exclaimed. 'How sad it is to see a man who is learned

and nothing else, incapable of making any use of his knowledge!' 'Is learning of any use?' he asks himself in one of his note-books; and the answer is: 'Men are often or always unable to use it. It keeps men quiet, it clogs their efforts, it is creditable, it gratifies curiosity, but, for progress or mental improvement, learning without thought or imagination is worse than useless.' To him knowledge was a means and not an end. He read at odd moments, 'picking the brains' of a book just as he picked the brains of any one who had special knowledge of a subject. He was sensible too of the burden which the accumulated knowledge of the past imposes on the present, and would point out how scholars, in their dread of ignorance, become so weighted with learning that they lose their elasticity and freedom of thought, their sense of the proportion and value of facts. But he would not have approved of Lord Westbury's sarcastic proposal to 'remove the Bodleian'—a scheme much discussed at one time—by wheeling the books into the Parks and burning them. If a bad master, learning was a good servant. A man should know accurately and fully what it is his business to know. In his own department of Greek literature he read widely and systematically, so far as Greek authors were concerned. Of pamphlets, periodicals, and programmes he knew little, and became very impatient when any one brought him work based on such knowledge. 'In the present state of the question,' a pupil once began, but was at once taken up with 'Don't say that; there is no present state of the question. The question is where it was twenty years ago.'

The appointment of the University Commission rendered necessary a revision of the College Statutes, for

though, as we have seen, they had been revised in 1871, it was necessary to harmonize them with the new legislation. This was a heavy burden on Jowett's time and strength. Many and long were the College meetings in which the Statutes were again put into the melting-pot, and reconsidered clause by clause and phrase by phrase; and besides these meetings there were consultations and correspondence with the Commission on points where views differed. It was a relief to the College, Master and Fellows alike, when the work of the Commission was done, and the new Statutes had been approved by the Queen in Council.

In connexion with the Commission another subject must be mentioned—the annexation of New Inn Hall to Balliol College. Among the changes introduced at Oxford by the Commissioners was the partial suppression of the Halls, some of which were now to be merged in the Colleges to which they had hitherto been appendages. But one of them—New Inn Hall—was not closely connected with any College, either by position or foundation, and as Balliol was the nearest in site, the Hall was annexed to Balliol under certain conditions, with Lord Salisbury's consent. Jowett was much pleased with the acquisition; he had great hopes of converting the Hall into a place where students could reside at a smaller cost than in College, and of providing room for a larger number of Indian Civil Service probationers. 'Lord Salisbury,' he says, 'has given his consent to our uniting Balliol College and New Inn Hall, for which I am grateful to him. It will give us an opportunity of training the Indian students and doing some other things.'

But afterwards, when on the death of Dr. Cornish, the last Principal, the Hall was examined with the view of

restoring the rooms and making them habitable, the new acquisition was found to be a very doubtful gain. The expense of the proposed alterations was so large that it was dangerous to embark upon them, especially at a time when 'agricultural depression' was beginning to be felt. And it was not easy to make satisfactory arrangements by which the poorer men could be gathered together, without separating them from the other members of the College, with whom it was most desirable that they should be brought into contact. In the end the College fell back upon the other alternative left open by the Commission, and leaving the Hall unaltered, they established a fund of £150 a year for the assistance of those who found themselves unable to meet the expenses of living at College. For many years this sum was paid out of the funds of the society, no income whatever being received from New Inn Hall.

Another matter which occupied much of Jowett's attention in these years was the admission into College of the selected candidates for the Indian Civil Service, and the means of providing for their tuition. From the time that he had formed one of Macaulay's Committee (in 1854) for throwing open the appointments in the Service[1], he had watched the success of the experiment with anxious eyes, and he seized the opportunity of impending changes to express his thoughts on the subject.

When the Conservatives came into office in 1874, Lord Salisbury, who was Secretary of State for India, addressed a letter to the Civil Service Commissioners calling their attention to the selection of the candidates for the Indian Civil Service. For some time past there had been doubts whether the existing mode was satisfactory. The entrance

[1] Vol. i. p. 186.

examination was said to be so arranged as to assure success to 'cramming'—that is, to obtaining marks by a superficial knowledge of many subjects rather than by a sound knowledge of a few. The age at which candidates were allowed to compete (seventeen to twenty-one) practically prevented the selected candidates from going to a University; and the arrangements for the candidates during the interval between their selection and final departure for India were in some respects unsatisfactory. They were indeed carefully examined at their various 'periodicals,' to test their progress, but in other respects they were left to take care of themselves. In the same letter various suggestions were made for the improvement of the examinations by limiting the number of subjects which could be taken in, for attracting University men to the Service, and for bringing the selected candidates to a University either by establishing a special College or by converting the allowance given to them into a 'sort of Scholarship tenable by residence during two years at some College at Oxford or Cambridge or elsewhere.'

'In order further to facilitate this change of arrangement, it has been proposed to require candidates to pass the competitive examination at or about the age of eighteen, and this proposal is also defended on the ground that competitive tests of general education are better adapted to an earlier period of life than to a later, and that the age at which the young civilians now proceed to India is too advanced [1].'

The secretary to the Civil Service Commissioners at this time was Theodore Walrond, an old Fellow of Balliol College, who lost no time in discussing the matter with Jowett. Jowett at once began to sketch plans for

[1] *Report on Selection and Training of Candidates for the Indian Civil Service*, 1876.

bringing the selected candidates to Oxford, and arranging for their tuition there. At the end of the year (December 27) he wrote fully to Lord Salisbury on the subject.

With regard to the examination, though he would not say a word against the 'crammers,' 'who are admirable teachers,' Jowett thought it desirable that schoolboys should be able to compete for the Indian Civil Service as they competed for College Scholarships, and with the same chance of success. And with this object he proposed to limit the number of subjects which a candidate might offer to four, and to diminish the marks assigned to English literature and history.

Speaking of the age of the candidates, he says: 'If it were reduced from twenty-one to eighteen or nineteen, I should expect the number of well-qualified candidates would be diminished by one-half. Fathers and mothers do not make up their minds to part with their children at that age. The selected candidates would all be schoolboys, and it is much more difficult to form an estimate of their real capacity at seventeen or eighteen than at nineteen or twenty.' Jowett proposed that the limit of age should remain as it was (seventeen to twenty-one), but he would allow candidates to compete up to twenty-two, who had previously passed a preliminary examination in law, political economy, and some Indian language. Such candidates were only to undergo *one* year of special study after selection.

He strongly urged that the selected candidates should go to a University, and as a condition of receiving an allowance, every candidate should be required to reside at some College or University to be appointed by the Secretary of State for India or the Civil Service Commissioners; that only such Colleges or Universities should be approved as offered the advantages of

special instruction and superintendence, and perhaps of a degree.

Meanwhile the subject had been under discussion at Oxford, and in October, 1874, a committee was formed, with Dean Liddell as chairman, to report upon the subject. This committee took a view somewhat different from Jowett's. In November the Dean wrote to Lord Salisbury suggesting that eighteen or nineteen at latest should be fixed as the age at which candidates might offer themselves for selection; if that change were made, selected candidates would be able to go to a University and obtain a degree, either in the ordinary Schools or in some School established for the purpose. The University of Oxford had already founded Readerships in Urdû and in Indian Law and History, and were only prevented from doing more by the belief that further exertions in that direction would be useless.

In the following summer proposals were brought forward for enabling selected candidates to reside at Oxford and obtain degrees; and, after a good deal of discussion, three resolutions were carried:—

(1) That it is desirable to make arrangements enabling selected candidates for the Indian Service to reside in the University; (2) that it is desirable to provide University teaching in certain branches of study especially required by the selected candidates; (3) that it is desirable to make arrangements which will bring the degree of B.A. within the reach of such candidates before they proceed to India.

After careful consideration, Lord Salisbury finally decided in favour of the Dean's plan, which carried with it the opinion of the University of Oxford, in preference to Jowett's. The maximum age was fixed at nineteen, the minimum of seventeen being retained. The first

competition, at which the maximum age was nineteen, was held in July, 1878, and all candidates selected then or later were required to reside during their years of probation at some University as a condition of receiving the stipend allowed them by the Secretary of State.

Though his proposals had not been accepted, Jowett lost none of his interest in the matter. He at once took steps for bringing the selected candidates to Oxford. As early as 1875 the Master and Fellows of Balliol College had sent a communication to the candidates for the Indian Civil Service expressing their willingness to receive in College, without further examination, a number of the selected candidates, and to make arrangements, with the assistance of the University Lecturers, for their instruction; and a notice to that effect was published in the *Times*. But when the changes which have been described came into force, a College committee was formed to take charge of the students who came into residence; and Arnold Toynbee was appointed their Tutor. About the same time the Lord Almoner's Chair of Arabic—one of two Arabic Chairs in the University—became vacant, and the suggestion was made that a Professor should be elected who added to a knowledge of Arabic a familiarity with some other of the languages of India. Professor Palmer, of Cambridge, whose wide knowledge of Oriental languages had already proved of use to the students at Cambridge, was strongly in favour of such a step. He wrote as follows:—

'At Cambridge there is a strongly expressed desire, which Wright backs up, to separate the two Chairs of Arabic in future, so as to make one—the old one—lean to Semitic studies proper, and the other to the Indian languages. Now if a good Arabic and Indian man were appointed at Oxford this time, it would greatly help in directing the tendency of the Chair for the future.'

A committee of the Hebdomadal Council, of which Jowett was one, was chosen to consider the matter; and on their recommendation the Lord Almoner (Dean Wellesley) appointed to the Chair Mr. G. F. Nicholl, who had long been known in London as a most energetic and successful teacher of Oriental languages to the Indian Civil Servants. Jowett lost no time in securing Professor Nicholl's services for the Indian students in the University[1]. In 1878 he was appointed Lecturer in Oriental Languages at Balliol, where for many years he occupied rooms and gave lectures to the Indian probationers both in and out of the College.

A good deal of irritation was caused by Jowett's action in this matter. Some persons thought the Lord Almoner's Chair should have remained what it had hitherto been, a Chair of pure Arabic. Others said that Balliol was endeavouring to obtain a College Tutor at the expense of the University; or that Colleges who had Indian Civil Service students would not care to send them to Balliol for tuition; or that Balliol had contrived to make the new arrangements about the Service a source of advantage to herself. Such charges are easily made and readily believed. Jowett now became 'an unpopular man.' His hand was traced everywhere, and his motives were always suspected. Balliol College was the embodiment of selfishness and greed; the Master the apostle of meddling and managing. This was most unjust. Jowett's love of his College and his ardent desire for its success never led him to prefer its interests to those of the public service. The studies of the probationers were carried on almost entirely

[1] Jowett had little or nothing to do with the appointment of Professor Nicholl, but he heartily approved of it, and did his utmost to make it of use to the Indian students, as it was intended to be.

outside the College curriculum, in subjects not recognized in the Schools of the University; and a College might well have shrunk from the difficult experiment of receiving a large number of men who did not come into the hands of the College Tutors at all. But it was Jowett's opinion that men should be prepared at a University for the public service, and he never ceased to devote his energies to this end. At a later time he endeavoured to carry out a large scheme for bringing candidates for the army up to Oxford[1]; and to the end of his life he was considering how it was possible to make the College more useful to those who were desirous to enter the Home Civil Service. These are not schemes which a man would wish to promote if he sought only the advantage of his own College. And if, as was sometimes thought, Jowett seemed too exacting in his demands for reform, and proposed schemes which involved a large expenditure by the University or by other Colleges, it must be remembered that with him reforms began at home. He did not spare himself or his College. It was indeed his heart's dearest wish to see Balliol maintaining the foremost place in the established Schools of the University, especially in that of Literae Humaniores, and in the University Scholarships, but this did not prevent him from opening the College to other classes of students. He not only brought the Indian probationers in large numbers to Balliol, as we have seen, but he carried a scheme to enable men above the ordinary age at which undergraduates come to the University to reside in College for a year or two, while studying some special subject. Foreigners also found a ready welcome—Japanese, Armenians, Siamese, and natives of India, as well as Frenchmen and Germans. These schemes added nothing to the success of the College in

[1] See below, p. 293.

the Schools, and perhaps they did not add to its reputation in the University—but Jowett was not to be turned from his purpose. He wished, while retaining the efficiency of the College, to extend its influence as far as he could. 'The College should do far more than it has done hitherto;' 'we are not doing as much as we ought to do'—these and similar expressions were constantly on his lips.

CHAPTER VI

FRIENDS AND BOOKS. 1878–1879

(Aet. 61–62)

LITERARY work—Hospitality—Sir S. Northcote—'George Eliot'—Schliemann's discoveries—Knight's illness—Jowett at West Malvern—Undergraduates' ball at Balliol—Translation of Thucydides—Notes on books; on Oxford life and teaching—Plan of reading—Depression and shyness—Women's education—Letters.

'IF I can get over my dread of the sea and of the heat'—so Jowett wrote to Morier on February 16, 1878—'I shall come to see you next summer. But I am very anxious to keep well and live for fifteen years longer, in order to finish my works, on which my mind gets more and more set every year. I shall have made a mess of life if I don't accomplish them. And this makes me very desirous to consider health in the first place. I shall have finished the translation with notes of Thucydides and the *Politics* in the course of the year; the edition of the *Republic* will be finished by Campbell. Another of my pupils is translating Demosthenes; another I have set to work upon Aristotle; another is editing and translating Sophocles and will go on to Aeschylus. That is what I hope to get done in my lifetime for Greek literature. The time for minute criticism on the classics, or on most of them, has passed. I want to get them turned into English classics and sent far and wide through the world. If I am spared a few years longer I shall give myself wholly to Theology and Moral Philosophy, and gather up the fragments and add to them. If I am not able to do this, I shall consider myself to have failed. You will think all this too ambitious,

and so it is. I am aware that I shall most likely be cut off in the midst of it.'

Jowett's desire to devote his time and energy more entirely to finishing these literary labours was not allowed to interfere with his habits of hospitality. At the laying of the foundation-stone of a new debating-hall at the Union (May, 1878), a number of old members of the society were brought to Oxford, and among them Sir Stafford Northcote, who was Jowett's guest. After the ceremony of laying the stone was over, Jowett entertained a large party at luncheon. In proposing Sir Stafford's health, he alluded to their long friendship, and added, 'He was not only kind but he was always ready. On one occasion in our College days, when he and I had to go up together to ask some favour of the Master (Dr. Jenkyns), and I was to be the spokesman, he said, "Do remember that he has the gout, and ask after that first."'

Another guest, whose visits always gave him the greatest pleasure, was 'George Eliot.' 'She has the cleverest head,' he writes, 'I have ever known, and is the gentlest, kindest, and best of women. She throws an interesting light on every subject on which she speaks. She seems to me just right about philosophy, quite clear of materialism, women's rights, idealism, &c.'

He asked all kinds of persons—men and women—to meet her. And certainly it was a pleasure to listen to her conversation. Her voice was low and soft, yet penetrating, and she spoke with an earnestness and force of conviction which compelled attention. Her appearance at this time was very striking. In her features she was not unlike the portraits of Savonarola; her hair was brought forward over her ears, as was the manner thirty

or forty years ago, and upon it she wore lace. The head looked strong and massive. Mr. Lewes was very proud of her: 'She,' he used to say when he wished to settle a disputed matter, 'she thinks' this or that.

At this time Schliemann was astonishing the world with his discoveries at Mycenae. To many it seemed that the Homeric age had risen from the grave; the faces of the heroes who fought at Troy were brought before us, and with a little exercise of the imagination one could realize the details of that 'piteous' scene when Agamemnon was slaughtered 'at the banquet like an ox at the manger.' 'We have only to suppose,' said a guest at Jowett's table, 'that Homer changed the scene and introduced a few imaginary details, and then we need have no doubt that these corpses which have been discovered are the remains of Agamemnon and his men.' 'Yes,' replied Jowett, who had been listening attentively, 'but suppose we begin with a totally different set of suppositions,' and under his criticism the fabric melted away. He was not attracted by antiquarian or archaeological researches, and would often dwell on the uncertainty of the results derived from them[1].

The summer was spent at Oxford and West Malvern, and in visits to friends in Scotland; to Woburn, where he met Sir H. Rawlinson; to Shrewsbury in connexion with the school, for which new buildings were about to be erected; and to Clifton, where arrangements were being made for connecting University College and the Medical School. In his sanguine way he had looked forward to finishing his translation of Thucydides and

[1] See the Essay on Inscriptions in vol. ii. of his Thucydides. Yet he supported the establishment of a Museum of Archaeology in Oxford; see below, p. 213.

Aristotle's *Politics* within the year. But an unexpected disaster occurred, which had a very serious effect on his literary work. His secretary, Matthew Knight, who was not only a secretary but helped him in a hundred ways, fell very seriously ill of lung disease, and became quite incapable of work. During the Michaelmas Term Jowett arranged for him to stay with his sister at Torquay; and in the next year, when he had somewhat recovered, he was sent to Davos. But it was a long time before he could undertake any active work, and indeed he never quite returned to his old duties. His place as secretary was taken in part by his sister, who wrote letters for Jowett, and kept his correspondence in order; but the important assistance which Knight had given in his literary work, Jowett could not supply in any adequate manner, until later, when F. Fletcher grew up to be a very efficient helper. 'I get on pretty well,' he writes to a lady who offered assistance as an amanuensis; 'the youth in the Library helps me in matters purely mechanical (he is very punctual and good, if only he wrote a better hand).' But his dream of finishing his translations vanished: 'I am going to print Thucydides,' he writes; 'poor Knight's illness makes me give up the *Politics* for the present. I find it a satisfactory work, because it is the summing up of so much desultory reading. But for difficulty I believe that no book equals it.'

Of West Malvern he could never have too much. 'We were very sorry to leave West Malvern,' he writes, Sept. 6, 1878; 'the air there has the property of Falstaff's sherris sack. "It ascends me into the brain[1]," and fills it with all sorts of conceits and fancies—this air of Oxford is very dull and depressing.' Of these Malvern

[1] 2 *Henry IV*, iv. 3.

days I have the following description from Matthew Knight:—

'The Master was often seen at his best during these little parties at Malvern. He had a stock of stories to which he was constantly adding, and which he told with the greatest enjoyment. I remember Mr. B. relating a Scotch story at table of a minister who seeing one of his congregation asleep brought him up with a pause, and then holding out a finger said solemnly, "There'll be no sleeping in hell, John;" to which the offender retorted, "Aye, but it'll no be for the lack of ministers." Jowett was very much amused with this, and after a little time said, "Now, B., let us have another story, equally good and equally wicked with the last." In Scotch stories indeed he took an especial delight, and always came back from Scotland with a new store. Sometimes, however, he would be *distrait* and weary, and sit silent at the head of the table, leaving us to our own devices and only interposing an occasional remark when something caught his ear. Once when we were talking among ourselves about the Middle Ages, and at last I happened to say that "it would be interesting to know more about the real character of the people," he roused himself at this, and observed in his quick way, "Oh, much like ourselves, I expect, only dirtier in their habits." But in general he treated us in the Socratic manner, and often contrived to elicit from us a good deal more than was ever in us. Like Dr. Johnson, he would argue a question contrary to his own convictions, either in a dialectical spirit or in order to put our opinions to the test. He attached great importance to good conversation, and would sometimes say, half apologetically, "I wish that I had had some one to point out my mistakes when I was your age." At times his rebukes were of what Boswell would call an "overwhelming character." Once, for instance, when on his way to Clifton, I accompanied him as far as Tewkesbury. The quaint old-world town seemed asleep in the summer sunshine, and after we had walked about some time, I rashly ventured to say, "I believe that there are more dogs than people in the streets this morning." He instantly awoke from his reverie and replied, "If you have

nothing more sensible to observe, you had better be silent altogether."

'He rarely failed to go to the village church on Sunday mornings, or sometimes, for a change, to the Priory Church at Great Malvern, and he was pleased if we accompanied him, although he did not mention the subject. He once gave me a characteristic piece of advice: "Always read the best poets, and keep up a habit of regular attendance at church."'

In the Summer Term of 1879 the Balliol boat was once more head of the river. Jowett was delighted, and wished the event to be celebrated in some worthy manner. The ordinary 'Bump supper' which is given on these occasions seemed inadequate, and if carried to excess such festivities are perhaps more honoured in the breach than the observance. Squibs and bonfires had not yet become the rage, nor is Balliol Garden very well fitted for such savagery. It was proposed that there should be a dance in Hall. Nothing could have pleased Jowett more. The 'dons' had had their entertainment at the opening of the new Hall; and it was fitting that the undergraduates should have their entertainment too. They would feel more at home in College when they had invited their sisters and cousins to see them, and all would cherish the recollection of the first dance given in the new Hall. From one source only did objections come. Woollcombe, who still resided in College, though he took no part in the Tutorial work, raised his voice in protest. He was about to leave Oxford, and perhaps he was glad to escape from the changes that were coming. The introduction of married Fellows was a most unwelcome change. 'I have seen,' he said, on returning from a dinner at another College, 'what I should have thought impossible—ladies coming into the Common Room.' And now he maintained that a College

was not the place for such an entertainment as was proposed: 'A ball—attachments—matchmaking—matchmaking in College—most inappropriate.'

As soon as the arrangements of the Term allowed—on June 13—the Hall was prepared to receive the dancers. The old Hall, or Library, was turned into a supper-room, and the two were connected by a covered way, lined with flowers and plants. The undergraduates made the most of the opportunity, dancing till four o'clock. But I do not believe that the youngest person there, boy or girl, however successful in securing the partner most desired, enjoyed the dance more than Jowett himself. He wandered from the Hall to the supper-room, and from the supper-room to the Hall, his face beaming with delight. He had a word for every one and entered fully into the mood of the moment. When some one spoke of going home—it was close on three o'clock—'Go home!' he cried; 'it is not time to think of going home yet.' The whole night long he never flagged; Sir Roger de Coverley himself could not have done more to promote the gaiety and happiness of all around him.

At the beginning of the Long Vacation, after entertaining his guests at Commemoration—and among them Turguenieff, the Russian novelist, who received the honorary degree of D.C.L.—he retired to Brill, a village about twelve miles from Oxford, to complete the translation of Thucydides. Before he left, at the beginning of July, the last touches were given to the work, and in the following October the printing was finished. The translation was only a third part of the work which Jowett contemplated, but it was his way to print part of a book long before the whole was finished, a plan which sometimes involved himself and his printer in some trouble. He

'hoped to break the neck of the remaining portions in another six months,' but in this he was mistaken. From Brill he wrote to a friend, as follows :—

'*June* 30, 1879.

'I am at Brill, a village near Oxford, working at Thucydides with Mr. Forbes, but return to Oxford on Thursday.

'We were very sorry not to have you at Commemoration. M. de Turguenieff was as pleased as a child at the honour which was conferred on him, not least at the red gown of the D.C.L., which Smith [1] and others subscribed and bought for him. He gave a terrible account of Russia: twenty-six or twenty-eight thousand of the best of the youth of the country in prison or on their way to Siberia—constitutionalists turning nihilists in their despair. He seemed to see no ray of hope.'

Jowett always spoke of the translation of Thucydides as the most difficult task which he ever undertook. He began it very soon after the publication of the translation of Plato in 1871, and completed the first draft in 1872. He took it up again in 1875 on completing the revision of Plato, and hoped to finish it in a year; but four years elapsed before he brought it to an end. His progress had been impeded partly by taking up Aristotle's *Politics* along with Thucydides, and partly by the illness of Matthew Knight, but perhaps more than all by his own increasing fastidiousness. The delay greatly affected the course of his life's work. The translation of Aristotle's *Politics* was still unfinished when he became involved in the duties of the Vice-Chancellorship, after which his health broke down, and when he recovered, the final revision of Plato absorbed the remainder of his life.

Released for a time from the burden of Thucydides, he felt himself free to wander at will to any subject which attracted him. A note-book is begun at Hurstbourne

[1] Professor H. J. S. Smith. See below, p. 238.

July 15, and finished at West Malvern August 3; another is begun August 27 at Balliol; and a third is begun at Woburn October 14, and finished December 31. In these he records from time to time his thoughts on books, on Oxford life and teaching, and other subjects which were never long absent from his mind.

Among his favourite books was the *De Imitatione Christi*. It took rank with Baxter's *Saints' Rest*, St. Augustine's *Confessions*, and Bunyan's *Grace Abounding*, among what he sometimes called Sunday books. He now read it once more, making notes, of which I quote a few:—

'It is doubtful whether exaggerated books of piety, resting upon no knowledge of human life, can really do good. They neither enlarge, nor elevate, nor liberalize men's views of religion. They demand a perpetual strain on the mind. A man is never to say, "Thank God for guiding me in innocence through the day," but, "Forgive me for all my best deeds." This tends to obliterate all distinction between right and wrong.

'Would it be possible to combine in a manual of piety religious fervour with perfect good sense and knowledge of the world? This has never been attempted and would be a work worthy of a great religious genius.

'Is it possible to feel a personal attachment to Christ such as is prescribed by Thomas à Kempis? I think that it is impossible and contrary to human nature that we should be able to concentrate our thoughts on a person scarcely known to us, who lived 1,800 years ago. But there might be such a passionate longing and yearning for goodness and truth. The personal Christ might become the ideal Christ, and this would easily pass into the idea of goodness.

'The debasement of the individual before the Divine Being is really a sort of Pantheism, so far that in the moral world God is everything and man nothing. But man thus debased before God is no proper or rational worshipper of Him. There is a want of proportion in this sort of religion. God who is everything is not really so much as if He allowed the most

exalted free agencies to exist side by side with Him. The greater the beings under Him, the greater He is.

'Is it possible for me, perhaps ten years hence, to write a new Thomas à Kempis, going as deeply into the foundations of human life, and yet not revolting the common sense of the nineteenth century by his violent contrast between this world and another?'

From the *De Imitatione Christi* he went on to Wordsworth, of whose poems he had a very high opinion. I once asked him whether Wordsworth's merits were not being exaggerated. 'No,' he replied, 'at his best he is so extraordinarily good.'

'Have begun reading Wordsworth of an evening,' he notes, October, 1879. 'The Lyrical poems—"We are Seven," "Lesson to Fathers," "Star Gazers"—are many of them poor. "Lucy Grey" and "The Pet Lamb" better, but the subject is inadequate: too ordinary.

'The narratives of "The Brothers," "Ruth," "Michael" are wonderfully touching, though taken from ordinary life. Wordsworth's great merit is that he deepens and simplifies the affections—that every word is right and true in feeling, if sometimes childish and exaggerated. Yet he seems to me not to see that idealism must rise into a higher and greater world.

'He is not artistic in the sense in which Tennyson is artistic. He does not make the different parts of a poem all bear upon the whole.

'"Michael" really affects me with a desire to persevere in old age, when perhaps the brain will be as feeble as the old man's arms. Yet the story is disappointing. Why is the son to be a felon?

'No poet has done so much as Wordsworth for the instruction of mankind.

'I doubt whether nature can really supply all the comfort which he supposes. The constant reflection on nature is forced, like the constant thought about art. Nature has its proper place in Shakespeare because a subordinate place. You cannot be constantly watching clouds, or listening to winds, or catching

the song of birds. For a moment they give us repose. But the animal enjoyment of the air and light has a great deal to do with the refreshment of our spirits. It is not merely being in the air, but being also alone which for a time comforts us.'

What he conceived to be the poet's true mission he has told us in a beautiful passage in the introduction to the *Gorgias*:—

'True poetry is the remembrance of youth, of love, the embodiment in words of the happiest and holiest moments of life, of the noblest thoughts of man, of the greatest deeds of the past. The poet of the future may return to his greater calling of the prophet or teacher; indeed we hardly know what may not be effected for the human race by a better use of the poetical and imaginative faculty. The reconciliation of poetry, as of religion, with truth, may still be possible. Neither is the element of pleasure to be excluded. For when we substitute a higher pleasure for a lower we raise men in the scale of existence.'

It was for this reason that Jowett placed so great a value on the best poetry, on the works of Aeschylus—the 'godlike Aeschylus' as he called him—and Sophocles, of Goethe and Wordsworth. Of poetry which falls short of this high vocation he speaks with strong condemnation:—

'It is, in Plato's language, a flattery, a sophistry, a strain, in which, without any serious purpose, the poet lends wings to his fancy and exhibits his gifts of language and metre. . . . Such an one ministers to the weaker side of human nature; he idealizes the sensual: he sings the strain of love in the latest fashion; instead of raising men above themselves he brings them back to the "tyranny of the many masters" from which all his life long a good man has been praying to be delivered. Though we are not going to banish the poets, how can we suppose that such utterances have any healing or life-giving influence on the minds of men[1]?'

[1] *Plato*, vol. ii. p. 314.

Poets were among his dearest friends; yet he said, 'If a poet came to Balliol, we could never hold him[1].'

Jowett had now resided in Oxford for more than forty years, during which he had closely watched the moods of Oxford life, and the changes which had taken place in the University—changes in which he had played a great part—and in the methods of teaching. He would sometimes compare the old and the new, and endeavour to strike a balance between them. On the whole the gain had been great. The studies pursued were more various and better organized; the Tutors were more active; more work was done; more Scholarships were given away, and they were of greater value. Many restrictions had been removed; no test was required on taking a degree; and most of the Fellowships were open. Society had outgrown the Common Room, and Tutors married as well as Professors and Heads of Houses. But something had also been lost, and tendencies began to show themselves in the teaching with which Jowett had little sympathy. 'There is greater discontent,' he observes, 'in Oxford now than formerly;' and this was especially the case with the younger men, on whom he is severe:—

> 'They want to marry, and they have no money. They want to write, and have no originality. They want to be scholars, and have no industry. They want to be fine gentlemen, and are deficient in manners. When they have families they will be at their wits' end to know how to provide for them. Many of them have the fretfulness of *parvenus*, and will always have this unfortunate temper of mind.'

Other evils were the keenness of the competition between the Colleges; the want of idealism, 'by which the very life is taken out of youth'—cynicism, sham research, and pseudo-metaphysics, 'which give great influence to the

[1] Vol. i. p. 328.

professors of them, but are ruinous in the long run, and lead to attacks on the examination system, which is beginning to be discredited.'

In the recent development of lecturing which was taking the place of the old catechetical teaching, he saw grave defects.

'The present teaching at Oxford is,' he says—

'1. Utterly bad for the students.

'2. Mere reading to students.

'But on the other hand—

'1. It is flattering to the teacher.

'2. It enables him to pursue his own studies.

'The want of the private Tutor is greatly felt now: the only way of doing without him, which will be of any use to the student, is for the public Tutor to become a private Tutor[1].

'There are fundamental errors in teaching, as there are in many other things, which are not perceived because the good administration of a bad system often blinds us to its inherent evils.

'Hardly any good is done except by dragging out through the mouth what has found a way into the mind. The chaos of ideas has to be moulded by every one in his own fashion.'

In another place he says:—

'Teaching should be in good taste; should keep up the attention and call out the sympathy of the pupils; should be adapted to the character of the Lecturer and also of the pupils; should reproduce the mind of the teacher through the mouth of the pupils; should create independence in the mind of the pupils; should create a spirit of emulation in the pupils; must be original and suggestive, and at any rate clear and lively. The Lecturer should always be thinking about his lecture; and in spoken lectures he should recapitulate every quarter of an hour. Good teaching should make it easier to acquire knowledge, and it should test the acquisition of knowledge.'

[1] Cf. vol. i. p. 182.

At the close of the year he drew up once more a table of the works which he had in prospect, and the dates at which he hoped to finish them. He also made a list of the books which he would read in 1880, and even of the days to be given to each. Homer is to be read in twenty-four days; Hesiod in six; Poetae Lyrici in fourteen; the Fragments of the Greek Historians in ten; Herodotus in eighteen; Aristophanes in twenty-two; the Comic Fragments in ten; Antiphon, Isocrates, &c., in twenty. This makes 124 days, and 100 more were to be consumed in reading—Demosthenes (twenty days), the later Greek writers (twenty days), and Aristotle (sixty days). Besides this he would write four printed pages every day, which by the end of April would make up a volume of 400 pages. The *Politics* were to be printed in May and June; the introduction to Thucydides completed about September; and that to Aristotle about December 1.

From the tone of many of the notes written at this time it appears that Jowett was in a depressed state, and felt more keenly than usual the difficulties which arose from the shyness of his disposition. Many of his pupils, and even his older friends, will remember how silent he was at times. He would ask you to wine or to take a walk with him, and the time would pass away with a few disjointed remarks. You might start one subject after another, but there was no cordial response. And sometimes, even in the full flow of conversation, he would suddenly freeze up on the arrival of some acquaintance who was not congenial. Often, no doubt, he was too weary to talk well, and preferred not to talk at all; and now and then he may have been intentionally silent in order to draw out his companion, but in a great measure

his silence was due to a natural shyness which he never shook off[1].

On this subject an old pupil[2] of his writes to me:—

'When I dined with him I noticed that his oldest friends used to talk round about him, across him, or anyhow, and that he was always at his best when he awoke out of his deep attention and poked pins into their sides (I write metaphorically) or quickly flashed his bull's-eye lantern on them. He was seldom more than "the third party intervening." I also suspect, though I do not know, that those who most enjoyed solitary talks and walks with him either studied what they had to say beforehand, or else were themselves spontaneously gushing fountains of speech such as crave a hearer and occasional critic, and not one of their own kind. Such at least was my impression after reading Swinburne's recollections and from what other friends of mine have told me. A disciple of Socrates, he valued speech more highly than any other gift; yet he was always hampered by a conscious imperfection and by a difficulty in sustaining and developing his thoughts in society. Such was my diagnosis of his manner.'

There may also have been other reasons for depression. The struggle through which he had passed, the disappointments of some of his personal ambitions, the solitary life which he had felt himself obliged to lead, if he would not give up his chosen work—all these things were now telling upon him. He had won his battle, but at some cost. And as the evening of life came on, and he began to reckon its gains and losses, he felt for a time somewhat chilled and thrown back upon himself.

The question of women's education has been taken up more than once in Oxford. In 1865 a scheme of lectures and classes for women was organized, and lectures were given by Mr. Pattison, the late Rector of Lincoln,

[1] Cf. vol. i. p. 107.

[2] Mr. J. D. Rogers.

Mr. W. Sidgwick, and others, and in 1873 a similar scheme was set on foot by a committee of ladies. But in 1878, on the suggestion of the late Professor Rolleston, an association for the education of women was formed with a view to more permanent arrangements. A committee was appointed, subscriptions were collected to meet expenses—the Rector of Lincoln (Mr. Pattison) giving £100—and a further sum was guaranteed if needed. By October, 1879, a scheme of lectures had been arranged and forty-six students were attending them. Two Halls had been opened, Lady Margaret Hall and Somerville Hall, and two Scholarships awarded. The movement was now fairly set on foot, and it has continued to prosper.

Jowett took no active part in promoting the education of women, though he was one of the guarantors of additional funds for the Colleges at Oxford, and remained so till his death. And some years later—1886—he materially assisted the association by delivering two lectures on Johnson and Boswell in Balliol Hall for its benefit[1]. He doubted whether it was wise to establish Colleges for women at the Universities or to allow women to enter into competitive examination with men. He wished to see home life and education going on together, each influencing the other; and this, as we have seen, was one object which he had in establishing the College at Bristol. His views are expressed in a letter, written as far back as 1873, to Lady Stanley of Alderley:—

'I am doubtful about the plan of your College[2] in following the Cambridge examinations so closely. It is not my ideal of a good education for women. I should fear that the work was too hard for them, and that they would soon be discouraged by being brought into an unequal competition with men.

[1] See below, p. 290.

[2] Girton College.

I should like them to have a little really hard work, such as philosophy, or mathematics, or Greek or Latin, and a great deal of lighter work.

'I do not think that it is of any importance that you should retain the Little Go if the ladies wish to have it given up. But it is of importance that they should be well trained in arithmetic. And I think that you would find regular examinations at the end of each Term very useful.'

But as the movement grew and some of the fears which he had entertained turned out to be groundless, Jowett felt himself more in sympathy with it. After reading a paper which Lady Stanley contributed to the *Nineteenth Century*[1], he wrote a recantation to her:—

'I have been reading your article in the *Nineteenth Century* with very great interest. It seems to me extremely well written, and from its excellent spirit likely to promote the cause which you have at heart and for which you have done so much. I like the old tag of Cicero at the end, which from a lady's pen comes with a new grace and meaning.

'I think that you have converted me to your cause—at least more than I ever was before. I do not doubt that what you have been doing is thoroughly useful and valuable. But I still incline to believe that as men and women differ, their education should differ in some particulars, and that the average woman cannot with advantage to herself work as much intellectually as the average man. My chief objection used to be, not to women's Colleges, but to the institution of them at Oxford and Cambridge. I quite own that my objections have not been justified by the result at Cambridge as far as I know, and probably there would have been much greater difficulty in establishing them elsewhere.

'So I recant the indifference which I showed to your work; and when I have given you a small sum of money by way of penance, which I will do in the course of the year (these bad times affect me like everybody else), I expect to be forgiven. Your article leaves in my mind such a pleasant

[1] 'Personal Recollections of Women's Education,' 1879.

impression (may I say?) of the writer, because it shows that you have really and naturally felt the wants of women in another sphere of life. And I hope that you may yet be spared many years to see the cause which you have taken up so generously win at last.

'The old days which I used to spend with you at Alderley always seem to me among the happiest of my life.'

But I believe that his conversion was skin-deep only. He never became enthusiastic on the subject, and to the end of his life he was almost nervously anxious about the difficulties which might arise from the competition of men and women in the race of life. In all that concerned the relation of the sexes he was most unwilling to change the ordinary rules, though he was far from regarding them as perfect. I need only refer to the passages in the introductions to the *Republic* and *Phaedrus* of Plato, in which he has spoken of the subject. Yet he refused to join in the popular condemnation of those who came forward to assert in an unconventional manner the claims of women. He was indignant at the treatment which Mrs. Besant received in court when her case was being tried. 'She is not an obscene woman,' he said, 'and ought not to be treated as such.' And when the outcry was loudest against Mr. Stead, he merely observed, 'I believe him to be an honest man.' It is said also that he was taken to task for asking 'George Eliot' to his house, but he turned upon his clerical critic with the rejoinder: 'Do you ask these questions as a Christian or as a man of the world?'

LETTERS, 1878–1879.

To Sir Henry Taylor.

March 15, 1878.

I like 'notes of life[1]' when they come from genuine observation, and always wonder there is so little of this communication and experience in the world. Why should not a young man be put in possession from the first of many things, which he slowly and painfully acquires? I know the world now to some extent, but I often wonder to think how utterly ignorant I was of the character and motives of people when I began life.

To Dean Stanley.

Oxford, *May* 5, 1878.

Thank you about the sermon. I will preach, if it suits you, on Sunday, June 30, the first Sunday after the end of Term.

What you say is true about the younger generation. In your family there were several distinguished persons. I always feel a great sadness about those who are gone. Nothing comes back to me oftener than the recollection of my brothers and sisters, who slowly dropped off in about fifteen years, their intense affection for me and for one another. It is difficult to realize as you get older that there is a younger generation with the same hopes and feelings still.

I have been reading a work of yours a good deal during the last fortnight—the *Life of Arnold*—which always catches hold of me when I take it up again. If you had never written any book but that you would have conferred an inestimable benefit on schoolmasters and teachers, whose profession has been quite idealized by it. There were weak points in Arnold and his friends intellectually, but in that one respect of inspiring others with ideals, there has been no one like him in modern times.

[1] The title of a book privately printed by Sir H. Taylor in 1847.

To Dr. Greenhill.

Balliol College,
May 24, 1878.

I think it is quite untrue to say that Socrates suffered for 'affirming the unity of God.' He suffered (1) according to the indictment, because he was believed to disown the gods of the city, and to worship other deities, and because he corrupted the youth; (2) he suffered in reality 'because he was such a bore' and had become intolerable to the Athenian democracy. The only real authorities which throw light on the subject are the *Apology* and *Euthyphro*, and the *Memorabilia*, especially the first few chapters.

To the Lady Abercromby.

West Malvern,
August 4, 1878.

The report about the Vice-Chancellorship turns out to be a mistake; one of the Heads who had originally refused has retracted his refusal. . . . But there is nothing to complain of; and though for some reasons I should have been glad to hold the office, it would have been a great hindrance to my writing, which, as I get older, I feel to be the main work of life.

It pleases me to see that you have such strong interests both in literature and art. I believe that anybody may indefinitely improve themselves by reading attentively the works of great writers; and I sometimes wonder that ladies, who have often so much leisure, do not become students. They might begin by reading the best novels and the best poems in different languages, and I do not object, if they have a liking for it, to their having a taste for philosophy. The careful study of the Bible, or a part of it, not in the goody Evangelical way, but with the view of making out its real meaning, is of great value and interest. Then there is another kind of study, the study of the world and human nature, which is quite endless, if a person only knows how to observe and has the opportunity of doing so.

Do you read the *Nineteenth Century*? There is a very in-

structive article called 'The Friends of the Foreigner.' It seems to me that Liberals have been, speaking roughly, right in their home policy almost always, and the Conservatives wrong; and that the opposite is true of their foreign policy respectively—yet one cannot defend the Holy Alliance.

There is also an article on India by Miss Nightingale, which forces, I think rightly, on the mind of the public all from which they would naturally turn away. To me it has always been very striking that one woman in the country, regardless of herself or of public opinion, should be passionately absorbed in the state of hospitals, in the condition of the soldier, in the Indian peasantry and their sufferings. I never knew any one except her, in whom public feelings are far stronger than private ones.

To the Countess of Wemyss.

Oxford, *September* 6, 1878.

I like the recollection of the place and of your children, and of all the kindness which I have received there. I do not talk to you about the past because it has receded into the distance, though I know that it can never be forgotten by you. But it pleases me to see that although so much has been taken away you have still so much to be thankful for, and to be proud of. After having had greater sorrows than almost any one, I still think you happy, though not in the way the world calls happiness.

I hope that you do not undervalue life, in which there is so much to be done, but that you take care of yourself for the sake of others. I am not at all disposed to think that we should be resigned to live or die, but rather that we should kick and struggle and determine to live as long as we can. For however long we live, we shall feel at the last that we have not got half the things into life that we ought to have done.

To the Lady Abercromby.

Edinburgh,
September 9, 1878.

I greatly commend —— for speaking at a flower show As the late Lord Palmerston said to Dizzy, 'What the

d—— could he find to say to them?' Except speaking at a wedding breakfast, which is indeed a similar kind of entertainment, I can imagine nothing harder. The greater the difficulty the greater the merit.

TO THE COUNTESS OF WEMYSS.

OXFORD, *October* 20, 1878.

If, as you seem to think, it is probable that your illness will not get better, then we must make the most of what remains. It is a great thing in the later years of life to take a look round and see that everything which can be done for every member of a family has been done: children, servants, dependents, villagers. To accomplish this requires a great deal of feeling and understanding of character. There could be no better or more soothing way of managing a long illness (if you look forward to this) than completing everything, and setting everything right day by day.

I should not write to you in this way, if I did not know that you were quite capable of looking truth in the face. But on the other hand do not be too certain that your 'illness' is not likely to get better. It is your duty for the sake of others to eke out life to the utmost, and to take all the means by change and climate and the like which can preserve and prolong it. The ways of disease are very strange, and there are few which do not yield to general improvement of health and perfect peace of mind.

Let me tell you something which has struck me greatly during the last fortnight, though not wholly applicable to yourself. A friend of mine had an illness similar in its general character to your own (I should explain that he is what is called a free-thinker, but also the best parish clergyman I have ever known, a man of the world, but wonderfully kind and disinterested). I saw him ten days since, and six weeks ago we thought him dying, but he is now fast recovering. He told me that in his illness he felt assured of his recovery; that when he lay awake at night he used to hear the voice of God speaking to him and telling him 'that the sickness was not unto death, but for the improvement of life,' and

'that such and such things must be altered.' Some persons will think all this fanciful and superstitious, but I am inclined to believe that in strange ways great truths are taught us.

To the Lady Abercromby.

Oxford, *October* 22, 1878.

Sir H. Rawlinson[1] talked about Afghanistan. His plans are (1) armed occupation of Candahar with railway to the Indus : about 4000 men needed. (2) Candahar to be the capital and Cabul decapitalized. (3) The Afghans to choose a new Ameer who is to govern with a British Resident. (4) Not to interfere in Herat, unless Russia tries to occupy it. Sir H. Rawlinson had got an acknowledged cylinder containing an account of the taking of Babylon by Cyrus. I like him and think him an able man. But I observe that he sings a very different note about the Old Testament from what he did twenty years ago.

Tell me of a new biography, or better, of an old one to read. . . . You will find Boswell on your return to London. I certainly have had greater pleasure out of that book than out of any other. I take it up anywhere and read it fifty times over. It is so full of wit and life and character. Besides, the much-abused eighteenth century has a singular attraction for me. They were such nice people, with a real society and strong characters, and they come so near to us. We seem to be draggling in the mire, with all our ideas in a state of confusion, feeble and weak, confined to an age of *Saturday* and *Whitehall Reviews*, in which hardly anybody can talk across a table.

The French (not the Germans) seem to be beating us. There is a good deal of truth in the people who say that we are all becoming Atheists and Papists.

Excuse this grumble ; I could say something better of the age, and am quite aware and strongly affirm that we must take the world as it is and act upon it as we best may, yet I feel also a certain degree of dissatisfaction, especially with the

[1] Whom Jowett met at Woburn, October 13, 1878.

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Church and with politics. The prospect is bad now and will be worse after the next election—the Liberals are losing their heads and becoming bitter and very un-English. They are getting into a position in which they can hardly avoid becoming violent Radicals. The only real question upon which they can unite is Disestablishment, and whosoever shall fall upon this rock 'shall be broken.' A disestablishment for increasing the power of the Church is what the English people never will stand, and this is what Gladstone desires. Besides, the strength of the Established Church is enormous and far greater than that of the Crown. If some one, bishop or statesman or peer, would undertake its reform, he might effect the greatest good; but then it hates to be reformed, though it is willing enough to drift into the very opposite of its former self. Can a thing be true at one time and not at another, or in one country and not in another? Questions to be asked; and a person should keep his hold on religion as strong as ever while asking them.

Life is troublesome: I wish you well through all its trials.

To ———

Address OXFORD,
December 24, 1878.

I often think of the troubles which arise in family life—three-fourths of them from misunderstandings of character. Parents love their children—they would live or die for them—they desire their estates to be in perfect order at their decease; and yet they do not see what the tender plant wants, especially in childhood and youth. It is sensitive, and they do not enter into its feelings; it comes crying for sympathy, and they answer with a jest or good-natured laugh, and the child shrinks into itself and is 'crushed.' This is the history of many a sensitive creeper. But I do not think that the parents are to be blamed. They had no idea of what they were doing, and if they could ever be made to understand it their lives would be saddened. They are greatly to be pitied; this is the sad condition of human things. Besides, it is never possible to estimate what was the child's own fault and what

was due to the defect or blindness of the parent; some weaker persons are always throwing back the blame on their fathers and mothers, tutors and the like.

Then again comes the other critical relation—of marriage. Two persons, of different families and antecedents, who have inherited different characters, expect to have a perfect harmony of thoughts and feelings—a sort of kingdom of heaven upon earth. But is this reasonable? At any rate, if it is possible at the end of married life it can rarely be so at the beginning. One is, perhaps, full of sympathy, ready to give it to all, and asking it of others; the other, though their feelings may be as deep, is incapable of expressing sympathy. Now if, instead of lamenting this, which cannot be helped (for changes of character cannot be effected in a day or in a year), persons would fully acknowledge it and simply try to meet the difficulty, life would be happier and better. They cannot change the characters of others, but they can adapt their own to them; they can fulfil the duties of life in a spirit which every one respects; they can gather a circle of the very best friends around them, gathered from every class, and exercise the best kind of influence on society. A man or woman who sacrifices themselves for others may have a hard fight of it, but they cannot be unhappy; and if their temperament is such that they need sympathy they should seek it, if I may use a religious expression, in divine love. Only let us be on our guard against yielding to feelings instead of striving in every word and thought to meet the difficulties which beset us; and no one who sacrifices themselves for others should let this be found out.

I do not think that cynicism is a good thing—it destroys the seriousness of a family; and while it seems to place a man above the world, greatly weakens his hold upon it, and upon all knowledge. But it sometimes arises (such a strange thing is human nature) from a sensitiveness which has become numbed, and really is a sort of irony seeking to protect itself against the world. The late Lord Westbury, who was famous for his rasping tongue, had covered himself with this sort of rind, and the part within was really too soft or unsound to be of any use. And I have a friend, reputed to be a 'cynic,'

who told me, 'I can truly say that the thought of my mother is never for an hour absent from my mind.' I was greatly touched by this.

Is it not possible to see through men and women everywhere, and yet only to use this knowledge for their good? It is necessary for the safety of life that we should understand the characters of those among whom we are placed. But if we are only critical, or only capable of feeling pain at differences, then blind affection, 'which covers a multitude of sins,' is far better. It is useless to be intelligent if we see only the defects of others, and fail to recognize in others the good elements upon which we might work.

To R. B. D. MORIER, C.B.

WEST MALVERN,
January 22, 1879.

This is not a letter, yet I must thank you for your kind sympathy about poor Knight, which is a comfort to me, as far as the great kindness of a friend can be a comfort; for this is a very heavy blow to me. I shall not find another like him, so free from selfishness and ambition and so devoted (with great abilities) to intellectual pursuits.

None of your letters please me so much as the egotistical ones, when they tell me of your own successful doings. Indeed these strokes of policy will appear much more considerable twenty years hence, when the consequences of them are developed, than at present. And in a year or two, perhaps, at Paris or Constantinople, or, when Bismarck is off the scene, at Berlin, you will have the opportunity of work in a larger sphere. I suppose that you think about everything that goes on.

To THE LADY ABERCROMBY.

OXFORD, *April* 22, 1879.

I am so bad a correspondent that I hardly expect others to write to me. For letter-writing unlimited leisure is required, and this I never have. But I am very pleased to get letters, though I only repay them by calls, which seems

hardly fair. Do you hear anything of politics? I am afraid that the Ministry are a good deal shaken, and I have less confidence that they know where they are going. If Dizzy were sitting on the opening of the bottomless pit, and about to drop into it, he has such pluck and power of face that nothing in his looks would ever indicate it. It seems to me that Sir Bartle Frere cannot be defended, and though it will be said that the Ministry ought to have superseded or not to have censured him, it is quite possible that the middle course was best under the circumstances. They could not approve him, but they could not at the moment part with him.

I received yesterday from Bishop Colenso a striking sermon upon the war, something like the words of a Jewish prophet, in which he denounces the Government. How curious, when Sir Bartle Frere is quoting the destruction of the Canaanites as a justification for the Boers.

I wonder what will be the religion of the next generation. Certainly it has very rapidly disappeared in this. But I sometimes hope that we are near the end both of Rationalism and Ritualism and are beginning to understand that they are both exhausted. There seems to follow the absurdity that there must be a new religion; not exactly so, but people must believe more strongly in a few truths which we all acknowledge, and they must apply them more vigorously to practical life. There is less of unsettlement than there was, because young men entering life better understand the altered state of circumstances. But I doubt whether they have the same aspirations after good.

To Dean Stanley.

[1879.]

I write to thank you for the biography of your father and mother[1], which I have read with great interest. It reminded me of the old days when I used to be with you at Norwich. The diary is extremely good, full of thought and of anticipation of the thoughts which have become familiar to another generation. I was very much pleased and struck with

[1] *Memoirs of Edward and Catharine Stanley*, by Dean Stanley, 1879.

the book. Whether it has a considerable sale or not, it leaves such an impression as you would desire to create in the minds of others about your father and mother. It is a filial duty well performed.

I heard some rumour about your coming to Oxford this Term. If you do I hope that you will come here when you are at leisure. At any rate I shall expect you next Term with the *posse comitatus* to preach in the Chapel.

We have just been before the Commission, who were very civil to us. Everything is being done for Oxford that can be done, but I am not sure whether Oxford somehow is not wanting to herself.

To Professor Lewis Campbell.

Brill, *June* 29, 1879.

I have been wanting to write to you ever since I received the Sophocles, but did not get your address until yesterday. What can I say to your dedication and Preface? A thousand thanks and blessings to you for your attachment to me. Indeed I know the value of such a friend; I only wish that I could make a better return.

The new volume of Sophocles will set your name high as a scholar. It will not be appreciated by the schoolmasters, for reasons which we have often discussed: but students of Greek who have no paedagogic interest will acknowledge it to be the most considerable work of pure scholarship since Porson and Elmsley. I hope that you will finish the remaining four plays in the course of the year, and then leave Sophocles for a while and return to Plato. Then I do not despair of Aeschylus, which is a real need. I hope that you will keep it in view in reading. An edition of Aeschylus is much more important than reflections upon it.

I cannot help remembering, as I write, how much I was assisted by you in the Plato, especially when we were at Askrigg together in days which seem to be very old now.

You and I have many things to do in life, both separately and together. And the first condition of doing them is to take care of health, and not get ill again, which is worse than

a folly, it is a sin; and the second condition is to waste no time except what is required for health.

If you have a play ready when I come to Scotland in the autumn, we will go over it together. We hope to have the text of Thucydides printed by the end of August: then come the notes which are written, and the long Introduction which is hardly written at all.

To ———

OXFORD, *August* 26, 1879.

The feeling which we have about an elder and a younger generation is very different. The one seem to have lived long enough and to go to their rest naturally; in many cases it would be cruel to wish them to linger. The others are torn from life, and the great hopes which we had of them fade away.

How many recollections come back to us in the loss of a father and mother—of childhood, of places in which we lived, and persons whom we knew, of loves and affections which have been a part of us, and all the long tale of joy and sorrow. I do not say that we ought to be happier as we get older, but we ought to be calmer, knowing better what life is and looking forward to another, which we believe to be a reality though we cannot tell what it means.

To THE LADY ABERCROMBY.

SHERWOOD, TORQUAY,
September 26, 1879.

If a man does not marry, I would have him lead an ideal life. I mean living for knowledge or for the good of others, or for his country or something of that sort. All this may be combined with married life, but the bachelor has the advantage of freedom and independence. And he should be consistent and determined in carrying out his plan of life and not make the worst of both worlds. . . .

If I were a young lady, instead of working at altar-cloths, I would ornament a church or a house with painting and

sculpture. This would be a very pleasant and not absolutely useless manner of passing life. One church or one house would be quite sufficient for a life, and it should be perfect.

TO THE COUNTESS OF WEMYSS.

OXFORD, *October* 3, 1879.

Memory is allied to sense, and partakes more than any other of our faculties of the state of the body. It is also the lowest of them, though a necessary one. There are many helps to it, such as greater system, taking notes, &c. It is very different at different times, in a good or bad climate, when tired or refreshed, after taking a cup of coffee, &c. Will you make these reflections and add some more of your own? The truth seems to me that you are not yet perfectly recovered from illness, and that the strain which has been put upon you does in some degree affect the brain—perhaps more than I can imagine, though I have a good deal of personal experience of a sort of inanity of mind (absolutely nothing there, and not a fact accurately remembered or a word to say to anybody). But I would not have you imagine in your own case that this, if you feel it, is permanent, or that you will not recover from it, though in memory, as in some other things, we have to allow for the effect of increasing years. Less memory and more judgement would be a very good exchange, which we may all of us have if we like.

Like you I read a book through and do not remember a word of it. I think however that the reading of the book has an effect, and if I read it again I understand it better. I believe that as we lose our powers of memory we may increase the power of reminiscence, that is, of recalling what we want in small quantities for a short time.

Therefore be cheerful and do not let your mind be clouded with these fancies, or overlaid with cobwebs. We all of us have mental and intellectual trials, like bodily ones, and we must bear them and study them and perhaps keep them to ourselves, like the bodily trials. We keep them to ourselves because they are easier to bear, and if they pass away we do not create a false impression about them among our friends. If

you were suffering with pain you would try and keep the mind above the body, and no one would be braver or more patient. You must try and keep the mind above the mind, that is, the reason above the fancies of the mind.

To ———

WEST MALVERN,
December 31, 1879.

Will you think me formal if I send best wishes to you on New Year's day?

I believe that you and I have a common interest about life and character. You know that I wish you to be happy; and how can any words of mine make you so? People have trials of many sorts, and they can only 'minister' to themselves. The trials must be borne and considered and met; they must not be weak when they need strength. They must not mind the little things of family or social life, or expect others to be pitched in the same key, or cast in the same mould as themselves. They may have greater causes of sorrow, which cannot with advantage be spoken of to any one: let them lay them before God and seek a remedy for them. Troubles of all sorts should be minimized, not exaggerated by feeling. Let the mind clear up and get the better of external circumstances; when all is fair and sunny without, and 'so much to be thankful for,' we should not allow a cloud to rest upon us within.

And we should avoid making mistakes; those who are sensitive and affectionate and impressionable are really in greater danger than others. The want of sympathy is a great snare and weakness, and leads us to say and do things which we afterwards regret, and to have confidences which do no good. The world is always looking on and gossiping, and is delighted to pounce upon this sort of (often very innocent) folly; most trials, whether fanciful or real, are best borne in silence. A year afterwards we are glad that we never mentioned them. They must be overcome, and then we are masters of ourselves; we have set things to rights, and keep them right: the suffering is converted into a struggle, and at last we become happy.

CHAPTER VII

DESPONDENCY AND BEREAVEMENT. 1880–1882

(Aet. 63–65)

DESPONDENCY—Illness of old Knight—Illness of Miss Jowett—Letter to Stanley—The *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus—The Long Vacation of 1880: Conversations; Visits to cathedrals—Notes—Death of Mrs. Cross—Publication of the Thucydides (1881)—Death of Stanley—Jowett at Clifton—His kindness to children—Criticism of Bentley—Notes partly on moral philosophy, partly personal—Death of Lord Airlie; of Professor Green (1882); of Hugh Pearson—At Merevale—At Davos—Letters.

THE years were passing on, and in spite of his exertions Jowett was unable to finish his works in the time allotted to them in his schemes for the future. He began to feel that he would not accomplish all that he wished to do, a feeling which naturally increased the depression under which he was labouring. His health was now tolerably good, but age, the most irresistible of all diseases, was creeping upon him. He writes of himself:—

'Age is the chief cause of my despondency. I fear that I shall not be able to accomplish all that I desire. I must economize time and health, and get my work done. I must commune with myself about this, but speak to no one. In weakness I must be passive and go to sleep, and seize only favourable moments. To look at Wordsworth's poem [1].'

'Greater silence, greater dignity; moving slowly to death;

[1] 'Despondency Corrected,' the fourth book of *The Excursion*.

of that I would wish to carry the impression always. My life has been such a waste of vanity and egotism, that I must make the most of the remaining fifteen years.

'I desire nothing, and can have no further disappointments, except the non-completion of my work. This I go to fulfil. Working and resting, diet, place of abode, must always be directed to this end. Aetatis sixty-three I feel very old.

'I must do the utmost for my friends by kindness and correspondence. The great want of life can never be supplied, and I must do without it.'

There were other causes for this despondency besides the mere inability to finish his work. In the thirteen years which remained he did work enough to satisfy any reasonable ambition, if not so much as he desired, but the hand of death fell heavily on his circle, and almost every year left him more alone.

We have seen what a heavy blow he suffered in the illness of his secretary, Matthew Knight. Another serious trouble was the loss of the services of Knight's father, his old servant, whose health broke down in the Commemoration week of 1880. Every one who visited Balliol Lodge in these years will remember the round cheerful face of Knight, which was a welcome in itself. His loyalty to his master was delightful; he watched over him with anxious care, and would often shake his head at the mention of Plato's name: 'That translation, sir, will be the death of him.' In any way that he could he sought to save Jowett from annoyance, and when the noise of a College party was continued too late, he would put his head in at the study door and ask: 'Shall I give your compliments to them, sir, and say that you would like to hear them sing "God save the Queen[1]"?' The

[1] On one occasion when Knight had taken this message the company 'tumbled down, pell-mell, into the Garden quad and, marching across it in a body, took up their stand underneath the

simplicity of his character and his utter freedom from any kind of meanness raised him above his station, and Jowett felt his departure from the house as the loss of a friend.

A greater sorrow was the illness of his sister, who was seized with paralysis in this same summer. Since her mother's death in 1869 Miss Jowett had continued to live at Torquay, and Jowett had spent many of his happiest and most useful hours with her there. But it was now impossible for her to live alone, and she was removed to Clifton to the care of her cousins, the Irwins, where she remained till her death in 1882. In a letter dated West Malvern, August 9, 1880, Jowett writes:—

'It is very kind of you to inquire about my sister. She is somewhat better, thank you, and able to sit up for an hour in the day. There is no immediate danger of her life now, but I doubt whether she can perfectly recover; the speech is hardly intelligible, and seems not to come back.

'Her mind is perfectly clear, and when she was first seized a month ago she wrote on a piece of paper the words: "Make not my will to be Thine, but Thy will to be mine, O God," and desired that they should be sent to me. She is perfectly resigned and cheerful, and thinks about everybody but herself. I asked whether I should read to her, and she said, "No, she remembered so much."

'We have fortunately a young cousin who has the gift of nursing, and finds the greatest delight in staying with her and taking care of her. She has been in the habit of reading Dante through every year, like you.

'As you say, calamities of this sort bring back many reflections. There were once nine of us, and now there are only two. Two of the sisters died of consumption more than forty years ago; two brothers, who went into the Indian army, more than twenty years ago. They had all passed away before I knew ——

Master's window, and sang at the top of their voices as much of the National Anthem as they could remember.'

or you. I have the pleasantest recollection of them. They were all intelligent, and had a very uncommon disinterestedness and unselfishness.'

In spite of despondency and sorrow, Jowett was still as convinced as ever that the last years of life were the best. He resolved by every means in his power to make the most of them, and what he wished for himself he wished for his friends also. He could not bear to see them sinking under a burden of sorrow, real or imaginary, and losing the precious years which remained. Very characteristic of this mood of his mind is the following letter to Dean Stanley:—

'OXFORD, *July* 14, 1880[1].

'I hardly like to offer you advice because it is intrusive, and because it is so difficult for one person to judge of another's character or circumstances. And please not to suppose that in giving it I think myself your superior in any way. The reverse is the truth.

'It always seems to me that the last ten years of life are the most important of all (and for myself I build my hopes entirely on what I can do in them). I sometimes fear that you are allowing yourself to be crushed by personal misfortunes —some very real, like the loss of dear Lady Augusta, which I shall never cease to lament, but others partly fanciful, like this matter of the Prince Imperial, which does not affect you in any important manner. Will you not shake them off and fix your mind exclusively on higher things? I really believe that this "expulsive power" is necessary for your happiness. I am certain that your talents are as good as ever, and your experience far greater. I am not flattering you when I say that you are the most distinguished clergyman in the Church of England, and could do more than any one towards the great work of placing religion on a rational basis. If you can accomplish this task you may effect more good and have a much

[1] This letter is printed in *Dean Stanley's Letters*, p. 442; but I venture to reprint it here for the light which it throws on Jowett's attitude towards his friend. Cf. vol. i. pp. 99, 166 ff., 389.

more enduring fame than any bishop or archbishop of the English Church.

'What you have done has been good and valuable, but like other theological writing it has been transient, suited to one generation more than to another. But this work should be of a deeper kind, the last result of many theological thoughts and experiences, into which your whole soul and life might be thrown, all the better because the truths of which you spoke had been realized by suffering.

'It may be objected that such a book could not be written by a person holding a leading position in the Church. But if it were, it would win the battle of freedom for other clergymen, and to fight such a battle would be a great interest and a legacy to leave to the Church if gained. Few things will rouse the laity, but that certainly would.

'Such a labour would require you to withdraw a good deal from society, from Convocation, and from Church agitations of other sorts. But there would be nothing lost in this; you have gained all that you can possibly gain from society, and as for Convocation, your friends regret your going to a place where they are rude to you, and whereas they do you harm, you can do these bigots no good, to say nothing of the whole affair being a great sham. You would return to the studies of your youth—the great religions of the world—the early Christian Church—the Gospels, the good in everything, which is a mere vacant and unmeaning word, but may be made a power in the world. You would live among the thoughts which a wise and good man would wish to have familiarly haunting him during his last years. And you would be able to say after all: "It is finished."

'Will you reflect upon the whole matter? Forty years ago we all expected you to be the most distinguished man among us, and you must not disappoint us.

'I would like you to plan out a course of study and writing as the *unum porro et necessarium*, and to place yourself in circumstances in which you can carry it out, and allow nothing to interrupt it. The more you come to Oxford for the sake of quiet reading, the more I shall be the gainer. You shall talk to me about the work or not, as you think best. You and I, and our dear friend Hugh Pearson, and Rogers, and some others,

are rather isolated in the world, and we must hold together as long as we can.

'Farewell: I shall not intrude upon you again in this way.'

The Summer Term of 1880 was rendered memorable at Balliol by the performance of the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus in the College Hall. The idea did not spring up in Balliol, and only one or two of the actors were Balliol undergraduates, but the success of the play was in a great measure due to the interest which Jowett took in it. He brought a number of his friends—among them Robert Browning—to see the performance, which, if it was not so elaborate and finished as those that came after, had at least the charm of novelty, and certainly produced a very striking impression. Among the Balliol men who took part in it, the leader was the Honourable W. N. Bruce, from whom I have the following account:—

'The idea of acting the *Agamemnon* was not in its inception a Balliol affair. It originated in New College, but Benson[1] and I agreed that we were more likely to get Balliol Hall than any other, so I went off to see the Master, half afraid that he might ask me if I could construe the *Agamemnon*.

'I told him very shortly that we had a notion that a Greek play could be made quite as interesting on the stage as an English one, and that we wanted to try it in Balliol Hall. He chuckled a good deal at some of my dramatic opinions, asked who was going to take part, said, if I remember right, that he wished it should be done by Oxford undergraduates only, and then promised to ask the College. He continued to show great interest in our proceedings and preparations, and often talked to me about them. I remember his coming to one of the rehearsals with John Farmer, who was staying with him, I think. We got a good many snubs from other distinguished University magnates, but never anything but encouragement from him: we thought all the more of it, because we were none of us good

[1] Mr. F. R. Benson, the well-known Shakespearian actor.

scholars and were often rather scared at our own audacity, and quite prepared to be told we were "fools rushing in where angels fear to tread!" The morning after the first performance he sent for all of us to see Browning, who was one of his guests for the occasion. We were all delighted of course, and heard the great man defend his own translation, especially from the charge of crudity. He seemed to think the chief objection made to it was its literal plainness!

'But what I remember best about our relations with the Master was the very earnest remonstrance he made both to Benson and myself, when he heard that we meant to act the play elsewhere. He wrote to Benson on the subject, and also to me, besides sending for me more than once to talk about it. We had decided to give a performance at Eton, Winchester, and Harrow, and afterwards in London. I think I was able to reconcile him to the performances at the schools, but never to the London one, and about the latter I felt at the time he was in the right, and feel so still more strongly now. He expressed the pleasure it had given him that it should have been done at Oxford, and his satisfaction and pride that Balliol had been so closely connected with the performance, but he pointed out that its great success under the conditions of the Oxford performance ought to make us careful of repeating it under different conditions, which he thought were to be dreaded for their possible effect on our own characters and for the risk which they involved of that very impertinence towards Aeschylus which our Oxford critics had resented, and of which under Oxford conditions he had declared us so innocent. I was much impressed at the time and have always remembered vividly how very earnest he was about it, though he never said an unkind or a hard word either to us or of us. . . .'

The Long Vacation was spent in weeks of quiet work at West Malvern, and in visiting his friends. Of his conversations brief notes remain, indicating the subjects in which he was interested. With Lady Martin he talked about Shakespeare, and was much impressed by a remark which she made, wondering at the prescience of Shake-

speare, who could paint such noble female characters to be acted by boys. With General Strachey there was much conversation about India—the age of the candidates for the Service—the future of the country—the best mode of administration; for Jowett was never tired of talking about India, and adding to his information about the country. With Bowen and Marshall he discussed questions of moral philosophy. Was morality relative? So Bowen maintained, and he was supported by Strachey; but Jowett argued for the idealist view, as he always did[1]. In the autumn he once more devoted a few days to visiting cathedrals: Southwell Minster, Lincoln, York, Durham. At Southwell he noticed the 'most lovely Chapter House, about 1280 in date, with wonderful carving from nature. Never saw anything equal to it for complexity,' he observes: 'like a Chinese puzzle, with vine leaves, oak leaves, roses, &c., far superior to Roslyn Chapel.' Lincoln, he thought, had the finest exterior in England, perhaps in the world, but internally it was less beautiful than York.

After Christmas, he was again at West Malvern, toiling at the notes on Thucydides. While there a new and unexpected sorrow fell upon him in the death of Mrs. Cross ('George Eliot'), who died after a week's illness on December 22. Jowett felt the loss deeply, both on general and personal grounds. He wrote to Morier:—

'*January* 15, 1881.

'You will have seen in the newspapers the death of Mrs. Cross. It grieves me, for she was a friend to whom I was greatly attached. Those who know her only from her books have but a faint idea of her character. *Elle était plus femme*, and had more feminine qualities, than almost anybody whom I have ever known. She was so kind and good, and so free from vanity and jealousy of all sorts. Very religious without

[1] See below, p. 188.

definite beliefs, and with a sad humour and sense of humour, which was very singular and attractive. It would have been a great pleasure to me to introduce you to her. . . . She intended to write one more great novel, and if her life had been spared would, I think, have gone on writing to the end. There was a time when she greatly desired to write something for the good of women. But she thought that there were circumstances in her own life which unfitted her for this task. The accident of poverty about twenty years ago led her, at Mr. Lewes' suggestion, to try and write a story. This story was *Amos Barton*. She told me that if it had not been for the kindness of her husband she would never have written anything. She also told me that she was never a Comtist, but as they were a poor and unfortunate sect, she would never finally renounce them. She was a regular student, and had a great knowledge of numerous subjects about which she felt as well as thought, without in any degree losing her power of judgement.

'I do not know whether you are too far off to be interested in this sad loss to the world and to her friends, which deeply affects us in England. I never heard this remarkable woman say a word against others, or a word which I should wish unsaid.

'You must be tired of politics: therefore I shall not enter upon them. Write to me when you feel disposed, for I am always pleased to have a letter from you[1].'

In the following May the Thucydides was at last published, but without the essays. 'I have docked him of a very ambitious addition in the shape of a third volume, consisting of essays, &c.,' so Jowett writes to Mr. Harrison; 'I did not feel equal to the completion of it at present, and did not like to wait[2].'

[1] Cf. *Dean Stanley's Letters*, p. 445.

[2] Of the subjects of these essays I find the following sketch in his notes:—

1. The text of Thucydides.
2. The ungrammatical age.
3. Simplicity and complexity of the language.
4. The structure of the speeches.
5. The earlier Greek Historians.
6. The later Greek Historians.
7. The place of Thucydides in Greek History.

He was glad to shake off the burden which had oppressed him so long. On April 17 he writes to Mrs. Ilbert:—'I have just been sending off the last sheets of Thucydides to the press, and I assure you that the birth of a book, whether good or bad, is a very serious and absorbing business.' And as he was now at leisure to think of other things, he passes on in the same letter to another subject:—'My curtains have worn out, and the upholsterer pronounces them useless and impossible to dye. I am going to put up some "slight drollery," such as Falstaff recommends to Mrs. Quickly, of muslin curtains for the summer, and during the next six months shall consider in my mind what is best permanently.'

In the Summer Term Jowett 'had a very successful lecture'—which 'surprised him'—and this, with the completion of his difficult task, brought back the sunshine for a time. The entertainments at Commemoration were as bright and gay as ever, but only a few weeks elapsed before the death of Dean Stanley threw a lasting shadow on his life (July 18, 1881).

He was staying with me at the time, at Clifton. On his way he had called at the Deanery, but Stanley was too ill to see him; still Jowett—who was always most sanguine about illness—was not without hope. It happened that the tidings of the Dean's death were brought to me early in the morning, and when we met at breakfast I inquired whether he had any news of Stanley. He had none, and I then told him that his friend had passed away. For some time he remained silent, then

8. The geography of Thucydides.

9. The inscriptions bearing on Thucydides.

10. The sources of the history of Thucydides.

Nos. 8 and 9, on the geography and the inscriptions, were published in the volume of notes; but of the rest only a few pages were written, in a first draft.

said a few words about the Dean's illness, and did not again return to the subject. To Morier he wrote:—

'WEST MALVERN, *August* 10, 1881.

'. . . Thank you for what you say about Arthur Stanley, whose death was the saddest loss I could have had, and alters a good deal the colour of my life. I seem to see his character more truly now than I did when he was alive, and I feel that I could have done more for him, if I had understood him better. He was the oldest friend I had; we were first acquainted in the year 1836, and intimate friends from 1838 onward. In 1844 and 1845 we travelled together, and in 1848 I dare say that you remember his coming to visit us at Oban. Let me in passing tell you with what pleasure I remember the time that I spent with you then and the following year. It was the beginning of a custom which has been continued, with the exception of a single year, ever since, and has, I believe, contributed as much as anything to the success of Balliol. The months spent in this way have not been unpleasant, and I think that they have been the most satisfactory of my life. How much I owe to others, and to you, perhaps, more than any one!

'A. P. S. was wonderfully good, with a natural kind of goodness—blameless, innocent, never going wrong in word, thought or act. He was not always trying to improve his character, but then he did not need it. He was very impressible by circumstances: Oxford, Canterbury Cathedral, the Abbey, the Court, &c.; but he was absolutely regardless of popularity and not at all a courtier. When I first knew him he was very shy; in later years he became a delight of society. Considering all that he did, and his simplicity and energy, I should call him a really great man, if greatness is not to be confined to force of will or great imaginative power.'

Jowett came to Clifton with the hope of helping me to translate Demosthenes. For some time I had amused myself with the idea that I could write the history of Greece in the Fourth Century B.C., by translating the Greek orators. Jowett encouraged me,

but at length, finding out, I suppose, that I did not prosper as he wished, he offered to come and go over the *De Corona* with me. All the mornings of the week that he was at Clifton we devoted to this task. He would sit in an easy chair, or lie on the sofa, while I read my translation, which he corrected or replaced with a rendering of his own. Sometimes when we came upon a very obstinate phrase or sentence, he would say, 'Let me go to sleep for a few minutes and then I will do it'; and he did go to sleep for about five minutes, after which he woke up invigorated, and struck out some idiomatic rendering. The translation, in spite of his help, has come to nothing, but the visit was not altogether wasted, for it gave rise to a valuable letter on the art of translating from Greek [1].

Jowett was always at home with children, and delighted in having them with him. He would draw them to his side and tell them stories, from Homer it might be, or of the common story-book kind, and invite them to tell him stories in return [2]. During this week I had a niece staying with me, a child of seven or eight years, and when she and Jowett met at luncheon, a good deal of the time was occupied in story-telling. Sometimes Jowett was critical —when was he not?—and would object to a story as too long or as beginning in too commonplace a manner. 'That is a good story, but you should not begin with "Once upon a time."' This was an *ipse dixit* for which he gave no reason.

For the rest of the summer he was occupied with philology and philosophy, 'living the life of a gentleman, reading and not writing,' and keeping two note-books

[1] See below, pp. 203, 204.

[2] See below, p. 323, and vol. i. pp. 244, 288, 361.

going, one on each subject. He read Bentley's *Epistles to Phalaris*, and made many notes on the author, of whom he had a great dislike.

'How can a *homuncio* like you venture to attack so great a man as Bentley? I answer: If you mean to make an attack or comparison in respect of reading, of attainments, of force of mind, no one can feel the difference more strongly than I do myself. It is not without a kind of shame that I touch the reputation of any eminent man, feeling how great has been the stimulus which they have given to knowledge, and how considerable the additions which they have made to it. But when I see the baneful influence which a great philologer, like a great philosopher, may have on whole generations of his followers—for how many wasted lives he may be responsible, what a false tendency he has given to the human mind, how inconsistent he is with himself, what silly and unmeaning commendation he has received from those who are incapable of appreciating him: I am tempted to make the still small voice of reason heard against him, *homuncio* as I am.'

While acknowledging Bentley's extraordinary powers, Jowett thought him wanting in judgement, which is 'the first element in criticism.' The great scholar fell into the mistake of reasoning exactly from inexact premisses—i. e. from statements by authors on whom no reliance can be placed, such as Iamblichus and Suidas.

'He had an excellent familiar knowledge of Greek, and was a great interpreter. Yet it must be remembered that he never tried his art upon the more difficult authors. He was better acquainted with the Anthology, Lucian, Suidas, Iamblichus, than with Plato, Thucydides, Sophocles, Aeschylus, Pindar, Herodotus, who owe nothing to him. Upon the whole he keeps bad company in literature.'

In philosophy he returned for a time to old studies. 'I have been reading German philosophy,' he writes on August 10—'an old love to which I return. It has died

in Germany and come to England. But it is with regret I see the amount of genius that has been spent in spinning imaginary systems. Yet I seem to get something from them, though not what their authors intended.' Another work which he read with care was Sidgwick's *Method of Ethics*, though he had little in common with the opinions of the author or with any form of utilitarian philosophy. In the next summer (1882) he sketched a course of philosophical reading which was to last through the remainder of the year. Five weeks were allotted to Comte, two to Burke, two to Descartes, two to Spinoza, two to Hobbes, two to Locke, the same to Shaftesbury and Berkeley, three to Hume, two each to Kant, Hegel, and Lotze. But this seems to have been nothing more than a scheme, for during a great part of the time which was to be given to these authors, he was staying with friends, and engaged in reading Aristotle.

Comte however he did read, and with care, making many observations, chiefly of a disparaging kind, but not without an appreciation of the philosopher's genius. He must be read, he remarks, as an ancient philosopher is read, in whom there are many absurd things and many things of the highest value. In every chapter we must ask the question, not what he meant or imagined, but what application of his words is possible. He brings before us in a striking manner the decadence of old beliefs, the continuity of history, the failing influence of the Church. 'But of the promised science of Sociology, which is a monstrous fiction, I see no hint at all. Try it by the test which Comte acknowledged to be the true test of science—Prevision.' Jowett disliked Comte as much or more than he disliked his philosophy. When the Fellows of the College were considering an offer of a bust of Kant as a proper ornament for Balliol Library,

he happened to mishear the name as Comte, and exclaimed, 'You would not put a fellow like that in the Library, would you[1]?'

Jowett's opinion of utilitarianism was unchanged by the perusal of Sidgwick's book.

'We cannot indeed escape from utilitarianism,' he observes, 'as one element of morality, but its extreme vagueness and contradiction to experience render it useless except as a correction of error. The practical value lies in this, that it helps us to get rid of perplexities, to supply motives, to offer an elevated view of life which may silently mould the character. Yet it often fails us when we most need its help. For nothing comes into the mind less naturally than the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Even when applied to politics it will not answer the question—"Shall I go to war?" For who can balance the freedom or power of a people against the sufferings of war?'

In Jowett's view moral philosophy was closely bound up with religion: 'the essence of religion,' he called it; 'the great support and test of religion; for though there are differences of opinion about religion, morality is or may become, speaking generally, the same for all.' And therefore morality is inseparably connected with a future life, and Jowett in brooding over the subject is brought back to the old theme:—

'The more we think of reason as the highest thing in the world, and of man as a rational being, the more disposed we shall be to think of human beings as immortal. We cannot set limits to this, nor say: "What human beings?" or "What immortality?" Whether in another life the servant shall be equal to the master, the child to the grown-up man, the fool to the philosopher, the Hottentot to the Englishman; whether animals will have a share in the happiness of men; whether the common moral qualities of men shall be the essence of

[1] Cf. vol. i. p. 130.

future existence; whether any of us will know one another—of all this we have no means of judging or speaking. But we know that our wishes and fancies, the figures of poetry, the images of prophecy, can have no influence on the truth: "Things are what they are," and will be what they will be, irrespective of our likes and dislikes.'

More interesting than these general reflections are the personal records which show how the old undertones of thought are ever vibrating in his mind:—

'Suppose I, or some one else, were to throw aside all notions of moral philosophy derived from systems, and were simply to try and record my own experience, what would be the result?

'The greater part of life would be unconscious and independent of any motive which I could distinctly recognize. The most conscious motives would be the impulses of passion resisted or unresisted, and the love not of praise, but of silent appreciation, and also of power to be used for good objects. I do not act distinctly from these motives, but these motives sustain me in action, and I begin to flag among personal attacks:

> "The time is out of joint; O cursed spite,
> That ever I was born to set it right."

I half wish to express my thoughts to the world, but have not the power to do it, and shrink from the conflict. Of course this is weak and wrong, but in giving an account of myself, I must put down the truth.'

'I am growing old, too old to undertake a great work. Yet I must and do resolve to devote all my serious thoughts to it.

'I grow more ambitious every year. All my time, money, thoughts, I would like to devote to gaining influence of the best kind, and an increasing influence yearly.

'I must make the best arrangements—get young men and boys around me in the next ten years—neither spend money, nor take pleasure except for the sake of health. Get clear of weakness. I seem to be not so strong as formerly, and yet

to have escaped from maladies of which I had the beginning ten years ago.

'I ought to get rid of shyness, which has detracted at least one-third from my life.'

'Morning and evening prayers are almost impossible to me. Church is difficult. But I desire more and more never to let a day pass without some idea or aspiration arising in my mind. And this appears to be retained. I am always thinking of death and of God, and of the improvement of human nature, though sometimes interrupted by false and petty conceits of self[1].'

'Forgetfulness is not a misfortune, but as great a blessing and as much to be regarded as a part of the human faculties as memory itself. We must forget misfortunes, forget deaths, forget faults of our own or of others, forget horrors which may have come across us in life, forget trials of all sorts, and go on with our own business. This is not shallowness, but the law of nature. No one ought to desire that ten years hence he may have as vivid an impression of a present event as he has now.'

Such were Jowett's thoughts and aspirations at this time, but even to his intimate friends he showed little of the self-criticizing despondent mood. In October, 1881, Mr. Harrison writes from Balliol:—

'The Master is looking older, but I see no other change in him. He still walks briskly and his mind is as fresh and active as ever. He has bravely got Thucydides off his hands, and is already busy with a translation of the *Politics* of Aristotle. He says he only works four or five hours a day; which shows either that the Master does not know how to count, or that he reckons as play many things which other men take to be hard work.'

And in a note he adds:—

'During this visit Jowett took me to lunch with the Warden of Merton. Brodrick told us of his Dublin days, and how,

[1] Cf. vol. i. p. 410.

like the rest of the company at the Vice-regal Lodge, he had carried a revolver. When he ended his story the still small voice of the Master was heard, saying, "If I had been the Lord Lieutenant, I don't think that I should have minded the people, but I should have been horribly afeard of Brodrick's pistol."'

In the autumn of 1881 Jowett lost another old friend in Lord Airlie, whose guest he had often been, with other distinguished men, at Cortachy, or the Tulchan, or Airlie Castle. 'I lament him for his own sake,' he said, 'and for Lady Airlie's, who has become a widow before the natural time.' To Lady Airlie he wrote:—

'The only comfort in such calamities is to look them in the face, in all their consequences. An old life and all its treasures of memory and affection has passed away and a new life is about to begin. We must pray and hope to live in it more above ourselves and the world, more entirely for others, in higher thoughts and feelings. The external changes which result from this will then seem trifling and inconsiderable.

'About those who are gone we must think for a long time to come, and all that they did for us, and all that we did for them—would that it had been more! All that we know of them is that they are with God, where we shall be in a few more years.

'If these words come upon you when you are overwhelmed with sorrow, I would not have you make any effort to get rid of it. That is natural for a time; the light of peace will come at last. . . .

'I believe, as I know that you do, in the realities of things as much as ever, though unable to use the ordinary phraseology about them.'

This loss was quickly followed by another. In the Easter Vacation of 1882 Professor T. H. Green died after a few days' illness. 'Not very much the matter,' a friend said to me as I was leaving Oxford for a holiday:

'there is no danger, and he will soon be well.' One day more and the case was known to be hopeless; on the third morning the friend with whom I was staying had heard from Oxford that Green was dead. To those who knew and loved him, 'the spring vanished from the year.'

He had been a Fellow of Balliol for twenty years or more, and for about twelve years he was Tutor in Philosophy in the College. His lectures on the *Ethics* of Aristotle were said to be quite the best lectures given in his time. And his personal influence was even greater than his influence as a Lecturer. 'I never go to see Green without feeling that I ought to be ashamed of myself, and, by Jove, I am ashamed of myself,' an undergraduate of those days said to me. It was not by any peculiar grace of speech or manner that he acquired this influence; his instinct was to be silent and shun society; and few of his sayings are recorded. His strong and simple character seemed to need no words to express it; he lived his thoughts, not 'moving about in worlds unrealized,' but carrying his convictions into practice; shrewd also, and sensible, and not without a vein of humour. A few years before his death he was elected to Whyte's Chair of Moral Philosophy, and he at once became the most impressive of Oxford Professors. His lecture-rooms were full, and his pupils enthusiastic. I do not think that they all understood him, but they all regarded him with love and honour.

Between Jowett and Green there was the greatest affection possible. Jowett often spoke of him as one of his best and dearest friends; 'Sit mea anima cum illo,' he said, after Green's funeral; and Green looked on Jowett as his leader and guide, from whom he never differed without much searching of heart. For differ

they did in some respects, and Jowett's love of his friend—deep and sincere as it was—did not stand in the way of criticism. We have seen how sensitive he was to the influence of metaphysics on the young, and as Master of the College, the young men there were in his charge. Himself a critic of philosophy rather than a philosopher, it gave him real pain to see any of his friends fall, as he thought, under the dominion of a system. He even wrote to a distinguished pupil urging him not to devote himself too exclusively to philosophy. On this point he and Green must needs differ, and Green very wisely and generously gave way. For a year or two before he became Professor he took but a small share in the teaching of the College. The incident did honour to both of them:—to Green, because a man of less noble mind, less loyal to Balliol and Jowett, might have made it the occasion of an open breach, and Green would probably have won the victory; to Jowett, because with all his love and admiration of his friend he did not hesitate to speak his mind, when he thought that the interests of the College required it.

To Mrs. Green he wrote, on hearing of her husband's death:—

March 26, 1882.

DEAR FRIEND,

I know not how to write to you in this overwhelming affliction.

You have had the happiness of being married to one of the noblest men who ever adorned Oxford, and I do not doubt that you will bear the life-long sorrow in a manner worthy of him and as he would have desired. I cannot describe to you what I feel to be his loss in the College, to the University, and to all of us. May God, who can alone heal such sorrow as yours, give you peace and rest. He was always so good and loyal to me (though we differed in some ways); and so

absolutely free from any conscious personality and egotism. Every year has made me feel increasing affection and gratitude towards him.

It is too soon to speak of the future. Yet I hope that you will not shut out the possibility of remaining in Oxford, where you are so greatly respected and beloved. Will you let me do anything for you which I am able? I claim to be an old friend, having known your father and your brother for more than twenty years [1].

The grave had hardly closed over Green before Jowett was called away to Sonning to preach a funeral sermon on his old friend Hugh Pearson, 'the most beloved of English clergymen.' 'H. P.,' as he was familiarly called, came up to Balliol in 1834, where he became the firm friend of Stanley, and afterwards of Jowett. He did not come forward in the world as they did, and was content to live the life of a country clergyman, but in his parish and among those who knew him, high or low, his memory remains as a great possession [2].

To this period belong, at least in part, the following reminiscences, for which I am indebted to Mrs. Dugdale, of Merevale Abbey, Warwickshire:—

'My memory of the Master spreads over most of my life. When I was a child he used to come to my father's[3] house both on business and pleasure. I remember as a young girl being at Oxford with my parents as his guest, and the intense delight of seeing Oxford and being shown it by him. I married one of his pupils, and therefore had a double reason for being his guest at the Lodge at Balliol.

'And then the visits to us. I cannot omit one special association with him. His letter the morning after the terrible

[1] Mrs. Green is the daughter of the late Dr. J. Symonds of Bristol, and sister of the late John Addington Symonds. Cf. vol. i. p. 268.

[2] See vol. i. p. 122.

[3] Sir C. Trevelyan: see vol. i. p. 185.

accident in the mine[1] (written so immediately after hearing of it) was one of the two last letters ever read to my husband. There were numbers of letters, but when he heard "Jowett" had written, he asked me to read it, and to answer it. And later in the day he urged me again to do so, though I could hardly leave him. The approbation of the Master was evidently so sweet to him.

'Two months after my husband's death the Master came to us at Merevale. My eldest boy, who was then only eight years old, was ill in the nursery, and the Master went up and sat with him a long time, reading aloud the wonderful story of Hector's death. Another time, when staying with us, he read in the evening from the *Pilgrim's Progress* that part where Christian crosses the river. The peculiar qualities of his voice —the subtlety and simplicity which all must remember—seemed at the moment exactly to suit that thrilling passage. It sounded in our ears as if it had never been read aloud before.'

In the Long Vacation of 1882 Jowett went to Davos, where J. A. Symonds was then living, a visit repeated more than once and always with the liveliest pleasure.

Though his time abroad was short, he visited the cathedrals which lay in his route—Amiens, Rheims, and Laon, and noted what he thought striking in them. In the aisles of Amiens we find him musing partly over the English Church and the possibility of reforming it, and partly, as in such places we are apt to do when alone, over his own life:—

'Absolute unselfishness and self-devotion. To fix my mind (1) on the will of God for all men, (2) on the state of the world and of England fifty years hence.

'To control my thoughts: absolute freedom from egotism, stronger associations with the past.

[1] In which Mr. Dugdale was fatally injured (May 2, 1882) while attempting to rescue the sufferers.

'Solitude when possible, and as much as possible.

'To consider how religious thoughts may be a great intellectual exercise.

'To get the habit of throwing off work.

'Never for an instant to regard myself as old or growing old. To think of death in ten or twelve years' time as the necessary end of all my work.'

LETTERS, 1880–1882.

To the Lady Abercromby.

West Malvern,
January 9, 1880.

. . . You know I have a superstition about keeping letters. As well kill a friend as kill a good letter. . . . I am sorry that you . . . will not be at ——; I chose the time because I thought that it would suit you. But I dare say that you have good and wise reasons, and it would be hardly fair to send you back the threatening message which you sent to me in —— 'That you would never forgive me': which I was foolish enough to believe for once.

'Varium et mutabile semper
Femina:'

Do you understand Latin? I think not; therefore I have written in Latin what I should not like to say to you in English. . .

Yours very sincerely,
B. Jowett.

To E. Harrison.

[1880.]

Thank you for asking about me: I am well, and able to work, and Thucydides, of which about two-thirds is printed (including all the translation), will be out at the end of the

Long Vacation. It seems to me that I have one-fourth of life before me at the utmost, and two-thirds of the work of life to do. Nevertheless I shall go on and expect to die in harness.

To the Countess of Wemyss.

March 26, 1880.

I send you my best wishes for the election, which, as I pretend to be a Liberal, I ought not to do. My Liberalism gets to the lowest point at the time of a general election. Then, if we could have statistics of them, lies would be found to double, like drinking. And great electioneers always say things that they should not, Mr. Gladstone attacking Austria and Mr. Cross Russia, both equally improper. I believe the best 'dodge' is to be very complimentary to all opponents, which does them no good but reflects credit upon yourself. Mr. Gladstone seems to have discovered this trick lately.

To Dean Stanley.

1880.

I was very much pleased with your speech about the Prince Napoleon: I do not suppose that you care very much about the attacks on you. It is not a bad thing for any of us to have a taste of unpopularity: one would not wish to live on 'butter and honey' all one's life.

The hatred to the Napoleon family is very extreme in a small class, especially the coterie of literary men, who, like the Church, never forgive; I used to see it exaggerated in ——, who danced about like a mad thing whenever the name of Napoleon was mentioned[1]. . . .

To Professor Lewis Campbell.

November 3, 1880.

. . . Either for you or me to succeed in life (and I certainly have not succeeded as yet) requires a great many favourable conditions. First, good health, and entire freedom from care

[1] Cf. *Stanley's Life*, vol. ii. pp. 324 ff.

and sensitiveness. Secondly, complete devotion to the end which we have in view. Pleasures and feelings and society must all be made to give way to it. Thirdly, there must be the determination to make the work as good as possible at any cost of time and labour. In criticism we must get perfect clearness and good judgement, if we want to influence others. Fourthly, there must be independence and force of character. We should not fear to speak out, although the world attacks us. Otherwise I think that we had better give up attempting to write, and lead a quiet inoffensive life.

I think you should propose to yourself the necessity or duty, not only of being friends with everybody, but of not being unduly affected or hurt at what they say or do. Sensitiveness is a weakness most paralyzing and weakening to the mind—I am certain it can be cured, and that if it is not cured in one place it will be in another.

Will you think about these things and try and make your life and will stronger? . . .

My only wish in life for myself is to do something worth doing in Greek Literature and in Philosophy. To that I hope to devote money, time, and everything else. I want you to do something good and to fix your whole mind upon it.

To MRS. ILBERT[1].

(Written from ADDINGTON PARK,)
December 23, [1880].

I have always been of opinion that older persons about forty should collect younger ones around them, give them advice and work, introduce them to society, and so on. They and their wives may be of inestimable use to poor, rather struggling young Oxford and Cambridge students. Do you catch the idea? I will add, by way of illustration, two texts of Scripture:—

'Blessed is the man that hath his quiver full of them;' 'Make to yourself friends, so that, when ye fail, they,' i.e. the young men, 'may receive you into everlasting habitations.'

[1] Now Lady Ilbert.

To J. A. Symonds.

West Malvern,
December 28, 1880.

I congratulate you on having finished your *magnum opus*; your life, notwithstanding its drawbacks, certainly seems to me a fortunate one. For the happiness of life is work, and you are able to do more than any one else. . . .

'George Eliot's' death is a great grief to me; for although I have many friends she is a friend who can never be replaced. Those who were acquainted with her through her books only half knew her. She was the most amiable and the most self-controlled as well as the most gifted woman I have ever known. The 'Babel of voices' used to trouble her, and she kept out of it as much as she could. In mind she was not at all exhausted when she died, and was intending to write one more novel. . . .

I hope that you look forward to a period of rest and study, which you were promising yourself some time ago. You have done a great deal, but you may do a great deal more. Rest and continuous reading are absolutely necessary to strength in writing.

Some winter—I think next winter—I shall come out and see you at Davos. At present I am tied to a task which is minute and laborious, and I feel as if I were getting somewhat too old for it, having more capacity for thinking than for acquiring knowledge or analyzing the grammar of sentences; however, *levius fit patientia*. I shall be free at the end of the summer.

We have been anxious about Green, though he seems to me to be better at present. I wish that he could take a different line in his philosophical teaching. His pupils get confused, retain no interest in other kinds of knowledge, and after a few years find that they have lost much and that there is no compensating gain. Metaphysics are thoroughly inimical to poetry and literature, and they exert an immense influence. Common sense may receive a slight enlargement from them, and indeed some knowledge of them is necessary to enable the mind to get rid of them. But I think the vulgar are right in

regarding them as a forbidden kind of knowledge, which is of most use after it has been forgotten.

Give my love to your wife and to the children. It must be a great wrench to you to have given up the house[1]—that house in which I remember so much kindness and such pleasant parties. I think that the Bristol University College will float, though there is no great love of learning among the Bristol people. We have lately got £300 a year from the Clothworkers and £300 a year from the Anchor Society.

Ireland, Ireland, Ireland, is the talk of everybody everywhere. The Government are universally blamed for allowing this anarchy to grow up to such a height, that it can hardly be stopped without civil war. The people are gradually acquiring a new morality, that it is a duty not to pay their debts: I hardly see how Gladstone and Co. can be defended, though no doubt the small peasantry of Ireland are too much in the hands of landlords. I have been much interested in reading Mr. Russell's letters. You in the serene atmosphere of Davos seem a long way from these matters—*vix tenuis famae perlabitur aura.* We are looking forward to a very stormy and interesting session.

To the Lady Abercromby.

West Malvern,
January 12, 1881.

I have two or three projects of considerable works, and at present I am rather pumped out and have lost memory and intellectual strength. But I shall keep the projects in view, and after many depressions and lapses hope to bring some of them to a conclusion, if the evening does not close in too soon.

Does it not do persons good sometimes to be told to 'do what they are doing'? In this dull world there is encouragement in the consciousness that life, though difficult, is not a failure. . . . If I had life to begin over again I would hardly ever speak against any one (for after all there is some degree of weakness in it), but endeavour to take people from their own or from the most favourable point of view. Have I not heard

[1] Clifton Hill House, Clifton.

the complaints which mankind make of political leaders, said of every one during the last forty years? It would be a great strength in thinking about politics if one could get rid of one's own person and of everybody else's. A man's mind runs so easily into antagonism; especially if there is some shadow of personality in the question. It is the critical habit of the age which threatens to dissect everything and bring into existence nothing. . . .

My feelings towards Gladstone and the Ministry soften when I see the attacks upon them. Lord Hartington's is a good manly spirit, and he has the great quality of not caring for public opinion. The Ministry seem to be on the right track: only I think that I should go beyond them in giving a good round sum of English money for the creation of a peasant proprietary and for emigration.

To the Lady Abercromby.

Oxford, *February* 21, [1881].

By no means write down what I say. 'Sufficient unto the day is the nonsense thereof,' as Sidney Smith used to say. Write down the ideas of your own which please you best: that is what I constantly do, and with great advantage to myself, though the thoughts seem very poor and washed out when I look at them years afterwards. I have thirty or forty volumes of them.

I am always interested about Pascal, and am going to preach a sermon about him at the beginning of next Term. Finding sermons rather uninteresting I have taken to making them into biographies, and have done two such, Wesley and a companion pair of Bunyan and Spinoza. (Did you ever read Bunyan's *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners?* If you have not I will send it to you.) Pascal was a bundle of contradictions, though one of the greatest geniuses who ever lived. Geometrician, sceptic, writer of Christian Evidences (not very good), Montaignist, man of the world, saint, the overthrower of the Jesuits—the last is his real title to greatness. He raised the morals of the world by the *Provincial Letters.*

To the Lady Abercromby.

West Malvern,
March 30, 1881.

An ancient philosopher who was afraid of telling lies used to wag with his finger, instead of speaking. Afterwards he gave this up as partaking more or less of the nature of untruth. That is my feeling in discussing politics. I merely guess about them and know nothing. Upon the whole I agree in the 'retiring' policy, especially after hearing Gladstone discourse upon it at dinner on Saturday, but when I think it over by myself and reflect on the consequences in the army, in India, and also in Europe, I am not quite clear. . . .

Half the things I say I wish unsaid, and am greatly afraid that I may never be much wiser than I am. My only comfort is that Thucydides is nearly complete; the last sheet will go to the press in about a fortnight.

I dined at Tennyson's on Saturday with a very interesting party—among them were the Gladstones, Sir Garnet and Lady Wolseley, Burne Jones, Mr. Baillie Hamilton, and others. The Prime Minister was marvellous. He had been working all day, and was the most brimful of conversation of anybody in the company. He was thankful about the Transvaal, but said that the danger was far from being over: the danger which he seemed to apprehend was from the dissatisfaction of the English and of the loyal Boers. . . .

After dinner Tennyson read us (very badly) 'The old order changeth, yielding place to new.' It was pleasant to see the entire absorption and devout inclination of the head with which Gladstone listened to him.

When I got here I found a telegram which pleased me greatly. The College had gained the three first places in the University Classical Scholarship, called the Ireland, as it had done in the Mathematical Scholarship, and also in the Latin Scholarship. These successes of the undergraduates encourage them and show that the College is not inefficient; they are also some indication of their future success in life.

All London is talking about the reminiscences of Carlyle, generally with deserved reprobation. It conveys, however, a

true picture of the man himself with his independence and ruggedness and egotism, and the absolute disregard and indifference about everybody but himself. He was not a philosopher at all to my mind, for I do not think that he ever clearly thought out a subject for himself. His power of expression quite outran his real intelligence, and constantly determined his opinion. While talking about shams he was himself the greatest of shams. He would say, 'Whatsoever thou doest, do it with all thy heart.' But the moment you set to work he would begin to laugh at you. I fail to see any good influence which he has exercised except in giving a stimulus to sceptical ideas which he afterwards denounced, if that indeed be a good. He is not one of the instructors of my youth towards whom I have a grateful feeling, though I read with much interest the *French Revolution* and *Cromwell*. . . .

I forget whether I recommended you to read *Lord Campbell's Life*. It is a real autobiography, and pleased me greatly. The 'pushing Scotchman' lets you into the secret of his weaknesses, and is quite aware that you will be more interested in him if you are able to laugh at him. I have always liked his *Lives of the Chancellors*, which is an excellent gallery of portraits done by a rough but very tolerable artist.

To the Lady Abercromby.

[1881.]

I had a long talk with Lord Sherbrooke on Monday. He is a good deal aged, but I was struck with his conversation. He said: 'It is too late for you and me to begin again, but I want to ask you a question. In our day at Oxford we were compelled to be religious. Now there is no religion (I say nothing about its truth and falsehood). But how do you propose to supply its place?' Is not that remarkable, coming from him?

To Evelyn Abbott.

Oxford, *July* 24, 1881.

While the Demosthenes is fresh in my mind, I will say a few words about it. I think that it requires a good deal of

labour and revision. It is certainly true that we cannot expect to translate fairly one of the world's masterpieces without writing the translation five or six times over. A translation of Demosthenes must be the work of many years, perhaps of ten years. Every sentence has to be studied by itself and in connexion with other sentences.

The first point is clearness; then (2) idiom (which means the use of familiar language); then (3) the avoidance of tautology (the Greek, even Demosthenes, has far more tautology than English); then (4) accuracy, which is clearness in small things, especially in relatives and antecedents, and in giving the right relation to clauses. There are two characteristics of Demosthenes, dignity and rapidity, and it is very hard to combine them.

The slight personification of the Greeks arising out of the genders always strikes me as one of the greatest difficulties in translation. You cannot attribute any living or lifelike action to 'it' or 'its,' and hence a great deal of transposition becomes necessary. Weak constructions must be avoided, e. g. the infinitive after the substantive, unless it has passed into an idiom, which is sufficient to sanction almost any construction. The participle for the substantive should very rarely be used. The sensitiveness of the English language to tautology is really exquisite; it excludes 'to' 'to,' in the same sentence, or the demonstrative 'this' 'this,' which is common enough in Greek.

The true test of translation is not a good phrase as a boy at school supposes, or a good sentence as some Cambridge men imagine (if the particles are duly represented), but an equable and harmonious paragraph, or rather a harmonious whole. English is much simpler than Greek, and therefore the English translation has to be simplified, and complex relations often omitted. Greek is latitudinal (μέν, δέ, &c.) and longitudinal (γάρ, οὖν, &c.). But English is neither. There is much less subordination and much more co-ordination.

I should like to finish the *De Corona* with you, either at the end of the vacation, or in the Christmas vacation. And we may read over smaller portions of that and other orations, when you have worked upon them, 'at dessert.'

To the Lady Abercromby.

West Malvern,
August 20, 1881.

I think that the prospect looks brighter than three months ago in the political world. The Government will no longer have any excuse for not maintaining order in Ireland. Do you not think that the Irish Bill in its last stages was admirably managed in the House of Commons (not in the House of Lords, where they fell into the error of talking about the landlords' interests exclusively)? I thought Gladstone showed wonderful tact and temper.

The world is moving towards good or evil, and it is no use to repine at the change because it does not agree with the ideas of one's youth. France seems to be the centre of the European movement and Gambetta the centre of France. The Catholic Church is nowhere in the politics of Europe, though a stay to individuals; and the English Church in a few years will be in the same position. It is curious to see Bismarck, the great antagonist of Catholicism, veering round to it in the hope of gaining some support against Socialism and Materialism. Some people say that such religion as he has comes from his wife, who is an Evangelical. At first he had her Protestant feelings against Popery. But now he thinks that we must all unite against the common enemy. If the House of Lords goes, the Established Church will go with it, and if the Established Church goes, the Monarchy will depart too. . . . I cannot help feeling that the events of last week were much more serious than they appear now that they have been got over. I am told that a great man speaks of the House of Lords in rather an irreverent manner, as 'an old building which it is useless to repair.' But he or any one becomes appalled when they see the amount of change which it involves to abolish it, and the doubt whether they would carry the country with them. The real power of the House of Lords, like that of the Crown, is very great; but then it depends on personal management.

Since I had the pleasure of seeing you, I have lost my oldest friend, the Dean of Westminster. He and I were Scholars of

Balliol together when we were undergraduates, and the friendship has continued ever since, i.e. since about 1836. I do not think that you quite understood him, and I should like to talk to you about [him] when we meet. He was not a courtier really, not at all, though a certain impressibility in his character sometimes made people think so. He was naturally good, and never did anything wrong or interested or mean in all his life. Also he knew nothing of the real troubles of life (having been always an *enfant gâté du monde*, though quite unspoiled and indeed untouched by it). This made the death of his wife, which with the death of his mother were the only great sorrows that troubled him, the more terrible. He was very courageous, and supported Bishop Colenso and the authors of *Essays and Reviews* without the least thought that the line which he took would exclude him from a Bishopric. From your ideal point of view this may not appear a great height of virtue. But I know it to be very uncommon among clergymen.

This vacation I am living the life of a free man and a gentleman, reading, not writing, which is slavery and drudgery (though the slavery must begin shortly). I have even time to write to a friend without feeling weary.

It will interest me to hear what you are doing and whom you are seeing, if you are inclined to tell me. With your good memory and clear head you have stores of pleasure and interest in reading. These are the *solatia* of life. The last word suggests to me two lines of Wordsworth which a blind lady (very refined and good, but hideously ugly) repeated to me the other day. Will you lay them up in your thoughts?

> 'For consolation's sources deeper are
> Than sorrow's deepest.'

Yet I suppose before we can realize them we must almost become indifferent to all earthly hopes, and perhaps even to rejoice in trials. . . .

It is time to go to church, which here is an excellent form of penance—nowhere so good—and I fear that I must conclude.

To the Lady Abercromby.

Balliol College,
November 4, 1881.

Let me send you the *Republic* of Plato, but I do not expect you to read it because I send it. You will find it difficult, because it belongs to another world far apart from Christianity and modern literature. Many things, such as the distinction of moral and intellectual, which are familiar to us, did not exist in the time of Plato. This partly makes the difficulty and also the interest of the book. . . .

To ——

West Malvern,
January 1, 1882.

What strange inventions dreams are! I believe that they have nothing to do with our waking life: there is no time or coherence in them, though you can say to yourself 'this is a dream'; and sometimes our dream refers back to another dream of which you have no recollection when awake. I have lost the power of dreaming almost entirely.

But this is only 'such stuff as dreams are made of.' I am sorry to hear that you have had so much trouble during the last two months. The realities of life press hard upon us at particular times, and though it is not true, as Rochefoucauld says, that there is something in the misfortunes of our best friends which is not wholly unpleasing to us, yet it is true that there is a strange sad pleasure in helping and relieving them. And I believe that this is the best cure for troubled affections—to diffuse them over the sorrows of others. As you say, the world seems different as we have experience of its trials, but one would not have the old view of the world back for the sake of its youthful pleasures. It is a great thing to arrive at a higher point, if not at perfect peace.

The last word of your letter is 'sympathy.' I often think about it, for it is necessary to life, and human souls cry out for it. Are there not also dangers in it? You tell what should be known only to yourself to some weak person who offers it to you (weak persons are generally sympathetic), and you think

them wise and good when they are anything but wise and good. There are few virtues greater than the power of holding one's tongue, which is called 'reticence.' I sometimes show the sympathy which I feel for young men, but always in the hope of making them independent and drawing out something which is in themselves. The person who hangs upon you is no good.

But life becomes a great deal more solid and valuable when one has surrounded oneself by the best people in the world, first by those who are of one's own rank in life, and yet embracing the best of other classes.

I am glad that you went to Cannes. It will be a satisfaction hereafter. The Southern climate always makes one wish to go thither: it is, like Paris, 'the heaven to which good Americans go.' Did you ever hear of a motto for the gate of Hell, 'Ici on parle Français'?

But I am writing nonsense, and unconnected nonsense too. So that it is time to stop. Let me wish you a Happy New Year on the first day of the year. Or if you discard happiness, I can only wish you the reflection at the end of the year that you have nothing to regret.

To the Lady Abercromby.

West Malvern,
January, 1882.

The days which I spend here seem to me the best of my life, because I am doing the work of my life. Thank God, I have no real anxiety but to get that done before I die: it seems to me not half done yet, and I am uncertain about eyesight and strength. Excuse my egotism in telling you this. . . . We may believe that all things are working together for good, or may be made to work for good in some way; and if difficulties increase, our spirits must rise with them. . . .

To the Lady Abercromby.

Oxford, *January* 22, 1882.

I send the *Utopia*. . . . I forgot to ask you why you think me 'hard'; I have been too soft all my life, and

am rather glad of the charge, though uncertain of what is meant by it.

Upon second thoughts I am doubtful whether the *Utopia* will interest you much; therefore I shall send you another little book with it, which is sure to interest you; there has been no one like Sir Thomas More in England since.

To the Lady Abercromby.

Oxford, *March* 4, 1882.

. . . Nothing in Plato is really foolish or fanciful, if you take into account the state of mind and knowledge in which he wrote. It was a sort of twilight in which luminous mists appeared from time to time. He was struggling to get clear ideas, what he called abstract ideas, or universal notions, and to connect them.

I would advise you to read the beginning of the *Timaeus*, stopping when it ceases to be intelligible; then the *Critias*; the *Laws*, Book x, which is very modern and interesting; then the dialogues relating to the personal life of Socrates, beginning with the *Apology—Crito*, *Phaedo*, *Symposium*—the *Protagoras* and *Gorgias*—and perhaps these will be sufficient direction until I have the pleasure of seeing you again.

To Mrs. W. S. Dugdale.

Oxford, *May* 3, [1882].

I am so grieved to see in the newspaper what has happened to Mr. Dugdale, which must be a cause of great sorrow and trouble to you. It was a noble thing of him to risk his life as he did. I cannot regret his doing it, not even if the result were worse than it is.

Will you give my kind regards to him? I should like to hear how he is getting on, but do not wish you to take the trouble to write.

To the Lady Abercromby.

September 8, 1882.

. . . I have just been to see my poor sister here at Clifton, where she has been removed for the sake of being near some

relatives. She is very good and patient, but she can scarcely speak, and I do not expect much improvement. Life is not worth living on these terms. Yet there is something in her example which touches me greatly.

I am glad that Parliament is at an end. The closing scenes did no credit to either House. I used to think myself a Liberal, but sometimes fear that I am in danger of becoming a Tory (though I struggle against this as much as I can). But I cannot help feeling more and more the unfitness of the lower classes to govern themselves. Still less is any other class fit to govern them. It seems to me that there should be a representation of classes and not of numbers. Otherwise the huge mass generally inert, and even Conservative, becomes the dupe of agitators, who operate upon it at elections in various ways. No great harm has been done as yet by the extension of the suffrage, and some good things, such as the Disestablishment of the Irish Church and the Burials Bill, could not have been accomplished without it. But looking forward into the future one cannot tell what will be the result. At this moment, however, I feel myself changing back again from Tory to Liberal, and inclined to believe, looking at the example of France and America, that there is no danger which the common sense and the ability of the upper classes may not avert.

To me one of the most evil signs is the irreligion and materialism of young men—perhaps only a passing wave—which will have left them in after life high and dry. 'The old order is changing.' Do you read Shelley? I have been reading the nice little volume of selections made by Stopford Brooke. Shelley seems to me a great genius, who was also a mistake. He never sees man and nature in the true proportion. In poetry, as in life, man was intended to be above nature, but Shelley confounds human feelings with a fanciful and extravagant love of clouds and water and winds. Such poems neither support me, nor express anything which I experience. Mr. Stopford Brooke thinks that there was a new gospel in the French Revolution, and that to this new gospel Shelley gave expression. I have no clerical horror of the French Revolution, but neither does it seem to me to have given ideas to the world which are of any value. It was the dissolution of the

old society, but not the reconstruction of a new one. And it remains to be seen whether France has not so completely lost the idea of self-government that Anarchy will always require to be kept down by Imperialism. . . .

I often wonder why so very few persons who have knowledge and ability speak well. Is not the real reason a peculiar sort of indolence which refuses to make the mental exertion of collecting facts and taking notes and arranging them with skill (writing them out as Lord Brougham used to do his peroration four or five times), and then getting up at the right moment with a mind full of the subject and delivering your thoughts? A speaker should prepare himself also in writing for a debate, setting down opposite to one another all that can be said on either side. He can then make a reply, which is a far more useful thing than making a set speech. . . . People talk about repeated actions giving habits (this is a very old thesis). But much more interesting to me is the curious effect on character which may be produced by single acts, seeming to raise the mind to a higher level, or to give a power previously unknown. I think that this is especially the case with acts of courage, or disinterestedness, or forgiveness.

CHAPTER VIII

THE VICE-CHANCELLORSHIP. 1882–1886

(Aet. 65–69)

JOWETT as Vice-Chancellor—Programme of work—The Non-Collegiate students—The drainage of the Thames Valley—The Clarendon Press—The Indian Institute—Mr. Horton's nomination—Performance of plays—The New Theatre—Conclusion.

AT the beginning of Michaelmas Term, 1882, Jowett became Vice-Chancellor of the University. The election was noticed in the papers, some of which congratulated the University, and declared that a 'little of Jowett's energy and rare perseverance could not be misplaced in the government of Oxford under its new constitution,' while others congratulated Jowett on attaining the reward of great services. Jowett himself, though willing to accept the office, was not without some misgivings. 'Yes! yes,' he answered, impatiently, to some congratulations, 'but what shall I do with it? What is there that can be done?' To Morier he writes:—

'Your most kind letter gave me much more pleasure than the article in the *Times*. I have a few years more of hard work left in me, and hope that I may be able to do something in this office of Vice-Chancellor. I shall not cease to work while I live.'

To another friend he writes in a lighter tone:—

'I am really pleased at being Vice-Chancellor. The work is rather hard, but interesting and important, and in four years' time I may hope to have made an impression on the University if I have health and strength. It would gratify me if you would come and see me on Sundays walking to church with three pokers, two of gold and one of silver, before me. Then you would think something of me, more than you do now, I am sure. But I fear that your too critical eye is not to be dazzled by these external splendours.'

The Vice-Chancellorship is nominally held for one year, but the Vice-Chancellor is always re-appointed at the close of each year, until four years have elapsed. During this time he is the chairman of every important meeting in the University. He is expected to attend the sermons preached from the University pulpit. He presides in person or by deputy at the granting of degrees, and to him the Statutes are brought for interpretation. Jowett threw himself heart and soul into his work, and quickly made his influence felt. He was as autocratic as his position allowed him to be. He would neither go forward nor backward beyond the point at which he wished to stay. When the supporters of a scheme to which he was opposed had succeeded in getting it placed first on the list of agenda at the last meeting of the Council for the year, Jowett, who was of course chairman of the meeting, after listening to a few words, remarked that 'at this period of the Term no one would think of discussing a matter so important as that now before them,' and straightway left the chair, thus bringing the meeting to a close! 'Is Jowett in favour of your proposal?' asked a member of the Hebdomadal Council, 'for if he is against it, there is little chance for you. Parnell is not in it with him in obstruction.' Another characteristic

feature was the care which he took that arrangements for which he was in any way responsible should go smoothly. One of his Proctors tells me that in his year of office Jowett sent for him and said that he understood there would be a good deal of disturbance at Commemoration. 'I told him that I did not apprehend anything serious.' 'But is there anything that we can do to lessen the chance of it?' he asked. The Proctor reflected, and said, 'We must take care that there is nothing about ourselves which will give the undergraduates an opportunity; suppose we have our hair cut.' 'Yes,' said Jowett after a pause, 'I will have my hair cut.'

He had looked forward to his position during the previous Long Vacation, and wrote down a list of agenda:—

'*Agenda*, 1882–1886, *during my Vice-Chancellorship.*

1. Indian Institute.
2. Archaeological Museum at the Ashmolean.
3. Museum of Greek Antiquities and Art.
4. Cricket for the University.
5. Swimming Baths.
6. Repairs of St. Mary's Church.
7. Physiological Laboratory.
8. Rearrangement of the Bodleian.
9. Planting of Broad Street.
10. Furnishing of the Schools.
11. Purchase of ground and bridge over the Cherwell.
12. The river to be improved.
13. Establishment of a Philological School.
14. Improvement of Commemoration.
15. Performance of Shakespeare or of Greek plays in the Theatre at Oxford.
16. The creation of a Medical School at Oxford.
17. To fill St. Mary's with stained glass, A. P. S., T. H. G., G. R. L., J. H. N., A. H. C.[1]

[1] Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Thomas Hill Green, George Rankine Luke, John Henry Newman, Arthur H. Clough.

As was always the case in his agenda, Jowett has here set down far more than there was any hope of his accomplishing. But he did accomplish a great deal, and if in some points he fell short of this programme, in others, as in his plans for the Non-Collegiates and the Clarendon Press, he went beyond it. A complete record of all that he did and all that he attempted to do as Vice-Chancellor would fill a volume. Yet he did not neglect other duties. He was more hospitable than ever; his College duties were carefully discharged, and if he did not see quite as much of the undergraduate members of his College as in old days, he probably saw as much of them as any other Head of a House. He also found time to bring out his translation of Aristotle's *Politics*, with the notes.

In this chapter I shall give an account of the Vice-Chancellorship, leaving to the next the record of Jowett's personal life during these years.

Dean Liddell, who was a member of Council at the time, writes to me as follows:—

'Jowett did not, I think, take much part in University business till he became Vice-Chancellor in 1882. He came, I remember, to consult me as to the mode of conducting business so as to leave him time for his own work, and I recommended him not to bind himself to attend all committees of Council, but to confine himself to those to which important matters were referred, leaving the committees generally to elect their own Chairmen. But I think he found it expedient, if not necessary, to preside over almost all. Most Vice-Chancellors have done the same.

'He used at the beginning of each Term to send round a printed list of matters which he thought required the attention of Council. But I think this plan produced very little effect on the legislation proposed by Council. Members still gave notice of their own motions, without much regard to the Vice-Chancellor's suggestions. His increasing deafness and occa-

sional drowsiness stood in the way of influence which in earlier days he probably would have exercised. But he carried some important measures, among which were provisions for giving a local habitation to the Non-Collegiate students.'

From the very beginning of his office as Vice-Chancellor the condition of the Non-Collegiate students attracted Jowett's attention. He noted what he regarded as defective in the system, and suggested improvements.

'The Non-Collegiate students,' he observed, 'are supposed to be a success in point of numbers, but are they not a failure in other ways?

'1. Not more than fifty-five per cent. of them succeed at the examinations for which they enter. There is a larger percentage of failures than occurs at any College. Yet being poorer they ought to be more diligent and the failures to be fewer.

'2. Not more than eighteen per cent. of them take a degree as Non-Collegiate students.

'3. They have not the social or other corporate advantages of a University. The Non-Collegiate students are isolated units. They have no buildings (worth speaking of). They are not all the persons who have entered as Unattached students, but only the inferior remainder of them who for want of means or want of ability are unable to get into Colleges.

'4. The instruction given to them is wholly inadequate.

'A great many poor men have been enabled to come to the University, but not with much profit, or with much benefit to themselves or the University. They have had a hard struggle for existence; they have had no society, and no adequate education; they have not felt any pride or satisfaction in looking back upon their Oxford course. When in the country they are asked the question, "To which College do you belong?" they answer, not without some feeling of regret: "To the Unattached students."

'How Oxford can be made accessible with advantage to a large number of students is a question of the greatest interest and importance.

'Instead of attempting to establish a body of Non-Collegiate

students the true principle seems to be to convert them as far as possible into Demi-Collegiate students:—

'1. The Colleges might be persuaded to throw open their lectures to them, receiving say £5 a head for private instruction in addition.

'2. No person should be admitted a Non-Collegiate student who has not passed the examination in lieu of Responsions or who cannot take Responsions in six months. Students of special subjects should be examined to show special proficiency in such subjects.

'3. They should be admitted to the Colleges which provided them with lectures at the end of the first year, if they are able to pass the required examinations and if they have passed Moderations.

'4. The number should not exceed 200, and

'5. No money to be spent on building, but the institution and offices to be transferred to the New Schools.'

The plan of converting the Non-Collegiates into Demi-Collegiates did not succeed—though all College lectures are now open to them—and it was perhaps well that it did not. But to a large extent Jowett carried out his plans.

'During his Vice-Chancellorship[1] no branch of University business received more attention from him or gave more scope to his characteristic qualities, for although he was one of a body of Delegates, whatever was done by the Delegacy during his Vice-Chancellorship was mainly due to him.'

'The subsidy of £1,000 a year from the University revenues assigned to the Non-Collegiate students by the Statutes of the Commissioners had given an opportunity of improving their position in the University. Jowett, who, as Vice-Chancellor, with the Proctors was charged with the appointment of Dr. Kitchin's successor, insisted that the new Censor should devote his whole time and attention to the business of the

[1] I quote from a paper sent to me by the Rector of Exeter College, who was Censor of the Non-Collegiate students at the time.

Delegacy. He then turned his attention to the improvement of the standard of acquirement exacted from them, insisting that examinations should be passed within a certain limit of time. Two other measures were then brought before the University at his desire. (1) The Delegacy was largely augmented in order that more persons in the University might have the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the working of the Non-Collegiate system and of taking an interest in it. (2) The attention of the Hebdomadal Council was directed to the Commissioners' Statute, which required the University to provide suitable rooms for the use of the Delegacy, and mainly through his influence the present convenient offices were built.

'In his treatment of the Non-Collegiate students two characteristics were specially marked, his sympathy with poor men and his personal kindness to them, and on the other hand his strong sense of the duties incumbent on them, and his strictness in enforcing discipline. Notwithstanding the innumerable calls on his energy and resources, he never grudged the time he bestowed on the business of the Delegacy. He often summoned me to talk over some scheme for the good of the students, and his suggestions and criticisms on any proposal made to him showed the care with which he had considered the question beforehand. He occasionally invited the more promising students to his house, as he invited the members of his own College, and if it were necessary to help a promising man through some temporary difficulty, he welcomed an appeal for substantial aid. But he would not tolerate idleness or indiscretion. It seemed to him that the men with whom he had to deal were specially bound to show themselves worthy of the privileges they enjoyed, and if they could not rise to the height of their responsibilities, he was not disposed to show them any indulgence. He was always very reluctant to admit exceptions from rules which he knew to be just and generally expedient. But his was a wise severity. He determined the policy of the Delegacy at a period of change when firmness as well as wisdom was indispensable. The students one and all regarded him as their friend and benefactor. They had a deep respect and admiration for him, and will always remember him with affection and gratitude.'

A second scheme in which Jowett was much interested, spending both time and money upon it, was the improvement of the drainage of the Thames Valley with a view to diminishing the flood water at Oxford.

'In this,' Dean Liddell writes, 'he and I were closely united. I had from the time I returned to Oxford in 1855 taken much interest in the matter, and had joined a committee formed by the late Mr. Philip Pusey for promoting the general drainage of the valley. After many fitful exertions it was agreed to raise subscriptions for the purpose. A statement was prepared and sent round to all the persons interested in the proposed work, and Sir J. Hawkshaw, C.E., was commissioned to prepare a report. He did so. His plan involved a new mouth to the Cherwell, the removal of Iffley Lock, the consequent dredging of the river above Iffley, and many minor works. Great objections were raised on several accounts to the removal of the Lock, and finally it was found necessary to abandon this part of the plan.'

In this scheme the University and city combined, and Jowett was only one of a committee which included other Heads of Houses and a number of the leading residents in Oxford and the neighbourhood. But he was one of the most active of the committee, and was indefatigable in collecting subscriptions. As Dean Liddell remarks, the scheme became divided as time went on. That part of it which involved the removal of Iffley Lock and the consequent lowering of the summer level of portions of the Thames and Cherwell met with serious opposition, on the ground that it would destroy the beauty of those streams by exposing the banks. The City of Oxford also, as owners of the Oxford Waterworks, opposed the lowering of the water level, which would diminish the existing supply of water, and render it necessary to seek fresh sources. In the meantime, with a view of hastening the execution of the

work, and relying on the favourable reception which the scheme met with when first proposed, and on the large amount of subscriptions promised, Dean Liddell and Jowett had entered into an agreement with the Thames Valley Drainage Commissioners, by which it was provided that the Commissioners should complete Sir J. Hawkshaw's scheme, and the Dean and Master should pay the sum of £14,000 by instalments, extending over three years, and for this payment they became personally liable.

In 1886 the new mouth of the Cherwell had been completed, and other work had been executed under this agreement, towards the cost of which the Dean and Jowett paid to the Commissioners the sum of £3,600. But as the opposition grew, it became evident that it would be dangerous to proceed farther; there was even some talk of legal proceedings being taken, and the Commissioners consented to cancel their agreement. The position was difficult, as, though much lasting benefit had been derived from the works already executed, all the conditions upon which the money had been subscribed had not been fulfilled, and it was therefore necessary to consult each subscriber whether he would consent to the application of his subscription to the repayment of the Dean and Master. The necessary consents were obtained, the £3,600 was repaid, and the balance of the subscriptions was returned to the subscribers. It was with much difficulty that Jowett was induced to consent to the cancelling of the agreement. Relying on the opinion of eminent engineers and medical men, that the scheme would greatly benefit Oxford, he was ready to encounter opposition, and to the pecuniary risk which he ran if the scheme were dropped he appeared quite indifferent. Jowett's connexion with the scheme has

been perpetuated by the name given to the new outlet of the Cherwell: it is called the Vice-Chancellor's Cut.

These two schemes Jowett regarded as the most valuable work of his Vice-Chancellorship. Writing in August, 1884, when he still hoped to carry out the drainage plan completely, he says:—

'My Vice-Chancellorship has thus far been a success, though I think the report you heard of me greatly exaggerated. By the help of others I have accomplished one or two useful things—the reform of the Unattached students and the abolition of the floods. This involves the getting rid of the Lock at Iffley. As you may suppose, I watch these things with great interest.'

But these were by no means the only plans which Jowett was pushing forward. As Vice-Chancellor he was chairman of the Delegates of the Press, and in no part of his duties did he take a greater interest and pleasure. Everything connected with books attracted him—the type, the paper, the shape, the binding. He wished to see the University Press turning out work of the very best character, and keeping up the tradition of fine printing. The Controller of the Press was sent over the Continent to examine the newest forms of type; the best modern plant and machinery took the place of old-fashioned, worn-out presses. In Greek type also Jowett wished to have something new; and an album was prepared giving specimens of all the types in existence. And when none of these were found satisfactory—for no two scholars could agree on a type—he wished to have an entirely new fount, based on a comparison of the best MSS. Under the new management established through his influence, and with the new energy which his sympathy aroused in the staff, the business of the Press rapidly increased; the number

of employés was almost doubled; and new buildings were erected. 'He sometimes harassed us,' the Secretary of the Press tells me, 'by pressing proposals or changes which seemed to us unfruitful or even unsafe, or by requirements which were not quite practical; but we were all so impressed by his insight and appreciation, and above all by his single-minded public spirit, that no trouble was too great to take at his instance.'

With the printing of his own books he was never quite satisfied. He knew enough of the art to be critical, but not enough to guide the printer. He wished to combine advantages which were inconsistent and impossible, as for instance, to have a good margin, and a marginal analysis. The second edition of his Plato was printed on paper made especially for it, and selected by him, but it is really a writing paper on which good printing was all but impossible.

Among other plans he had one for issuing a series of Greek texts which should take the place of the ill-printed books in use at school. On this he bestowed a good deal of trouble, drawing up lists of the works to be printed and of the editors to whom they were to be assigned, and inventing schemes by which the books could be sold at a cheap rate. At one time he proposed to sell the volumes in small parts, so that any one could purchase as much as he required and no more; at another to issue the works in different sizes, the smaller to be reproduced from the larger by some process of photography. Each author was to be furnished with prolegomena on points of grammar and idiom, a selection of readings at the foot of the page, and a good index. But the scheme fell through. There was a difficulty in finding editors, and in determining the precise nature of the texts which were to be published. If they were

based on fresh collations of the MSS., there would be great expenditure of time and money in preparing them, and yet anything less than this seemed hardly worthy of the University Press. One delay followed another, and when Jowett ceased to be connected with the Press, at the end of his term of office, the plan was suspended.

Among the books printed at the Press in his Vice-Chancellorship, in which Jowett took a peculiar interest, was the great English Dictionary, which was being brought out under the editorship of Dr. Murray. Jowett saw what a vast undertaking this was, and that more rapid progress must be made if it was to be completed within a reasonable time. It was chiefly on his suggestion that Dr. Murray was induced to come to Oxford and give his whole time to the work, and a second editor (Mr. Henry Bradley) was appointed in order that the book might be carried on in two divisions. Of this new dictionary an amusing story was invented in Oxford. We were told that Boswell, meeting Dr. Johnson in the Shades, had asked: 'What would you say, sir, if you were informed that your dictionary is being superseded by the work of a Scotchman and a Nonconformist?' 'Sir,' replied Johnson, 'in order to be amusing, it is not necessary to be flippant, inaccurate, or indecent.' A new edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, edited by Dr. Birkbeck Hill, appealed more directly to Jowett's sympathies, for of all books this was his favourite. When the handsome volumes appeared he was delighted with them, and chose them from time to time as presents to his friends. Another subject upon which he spent much time and thought was the Clarendon Series of School Books, with notes. This he wished to make as complete and useful as possible, and eminent schoolmasters—especially

Dr. Warre of Eton—were consulted as to the best form in which they could be printed.

His interest in the Press went beyond the books to the men who printed them. He had a plan for extending to the printers, and indeed to all College servants also, some scheme for insurance and pension such as already existed among the servants at Balliol. This kindly interest was not forgotten, and among those who attended his funeral were a number of men from the Press. But Jowett was not what is called a 'working-man's man.' He had never been brought into close contact with working men, and in my opinion he formed far too low an estimate of their character. 'I do not see what can be done to raise them,' he said, 'they have been allowed to sink into such a state of degradation.' Of the meaner kinds of labour he had a horror. 'Why is it,' he once asked me, when we passed a drover with his sheep—not a very well-favoured drover, I must allow—'why is it that those who have to do with animals become so degraded?' To see a man breaking stones caused him positive pain: 'That ought not to be allowed in a civilized country,' he would exclaim; 'that is a dreadful sight: such work should be done by machinery!' When we were staying together at Boar's Hill, in 1885, he spoke of a labourer who had recently died while at work in the field. The man, feeling himself ill, asked his fellow workmen to stand round him and sing a hymn. They did so, and had hardly finished when he ceased to be. Jowett was touched with the man's simple piety, but he added, 'It must have been a relief to him to be at the end of life, if ever he thought at all what life had been to him.'

It is part of the Vice-Chancellor's duty, as I have said,

to attend the University sermons. Hitherto, for various reasons, Jowett had been rarely seen at St. Mary's, but now he was not only most regular in his attendance, but from time to time took careful notes. Of one sermon he says, 'Good, one idea, but too rhetorical,—yet illustrating the true idea of a sermon, which is to create aspirations in the minds of the hearers'; of another, 'This sermon talked about want of education in the clergy, which was illustrated by the sermon itself.' And again, 'Sermon a wretched performance; no reasoning or meaning in it; very trivial and childish in parts.' 'O episcopal logic!' he exclaims of another, 'destroying all laws of proof for the sake of proving the truth of miracles.' 'Never was an argument so ably stated or so frivolous.' Of English preachers and preaching he had in general a very poor opinion; he thought that hardly any one took pains about the matter, and very few understood what a sermon should be. Preaching was an art which required the most careful study, as well as great natural gifts, and excellence could not be attained without much practice and training; yet every young clergyman was allowed to go his own way, with little help or guidance. And the natural result followed; pulpit oratory had fallen to a lower level than ever before. It was past praying for, he said; and preachers, if they were to be found at all, were only to be found among the Nonconformists[1].

A curious little change in the ritual at St. Mary's dates from Jowett's attendance there as Vice-Chancellor. It is the custom for the preacher to repeat the Lord's Prayer after the Bidding Prayer, and previously he had repeated it alone. But Jowett, ignorant of this custom, or forgetting it, began to repeat the Lord's Prayer after the preacher, and the undergraduates in the congregation,

[1] See vol. i. p. 272.

on hearing him, began to repeat it also. And ever since the prayer has been repeated after the preacher.

For some years past a plan had been formed to build an 'Indian Institute' in Oxford which should form a centre for Oriental, and more especially for Indian, studies in the University—a place where the selected candidates for the Civil Service might meet together, and hear lectures on Oriental subjects, and where a library of books on India and the East could be collected. The scheme was set on foot by the Boden Professor of Sanskrit—now Sir M. Monier-Williams—and it was due to his exertions that it was carried out. In November, 1880, the University undertook to adopt the Institute, but the purchase of a site and the erection of a building were left to the Professor. Lord Brassey came to his aid with a gift of £9,000, and he had already obtained much help from the natives of India during his visits there in 1875 and 1876. The foundation-stone was laid on May 2, 1883. The ceremony was conducted with Masonic rites, and the Prince of Wales, as Grand Master of the Masonic brotherhood, came down to take part in it. There was a great procession, the Chancellor in black and gold, Doctors in scarlet gowns, the Vice-Chancellor with pokers, Masons wearing their various garments and decorations, and a few Indians in cloth of gold and jewels. As he watched the laying of the stone—the strewing of the corn and the pouring of the oil—Jowett was heard murmuring to himself: 'I wonder they can keep their countenances.'

Jowett had always taken an interest in Professor M. Williams's plan, and at one time it was not improbable that the Institute would be closely connected with Balliol College. As Vice-Chancellor he now entertained a large company at luncheon in Balliol Hall. In pro-

posing the health of the Queen he asked leave to say a few words on the event of the day:—

'We are sensible that at Oxford we have not done enough for Oriental studies; they have not formed a part of our system or entered into our examinations; they have rather been left out in the cold. If it had not occurred to Colonel Boden to found the Professorship of Sanskrit, and a Scholarship, I believe that the most ancient language would have been wholly unknown to us, as unknown as Persian and Arabic, the two other great classical languages of the East, are still, except to one or two persons. These studies can hardly be made the basis of education in the same way as the classics, nor can they enter into our religious life as the Hebrew Scriptures do, yet they have a surpassing interest; they take us back to the beginning of civilization, and we find that there is still something beyond, a vast period which we cannot span.

'There is another aspect of the matter which I wish to bring before you. Of all studies these are the most practical. Englishmen have gone to India, and they cannot govern a people without understanding it and feeling with it, and the understanding of it must be gained through a knowledge of its languages, its literature, its institutions, its customs, its poetry and mythology, its land and agriculture. We do not wish to force upon the natives English ideas of religion or political economy and the like; but we would seek to arouse what is best in them, and so lead them to something better. This is the spirit in which we hope those who are destined for the government of India may be trained: we hope also that the University of Oxford may, in some measure, contribute to this, and that from the event of this day some good may flow to the countless multitude of our fellow-subjects in India.'

The nomination of Mr. R. F. Horton, M.A., Fellow of New College, as one of the examiners to conduct the examination in the 'rudiments of faith and religion,' which took place in Michaelmas Term, 1883, was the occasion of a clerical tumult, the last of the kind in Oxford. Mr. Horton was an active Dissenting minister,

and on this ground opposition was at once raised to his appointment. But the Test Act of 1871 provided that 'no person should be required, in order to enable him to take or hold any office within the University, to belong to any specified Church, sect, or denomination—with the exception of such offices as were bound at the time of the passing of the Act to be held by clergymen,' and as the office to which Mr. Horton had been nominated to act did not fall in the class of exceptions, the refusal to approve of the nomination on the ground assigned seemed to put the University in opposition to the law. This was still more the case because (1) the examination was one compulsory on all candidates for the degree of B.A., whatever their religion might be; (2) those who objected to be examined in the Articles or Gospels might substitute other matter, and (3) till quite recently the examination in the 'rudiments of religion' had been conducted by the classical examiners, who were not necessarily members of the Church of England.

The nomination was confirmed by the House of Congregation, i.e. by the resident Masters of Arts, but only by a small majority. After a week's interval it would come before the House of Convocation, i.e. before all the Masters who could be whipped up to vote on the occasion. The war note was sounded. No question had excited so much interest since Dean Stanley was nominated one of the Select Preachers ten years previously. The papers were crowded with letters for or against Mr. Horton's nomination, which was not the more generally popular because Jowett was thought to be at the bottom of it. The *Times* was against the appointment, and, of course, all the Conservative journals; the *Daily News*, *Chronicle*, *Pall Mall* supported it. From his deanery at Chichester Burgon declared 'that the fate of Oxford at this grave

juncture depends entirely on the loyalty of her sons, of which they will afford proof by the vote they will record.' The argument of the opposition was mainly this: that if Mr. Horton's appointment were approved, undergraduate Churchmen would be compelled to be examined in their own Church doctrines by men who did not hold them. Some saw in the nomination 'another attempt to destroy dogmatic teaching at Oxford'; others seized the opportunity to pour contempt on the examination; others, again, wrote abusive letters to Mr. Horton himself.

'How dare you, sir, bring us up from the country to oppose your nomination as an examiner in the Divinity Schools? Are you so hard up for money that you are obliged to tamper with the truth of God—if you can—for a few pounds' gain? Hoping you will have sense enough and heart enough some day to see how disgraceful your conduct is in allowing yourself to be thus nominated, I am in profound disgust,

'M.A., Christ Church.'

In Oxford there was perhaps less excitement than outside. Even of those who felt that an examination in 'the rudiments of religion' ought to be conducted by one who shared the same faith, many supported the nomination. It was legal, it was liberal. Mr. Horton was held in high respect, and as the nomination had been made, it might be allowed to pass. But the opposition was too strong to be guided by moderate counsels.

On December 13 more than seven hundred Masters of Arts gathered together in the Sheldonian Theatre. The Vice-Chancellor, speaking in Latin, stated the object of the meeting, and then, with a change of tone, announced that to avoid mistakes he would speak in English. His words were received with a shout of laughter. When silence was restored he remarked quietly, yet severely: 'I was afraid, gentlemen, that if I spoke in Latin many

of you would be unable to understand me!' There was no doubt what would be the decision of the meeting. The 'ayes' and 'noes' filed out through opposite doors, and so soon did the 'ayes' come to an end that many of the 'noes' passed through the same door. The numbers were: Placet 155, Non placet 576.

Among the items in Jowett's agenda as Vice-Chancellor was the 'performance of Shakespeare or of Greek plays in the Theatre at Oxford.' What he did and allowed to be done for the encouragement of the drama is best told in the following letter from Mr. W. L. Courtney[1]:—

'Jowett's connexion with the lighter side of University life, the side represented by the drama and amusements, is concerned especially with three points:

'*First*, the recognition and regular establishment of the Undergraduates' Amateur Club in Oxford.

'*Second*, the construction of a new theatre in Oxford.

'*Third*, the lecture given by Sir Henry Irving at the New Schools.

'1. For years before I had any acquaintance with the matter, there were one or two Undergraduate Clubs engaged in theatricals. Some of them had had a kind of social recognition—in other words, their performances were attended by the ladies of Oxford; but for the most part it would be true to say that they existed in spite of academic disapproval and censure. The performance of the *Agamemnon* at Balliol College was the beginning of a new order of things, and, still more, the performance of *The Merchant of Venice* in the Town Hall in December, 1883. On this occasion the "Philo-

[1] Jowett was keenly alive to the fascination which dramatic entertainments possess for the audience, and still more for the players. He wished to control and elevate this influence, which without proper guidance may become a source of difficulty and danger. How much he sympathized with Plato's views in this matter (*Republic*, bks. iii. x.) may be seen from the remarks in the introduction to the dialogue, p. clviii ff.

thespian" Club, afterwards altered into "The Oxford University Dramatic Society," gave a series of performances with the direct sanction and encouragement of Jowett, who was himself present on the opening night.

'One of the official acts of Jowett's Vice-Chancellorship was to authorize the status of the Amateur Dramatic Club, which afterwards appeared on many well-known occasions, the two stipulations being, first, that the performances should be public and confined either to Shakespeare or the Greek drama; second, that the ladies' parts should be played by ladies, and that no undergraduate should disguise himself in women's attire, as had been the practice in the smaller and more underground entertainments.

'2. The formation of the new theatre had been for many years talked about both in the city and in the University. The only place of entertainment when I was an undergraduate was a wretched, dismal, tumble-down structure called by courtesy the "Victoria" Theatre! I had many talks with Jowett about this state of things and the absolute necessity of putting an end to this more or less disreputable place. At the same time a company was being formed in the city for the erection of a proper theatre. It was Jowett's happy idea (it was not wholly Jowett's, I fancy) that the Victoria Theatre should be shut up on the ground that it was unsafe in case of fire. It was easily shown that considerable risk was run by any one who went into the building, and as at that particular time some attention had been drawn to the safety of music-halls and theatres, official prohibition was without difficulty secured. The New Theatre Company had by this time matured its plans, and, on February 13, 1886, the theatre was opened with the performance of *Twelfth Night* by the University Dramatic Society. Jowett himself was one of the earliest to enter the building, and as he took his seat in the stalls he was greeted with tremendous cheers.

'3. I need say but little concerning Irving's visit to Oxford, as it was fully commented on in the press, and the lecture which he delivered on Four English Actors was published in pamphlet form by the Clarendon Press. The whole ceremony, for it was nothing less, had been previously arranged when Irving

came to Oxford on a previous occasion and met Jowett at dinner at my house. It was then that he formally invited him to lecture before the University, and fixed the place at the New Schools. The lecture was given at the end of the Summer Term of 1886, Irving on that occasion staying with Jowett at the Master's Lodge at Balliol. Of course Jowett himself was present at the lecture, and at the conclusion he read an extremely characteristic speech. There is probably no record of this little address[1], which, to my mind, was one of the most graceful things which I ever heard from Jowett. There was one odd result of the meeting between Jowett and Irving, that both took away the same kind of impression of each other. I asked Jowett what he thought of Irving, and he said that what he particularly admired was his fine reserve; I asked Irving what he thought of Jowett, and the answer was almost identically the same. It was obviously too strong a contrast of personalities, each moving in a sphere with difficulty understood by the other.

'I may add that there were a good many caricatures—as far as I remember produced by Messrs. Shrimpton & Sons—in connexion with this whole movement; one especially represented Jowett as a clown jumping over the back of the traditional policeman, who was on this occasion represented by the Senior Proctorial bull-dog. The likeness of Jowett was a capital one, the harlequin was Frank Benson, and I regret to add that the pantaloon was—

'Yours very truly,

'W. L. COURTNEY.'

Nothing that I could write would give an adequate impression of the indomitable energy which animated Jowett during these years. Now, more than ever, his strong will and force of character made themselves felt. I will mention but one incident more—a striking example of his quick and resolute mode of action. One day a friend came to him with the news that the

[1] In this Mr. Courtney is happily mistaken. The speech was reported verbatim by the *Oxford Chronicle* and will be republished.

open ground on the top of Shotover, so well known to all who ride at Oxford, was about to be purchased and enclosed. There was, however, still some difference about the terms, and for the time the negotiations were at an end. 'Go at once,' said Jowett, 'and secure it.' 'I will go in the morning,' the friend replied. 'No! you must go at once,' was the answer: 'get into a cab and lose no time. I will be responsible for the money.' The land was bought and secured from enclosure, and the University subsequently took up the purchase.

It was these qualities of will, energy, and originality, even more than its chief incidents, which gave a peculiar character to Jowett's Vice-Chancellorship. Sir W. R. Anson, now Warden of All Souls, writes to me:—

'Jowett was not content with the ordinary influence which a strong chairman may exercise. His conception of his office was rather that of a Prime Minister who has to take an initiative in his Cabinet and enforce his views. Thus his idea of the duty of a chairman was not so much to get business done as to make his ideas prevail. Inconvenient as this might be, one could not help appreciating the value to the councils of the University of his persistent endeavour to make existing things better, and to find new spheres of influence for Oxford and Oxford men.

'It should not be forgotten that when he became Vice-Chancellor all the new machinery devised by the University Commission was coming into effect. Much trouble must have been involved merely in setting the machine to work, and Jowett was most anxious that it should work with effect. At one of the first meetings of the Delegacy of the Common Fund—a board to which was entrusted the expenditure for University purposes of contributions levied on the Colleges—I heard him say, "We have all this money to spend; don't let us spend it in a commonplace way." This was the characteristic of his Vice-Chancellorship. I do not think that he enjoyed business, or the doing of a commonplace thing in

a commonplace way: and so the ordinary affairs of the University ran smoother when he had ceased to be Vice-Chancellor: but he gave to the office the impress of his own individuality. It would be a misfortune for the University if every Vice-Chancellor took a similar view of his functions; but it may be well that from time to time the office should be held by a man of striking originality, self-sacrificing industry, and great strength of will, even if these are joined to an entire disregard for the ordinary methods of conducting business.'

When his term of office came to an end Jowett's feeling was one of great relief. The burden had become intolerable, and he longed to return to his literary work, which had fallen much behind. The failure, partial or complete, of some of his plans, such as those for the drainage of the Thames Valley and for printing a series of Greek texts, was a great disappointment to him; he had not accomplished what he most desired. That the changes in which he had been successful were not approved by every one; that some shook their heads over the Theatre and were astonished to see an actor the guest of the Head of the University was a matter of less moment. To such criticism Jowett was quite indifferent. He had no regrets in looking back on what he had done. By the undergraduates he was regarded with enthusiastic admiration, and no Vice-Chancellor has been more popular with them. He had sympathized with their amusements, while endeavouring to make them more elevating. They did not understand his motives, for they spoke of the 'Bohemian element' in his conduct of office, but they felt that he had in various ways made Oxford more delightful to them. When delivering his last Latin speech on quitting office, he dwelt on some general topics which were always in his mind:—on the increasing beauty of Oxford, in which no one rejoiced more than he, for he wished Oxford

men, wherever they might wander, to remember their old home : the gardens, the river, the shady trees, where they had spent happy hours ;—on the devotion of Oxford Tutors to their pupils, which was bearing noble fruit ;—on the loss of many friends who had rendered great service to the University. And, looking forward, he expressed the hope that Oxford would fulfil the highest mission of a University, by cherishing the truth which is everywhere and always one and the same—that by bringing together Religion, Philosophy, and Science she would make them better friends, and remove the misconceptions which arise from ignorance and prejudice.

CHAPTER IX

PERSONAL HISTORY. 1882–1886

(Aet. 65–69)

Loss of friends: The Archbishop; Miss Jowett; H. Smith; Toynbee; Spottiswoode—Notes—Jowett's hospitality—The College—Professor Marshall—Mr. Farmer—Aristotle's *Politics*—Gordon—Ireland—Jowett at Emerald Bank—With Ruskin—Visit to Davos—Old age.

LIKE that which immediately preceded it, the first year of Jowett's Vice-Chancellorship was saddened by the loss of many friends. On December 3, 1882, the Archbishop of Canterbury died. He was a Fellow and Tutor of the College when Jowett came up in 1836, and the friendship which began then was never broken in spite of wide differences in religious opinions.

A few days before his death Jowett went to see the Archbishop at Addington. 'It is very kind of you,' said Tait, 'to come and see me.' 'It is very kind of you,' Jowett replied, 'to see me. You have done a great deal of good in your life, and you have had many trials.' 'Not such great trials as you have had,' Tait answered; 'but I know that what you wrote was only written out of a love of the truth. May the Spirit of God grow and increase in you.'—'I said, "I shall always take an interest about your girls as long as I live." He said, "God bless you, my dear friend." I replied, "I shall never forget your last words." "Pray with me," he said; and I repeated the Lord's Prayer and a text

of Scripture. I wished him good-bye. He also said 'I have often thought of that sermon which you preached, *It is finished*[1].'"

Before the year closed he had to mourn the death of his sister. Though for more than two years she had been paralyzed, and almost deprived of speech, Jowett keenly felt the final severance, for the last remaining link with his own family was now broken. He writes thus of her death (December 22):—

'This day at about three o'clock in the morning my dear sister Emily died. She was aged sixty-seven years, but though paralyzed appeared to be much younger. Two days ago, I saw her better than she has been during the last two years. To the last she was in the habit of reading Dante, Milton, Petrarch, Shakespeare, and before her illness she usually played Beethoven or Handel for an hour or two a day. This, and visits to the poor, and in former years the care of our mother, was her way of life. She shrank from society, though she had a few friends for whom she had an intense regard, and who had an intense regard for her. She was seized with a fit at about 11.30 on Wednesday evening. A little before she read M. Arnold's poem on the Canary[2] in *Macmillan*, and said, "How beautiful!" This must have been the last intellectual effort she ever made.

'She was a saint in private life, who never thought of herself. All her days were devoted to my father and mother, and she made life possible and easy for them. For though intelligent

[1] From Jowett's memoranda. The sermon is No. xix. in *College Sermons*, published in 1895.

[2] 'Poor Matthias,' which ends thus:—

'Fare thee well, companion dear!
Fare for ever well, nor fear,
Tiny though thou art, to stray
Down the uncompanioned way!
We without thee, little friend,
Many years have not to spend:
What are left will hardly be
Better than we spent with thee.'

and educated people, they were unable to take care of themselves.'

These bereavements, which were not unexpected, and came in the fullness of time, were followed by others which touched him more closely in his University work, and were as unexpected as they were calamitous.

On February 9, 1883, Professor H. J. S. Smith died after a short illness. Of him it is unnecessary to speak. His genius and accomplishments, his grace and gentleness, his sound judgement, his brilliant conversation, are a tradition in Oxford, and have been recorded in a series of biographical memoirs, including one from the Master's hand. No greater misfortune could have befallen Jowett at this period of his life than the loss of such a friend. In all matters regarding the University he looked to Smith more than to any one else for advice and help. For no one was more thoroughly acquainted with the affairs of the University; no one knew better what could be done and how to do it. What Jowett suggested, he could throw into an acceptable shape. His calm judgement and persuasive manner were an admirable corrective of Jowett's ceaseless energy: he possessed in an extraordinary degree the gift of conciliation, and could say the happy word which quells a rising storm. 'He was the most gracious man I ever knew,' Jowett said of him.

But Smith was not only the wise counsellor, he was the familiar friend who had been associated with Jowett in many common acts of hospitality. There was hardly any large gathering at the Master's Lodge at which he was not present, and whenever he was present he was the life of the party, charming in his conversation and possessing an inexhaustible fund of amusing stories, which he told with admirable grace and effect.

Smith's death was quickly followed by that of Arnold Toynbee, of whom I have spoken[1], and in the summer by that of William Spottiswoode, whom Jowett describes as perhaps the most remarkable of his friends:

'Wanting in imagination and originality, but possessing every other quality—great attainments, great cleverness, indefatigable energy, high principle, perfect self-control, extraordinary kindness, the temper of a Stoic, living in a good deal of splendour, yet absolutely unaffected by it, entirely free from egotism or ostentation or love of rank, one of the few persons who know no distinction of rank, free from every other weakness, in the quietest manner managing all sorts of persons; full of business plans, yet never giving a hint of them to others; the most reticent of men, yet also one of the most active-minded; the most austere, yet one of the most amiable, saddened by early trials which were continued into later life, and regarded by him only as a matter of business to be dealt with as such without irritation.'

How deeply Jowett felt these bereavements is seen in his correspondence at the time, in which he constantly returns to the subject. In writing to Mrs. Ilbert on March 23, 1883, he says:—

'The last two years have been sad to me; I have lost so many friends who cannot be replaced. First Arthur Stanley, then T. H. Green, then Hugh Pearson, then the Archbishop, then my dear sister, then H. J. S. Smith, then Arnold Toynbee (who was gaining greatly in the opinion of the world), and lastly, though he was not a friend, but only a very honoured acquaintance, the Master of the Rolls[2]. I used to think myself richer in friends than any one; but these are horrible gaps which can never be replaced.'

And to Professor Campbell, about the same time, he writes:—

'I hardly like to speak of the losses which we have had

[1] See above, p. 66.

[2] Sir George Jessel.

during the last two years—Stanley, Tait, Green, H. Pearson, and now Henry Smith and Toynbee. They were all my dear friends—some better, however, than others; and they were all among the most remarkable men in this country. They can never be replaced. Henry Smith seems now to be recognized as the greatest English mathematician of the century: I did not know this during his lifetime, and used to think him wanting in originality, because his mind was absorbed in the mathematical world. Toynbee also was gaining for himself a great name at Oxford and elsewhere. He was only thirty when he died. I also deeply regret the death of the Master of the Rolls, though he was only an honoured acquaintance: he was the greatest lawyer living, and very public-spirited.'

From the heavy pressure of the duties of his position and the sadness of repeated bereavements he sought relief in pondering over the great questions of religion and philosophy. Of his note-books none is more interesting than that which he filled between April and July in 1883. He hardly allows a day to pass without some reflection—as if this were the real record of his life. He touches on all kinds of subjects—Unity, Casuistry, Decency, Orthodox Scepticism, the Laws of Association, the Influence of Mathematical Ideas, Necessity and Freewill, Egotism, &c. I can only quote a few passages which throw light on his own feelings and character:—

The Actual Analysis of the Mind.

'*April* 19.—If I ask myself what takes place in my own mind, I am at a loss.

'I can only reply: "A good deal of semi-conscious dreamy fancy, in which I go capriciously from one notion to another." Some passing vanity or semi-sensuality is constantly interrupting me in prayer, or in any other serious thought. What I do is done by sparks and flashes, and not by steady thought. I put down these sparks and let them run into one another.

'My mind is paralyzed by a rude unsympathetic person, and

greatly quickened by intelligent sympathy. I know that this is a weakness; it makes me dependent on other persons; it prevents me from being ever ready, because before I can collect myself I must resist the pain which is given by a rude remark.

'Half a dozen times since I began to write this page my mind has run about in all sorts of directions.'

Immortality.

'*April* 24.—Immortality at my age is a natural subject for meditation. Extraordinary intensity of the belief in the first ages of Christianity. Not true to say that this is the result of the resurrection of Christ. No miracle could have perpetuated itself if the belief had not been already inherent or implicit in the human mind.

'Therefore the origin of the belief is rather to be sought in the mind than in the faith in any external fact, such as the resurrection of Christ. The highest concept which man forms of himself is as detached from the body.'

Prayer.

'*May* 9.—Nothing makes one more conscious of poverty and shallowness of character than the difficulty in praying or attending to prayer.

'Any thoughts about self, sometimes thoughts of evil, day-dreams, love fancies, easily find an abode in the mind. But the thought of God and of right and truth will not stay there, except with a very few persons. I fail to understand my own nature in this particular. There is nothing which at a distance I seem to desire more than the knowledge of God, the idea, the universal; and yet for two minutes I cannot keep my mind upon them. But I read a great work of fiction, and can hardly take my mind from it. If I had any real love of God, would not my mind dwell upon Him, like the believer in Wesley's Hymns?'

Vita Mea.

'*May* 13.—My own experience of life suggests such enormous waste. Had I been taught well in my youth, had I had

guidance, had I not wasted my memory, had I had any noble ideal better than success in life, I seem as if I might have attained to real greatness.

'My feeling is one of intense gratitude to Providence for having brought me thus far on my way without any great shipwreck or mistake. I have a great position. May every hour of the day and every pound that I have to spend be given to God.

'There are many things to be done in the way of improving society and study at Oxford. I will carry on this work as long as I live, and on my deathbed I will carry it on still, remembering the words which A. C. T. said to me.

'I must try to revive religion if possible in Oxford, and to concentrate my thoughts.

'*May* 16.—I find that a new position, e. g. the headship of a College, or the Vice-Chancellorship, does really change the character a good deal. To myself I seem to have got rid of my old sensitiveness and want of punctuality. I have no idea except that of fulfilling my duty to the University, and of devoting the remaining years to the service of God. It appears that I have very much changed during the last year, and I pray God that I may go on to perfection.'

Pensées.

'*May* 19.—Is it possible to feel inspired by the "great power of God"; to live altogether above human thoughts and opinions, out of self, meditating on the means and ways of perfection; to live altogether for others and for the highest, not for gain or honour or self-satisfaction? Is it possible to attain a divine force? I hardly know. Sometimes I feel as if old things had passed away and all things had become new. Then again, I relapse, through some weakness. I eat or drink too much, and do not retain thorough self-command or self-respect. Yet upon the whole I certainly make progress. I have no quarrels or sensitiveness; or at any rate, I get rid of them as fast as I can: and I am afraid of nobody. I have far greater enjoyment of solitude and of my own thoughts.'

THE DINING-ROOM, MASTER'S LODGE, BALLIOL COLLEGE

Work.

'*June* 15.—I wish my last years to be employed in original work, which may help men and women to live better and to be happier.

'In three years I think it possible that I may finish—

The *Politics*.
The *Republic* and the new edition of Plato.
The *History of Greek Philosophy*.
Thucydides, ed. 2.

'I shall then devote the rest of my days to sermon writing and moral philosophy, the Life of Christ, a commentary on the New Testament Scripture.

'Could I write as well as Renan?'

Moral Philosophy.

'The influence of language on moral philosophy is great; we should take the best words in popular use, if they have no false associations, and infuse the best meaning into them, without inquiring whether they are exact philosophical terms; e.g. we should speak of conscience, duty, obligation, not of development, evolution, because we desire to strengthen that side of man which raises him above nature, not that which identifies him with nature.

'Any great word, "honour," "freedom," "truth," "faith," is a valuable inheritance of which we must not allow ourselves to be robbed.'

As Vice-Chancellor, Jowett felt himself called upon to be even more generous than before in his entertainments. He was not only the Head of his College, with a large circle of friends; he now represented the University and added the hospitality of the Vice-Chancellor to the hospitality of the Master. In his methodical way he wrote down at the beginning of his term of office a list of persons who were to be asked to dinner, and—a new practice with him—he not only entertained but went out to dine. Sometimes his arrangements were more lavish than precise, placing his household in a good deal of

perplexity. An Oxford friend, so it is said, was invited to dine at the Lodge, and the butler, as he helped him to take off his coat in the hall, was detected in heaving a deep sigh. 'I am sorry to hear that,' said the guest; 'I hope you have no cause for anxiety at home.' 'No, sir, it's nothing,' answered the butler; 'only the Master invited twelve to dine this evening, sir, and you are the eighteenth who has come.'

In 1884 (June 28) he had once more the pleasure of seeing a large number of his friends at Balliol College. Mr. Arthur Peel, now Lord Peel, an old member of Balliol, had recently been elected Speaker of the House of Commons, and the College gladly made the election an excuse for a dinner. Jowett had lost many friends, and his delight was the greater in meeting those who still remained. He always desired for himself and for others that 'friendship should be kept in repair,' by which he meant, not that new friends should take the place of those who are gone, but that we should not allow old friends to drop out of sight and remembrance. On this occasion Sir Robert Morier, among many others, was able to be present, and Jowett's happiness was complete. A characteristic story is told of the two friends. Jowett sat near Morier, who, in his enthusiastic cheering, struck his silver fork again and again on his plate. Jowett watched him for some time with uneasiness, and at last, unable to contain himself: 'Morier,' he cried, 'you will certainly break that fork.'

The next day he wrote:—

BALLIOL COLLEGE,
June 29, 1884.

MY DEAR MORIER,

I cannot let the day pass without writing to thank you for the enthusiastic regard and affection which you have shown to me during thirty-six years and more. It has been one of the

greatest happinesses of my life to have had your friendship; I have learned so much from it too; you must take my meaning, for I cannot express what I feel.

I hope that we shall go on supporting and encouraging one another to the end. You are eight years younger than I am, and have still a great career before you.

The only way in which I can show my gratitude for your faithful friendship is by looking after your son; you may be assured that I will not fail in this.

Will you give my love to your wife?

And believe me,

Ever yours gratefully and affectionately,

B. Jowett.

Ten days later he is at Boar's Hill, diligently writing, and 'still feeling a new spring of life in him from June 28.'

Another occasion of more than common interest was the Commemoration of 1886, the last in his term of office. Among those who received degrees at this time were Oliver Wendell Holmes and John Bright, who, Jowett notes, 'was really pleased with the honour paid him[1].' Browning was also present—he was always Jowett's guest at Commemoration—telling stories of Red Cotton Night-cap Country and of Kean, the most popular of actors. It was said at the time, whether truly or not, that Bright hesitated to accept the degree, being in doubt whether it would become a Quaker to put on a gown which seemed to have something in common with a military uniform or a court dress!

In all this busy time the College was never out of Jowett's thoughts; that came first whatever might be second. When it was necessary, owing to the death of

[1] An honour increased by the compliment conveyed in the words 'patriae et libertatis amantissime,' which Jowett used when admitting him to his degree.

Toynbee, to appoint a new Lecturer in political economy, he invited Professor Marshall of Bristol College, who had for some time been in rather weak health, to come to Oxford and teach the subject. This change was a source of great pleasure and gratification to Jowett, who not only secured a very able Lecturer, but brought a friend to Oxford. 'Uno avulso non deficit alter,' he said in the first moment of triumph, when the negotiations were completed, and then, checking himself at the thought of the past: 'Ah! but it is sad to lose them.'

Marshall was elected a Fellow of the College, and lived in Oxford for about a year and a half, when he removed to Cambridge on being elected Professor there.

'Like you,' Jowett writes to Mrs. Marshall, 'I am pleased but sorry at your leaving Oxford; there can be no question that you were right in standing. I wish we could have had you at Oxford, but times and seasons would not agree. Thank you for all your affection and kindness towards me, which has been a great pleasure to me during the last few years of my life.'

But the most important change in the College during these days was the appointment of Mr. John Farmer as organist of the Chapel, with a commission to do what he could in making music an element of education and of social union in the College. For as the College grew in extent there seemed a danger of its falling into cliques, each keeping apart from the others in shy or rude isolation. This was to Jowett a source of much anxiety; he insisted that 'every one is a good sort of fellow when you come to know him'; and of all the advantages of College life none was greater in his eyes than the opportunity which it gave of social union among men who, just because they came from different schools, different grades in society, and different homes, would be the

better for mixing with one another. The meeting at a common dinner in Hall was of comparatively little use in this respect, for the same friends sat together night after night; at wine-parties men naturally asked their own friends, and even the debating clubs were close corporations. Jowett did what he could by asking men to breakfast, and urged the Tutors to do the same, but the ice is apt to be thick in the early morning, and tea and toast hardly suffice to thaw it. Jowett wished for something more. With Farmer's help he hoped to make musical tastes a means to the end which he had in view. And under the spell of Farmer's enthusiasm, which had done so much for schoolboys at Harrow, he trusted that music, of which as a student of Plato he had previously been somewhat suspicious, would be made an elevating influence in education. In this matter Jowett and Farmer were strongly supported by Lewis Nettleship, whose interest in music was only less than his interest in philosophy.

'When you leave Harrow,' said Jowett on one of Farmer's visits to Oxford, 'will you come to Balliol and do for the College what you have done for the School?' Farmer consented, and by degrees a plan was arranged for improving the Chapel services, and giving concerts in the Hall of the College. On Sunday nights a selection of good music was to be played; and on Monday or some other evening in the week, the men were to meet at a 'smoking concert' and sing songs of the best kind. In 1885 Dr. Butler resigned the mastership of Harrow, and Farmer felt himself at liberty to fulfil his promise. There was nothing to gain by the change, and much was left behind that was old and dear; but Jowett and Balliol were an irresistible attraction. 'I would have pawned my clothes to go,' Farmer said.

Some years previously, when dining in the Hall with Jowett, Farmer remarked what a beautiful place the loft at the west end would be for an organ: 'Whenever you come,' Jowett replied, 'you shall have an organ.' And in 1885, before Farmer came to reside in Oxford, Jowett asked him who was the best organ-builder. Farmer mentioned Willis. 'Telegraph for him to come while you are here,' said Jowett. Willis came, and was instructed to build an organ for the Hall. When the final estimate came in Jowett took Farmer aside and asked, 'Would a few more hundreds make it better?' But Willis had done his best, and though the organ might be larger, he could not make it better. The cost was about £2,000 [1].

Farmer was no sooner in residence than the plans agreed upon were taken in hand. At first he was thoroughly misunderstood, but this Jowett had foreseen. 'You will hear hard things said,' he observed, 'especially about the concerts on Sunday evening, but you won't mind them.' Hard things were said, but Farmer went on his way, and Jowett never failed in his support. He hardly ever missed a concert, except through illness; and, though the programmes were sometimes severe and consisted of music which he could not understand, he took it all for the good of the College. Sometimes he would plead for one or two numbers in his own line—'a little bit of old Corelli' and Mozart. He lived to see the concerts attended by overcrowded numbers, and to find that the innovation was forgiven.

It was the first time that concerts had been given on Sundays in Oxford, and perhaps no one but Jowett would have dared to enter upon such a plan. But he was convinced that men were well employed when they were

[1] In 1887 the organ in the Chapel was entirely rebuilt at a great expense. This also Jowett provided from his private purse.

listening to good music; and he was content to be a Sabbath-breaker if, thereby, his undergraduates were brought to make a better use of the Sunday evening.

A gift to the College always won Jowett's heart. He wished above all things to see the place interesting and beautiful. When Lord Arthur Russell offered to present some busts of German philosophers, he gladly accepted the gifts. And the letters which he wrote in accepting them show us that he was as faithful to books as he was to friends. After forty years he still cherished a feeling of deep veneration towards the German philosophers whom he had read in his youth, though his views on philosophy were widely different from theirs.

'*December* 2, 1884.

'We shall be delighted to accept your gift of Hegel. And indeed I think that the Library at Balliol is not an inappropriate place for him. It is more than forty years since I began to read his writings, and I think that in those days my mind received a greater stimulus from him than from any one. And though I see that philosophy of that kind is not destined to be permanent, I still retain a great reverence for my old teacher and master. Since those days the flame of Hegelianism has burned brightly in Oxford (though I must confess an adapted Hegelianism), lighted up by Professor Green and Professor Caird.'

'*January* 26, 1885.

'The bust arrived safely and has been unpacked safely. I like it very much. Hegel looks quite a gentleman, and as you are kind enough to promise us a bust of Kant, he will not be altogether forlorn in the College Library, where he will observe (to his surprise) that his works in twenty-one volumes have been well worn and have inspired some generations of Englishmen.'

'*July* 19, 1885.

'I have to thank you for your second kind gift of a bust of Kant, which I have placed in the Library.

'The two philosophers look at one another, and perhaps may find themselves at home, for they have been more read in Balliol College than probably anywhere else in England. Though not an Hegelian I think that I have gained more from Hegel than from any other philosopher.'

In conversation he would often deplore the neglect into which Hegel had fallen in Germany. So great a man should not have been so soon forgotten. As an exponent of Greek philosophy he placed Hegel in the first rank. Hegel, he said, understood Plato better than any of his predecessors, 'though now and then he did get drunk with metaphysics.' 'The influence of his philosophy could not wholly pass away, because his ideas have become the common property of all who care about philosophy'—so a friend remarked in conversation, and Jowett expressed his approval. Nor would he admit that Hegel is so obscure as is supposed; he had a language of his own which was intelligible if you took the necessary pains to master it. 'Hegel,' he has written in the introduction to the *Sophist* of Plato, 'if not the greatest philosopher, is certainly the greatest critic of philosophy who ever lived. No one else has equally mastered the opinions of his predecessors or traced the connexion of them in the same manner. He has done more to explain Greek thought than all other writers put together [1].'

It was inevitable that Jowett's literary work should suffer under the pressure of overwhelming practical duties. What time he could spare from the College and Vice-Chancellorship, he gave to the completion of his work on Aristotle, the translation of the *Politics*, with notes and essays. The book had been begun some fifteen years previously, had been laid aside, and taken up, and

[1] *Dialogues of Plato*, 3rd edition, vol. iv. pp. 337, 338. Cf. supra, vol. i. pp. 91 ff., 117, 120, 130.

laid aside again. In 1882 the translation was printed, but three years passed away owing to innumerable interruptions, and it was not till the beginning of 1886 that the work finally appeared. Even then, as in the case of Thucydides, the essays, which were to form the second part of the second volume, were allowed to remain over. A great many notes were made for them, and the first draft written—indeed he often refers to them in the published work; but it was impossible, with so many demands on his time and energy, to complete elaborate discussions of the difficult questions which he proposed to himself. In the summer of 1886, which he gave to their completion, he was unable to bring his task to an end. Ill health and attention to other duties prevented him from returning to the subject. The edition of the *Politics* remains an incomplete work, and the part which is wanting is the most important part of the whole.

To Aristotelian students the book came as a surprise and a puzzle. Jowett refused to accept the results of recent labours on the text, and even insisted on preserving the books in the traditional order.

'No analysis of the *Politics*,' he says, 'will enable us to arrive at the secret of their composition; we cannot rehabilitate them by a transposition of sentences or by a change in the order of the books; we must take them as they are. Real uncertainties are better than imaginary certainties.'

But this conservative feeling was, from another point of view, the despair of scepticism.

'The disease, if it is to be so regarded, lies deeper, and enters into the constitution of the work. . . . The existing form of the Aristotelian writings is at least as old as the first or second century B. C. If we go back in thought from that date to the time when they were first written down by the hand of Aristotle, or at which they passed from being a tradition of

the school into a roll or book, we are unable to say in what manner or out of what elements, written or oral, they grew up or were compiled.'

Yet with this scepticism about the text goes a conviction that we have at least the thoughts of Aristotle in the Aristotelian writings.

'We cannot be sure that any single sentence of the *Politics* proceeded from the pen of Aristotle; but this is no reason for doubting the genuineness of his works, if we take the term in a somewhat wider sense; for they all bear the impress of his personality. . . . Even if they are the tradition of a school the mind of the founder is reflected in them.'

These views would of course have been stated at greater length and supported by arguments in the essay on the structure and formation of the Aristotelian writings which he contemplated; but from what has been quoted we can see that Jowett's disinclination to adopt the 'latest results of Aristotelian criticism' rested on a principle. He set limits to the power of criticism, beyond which he would not go. What Aristotle actually wrote, we do not know and cannot ascertain. 'There may be said to be a *petitio principii* even in making the attempt, for we can only judge of the genuine Aristotle from the writings of which the genuineness is assumed.' It remains to accept what tradition has preserved, and make the best of it. But this is not the light in which the question presents itself to other scholars.

Jowett always took a keen interest in politics and political science; and though his introduction to the *Politics* is not so attractive as his introductions to the greater dialogues of Plato, there are sentences in it of remarkable wisdom and insight. Such, among others, are these:—

During the last century enlightened philosophers have been fond of repeating that the State is only a machine for the protection of life and property. But the ancients taught a nobler lesson, that ethics and politics are inseparable.' p. xiii.

'Nor can it be denied that great inequalities of property, by giving a stimulus to increased production, may give a larger share of the goods of life to the poor than could be obtained by any system of distribution, however just.' p. xxxix.

'It might be argued that even in a Greek republic, as in the United States, the real character of a democracy would be greatly modified by the prosperity of the people.' p. lviii.

'It is the ideal of the future that all men may be equal in political powers and privileges, and equally fitted to exercise them.' p. lxxxix.

'Permanence is the true test, whether of democracy or of any other form of government.' p. cviii.

'Can property ever be so well administered as by private persons possessing a measure of public spirit?' p. cxiv.

In these words Jowett has expressed some of his own deepest convictions. He would insist in conversation that we had had enough of *laisser faire*; it was time that the State should come forward and help men to do what they could not do for themselves. He looked on all property as a trust to be exercised for the good of others; and in his own practice, while careful of every shilling spent on himself, he contributed lavishly to any scheme for the common good. Yet he was most tenacious about the rights of property, and would not listen to any relaxation of the laws which protected them. He insisted also that all who received help should begin by helping themselves, for all improvement rests on the improvement of the individual character. 'To improve was to get rid of faults;' and to such improvement he looked forward with hope, trusting chiefly to education as a means of realizing it. Though deeply, perhaps morbidly, sensitive to the degradation of the lower

classes, he dreamed of a time when they would be delivered from the grinding pressure of work and poverty, and enjoy more of the sunshine of life. Might there not be a *Civitas Dei* upon earth, a state whose mission it was not to be great in commerce or conquest, but to produce a noble growth of men? That was not merely the dream of ancient philosophers; it was an ideal of the future which a great statesman would always keep in view.

On February 5, 1885, the country was startled by the news of the fall of Khartoum and General Gordon's death. Jowett was thoroughly roused. He blamed the Ministry, and above all the head of the Ministry, for allowing Gordon to go to Khartoum without adequate support, and regarded their conduct throughout as weak and discreditable. For Gordon he had the greatest admiration. His character was indeed one peculiarly attractive to Jowett—a combination of religion and practical sense, of mysticism and efficiency, which I believe that in his heart of hearts he regarded as the highest form of character attainable by human nature. Writing to a friend he says, 'Gordon's life is a possession for the English people. He will be one of their heroes in time to come. I am afraid that he convicts most of us of being "shams."' And in a sermon preached in the College Chapel he spoke of him in Wordsworth's language as the 'happy warrior' 'whom every man in arms would wish to be.'

His dissatisfaction with the Gladstonian Ministry was increased by the attitude which they took up towards Home Rule. Not that he was insensible to the claims of Ireland, or averse to very liberal measures of reform; but he felt strongly that the first duty of a Government is to preserve order and maintain the security of property. A Government which failed to do this and was driven

by its failure to make concessions which would prolong the mischief and increase it, was no Government at all. For himself he thought out the question of Home Rule carefully and widely; and as the difficulty is still unsolved, his memoranda are worth recording.

'The Irish question,' he says (January 4, 1886), 'has more possibilities than are supposed :—

'1. Total separation.

'Too near—too hostile—robbery—jacquerie—would revolt to France or America—civil war—extermination—protection—difference of laws.

'2. Give them the constitution of Canada—or New Zealand.

'Same objections—all increase of power given to Ireland means increased difficulty.

'3. Division into provinces.

'The previous objections with a nearer prospect of civil war—the Kilkenny Cats.

'4. The Parliament in Dublin and in England.

'But why should the Irish be twice represented? And would they not convert English politics into Irish?

'5. The Parliament in Dublin—not in England.

'But there would be constant collision, and the Irish still struggling to be free.

'6. With guarantees?

'But what guarantees are possible?

'7. Local Government?

'But where is the police, or justice, or property? Any power of rating places the minority in the hands of the majority.

'8. Education.

'But the whole nation would be educated in treason and hatred of England by the peasant priests.

'9. Nothing can be imagined, except the maintenance of order, which will not place greater weapons in the hands of the Irish.

'10. To go forward is probably civil war, for the English people, whether of the upper or lower class, will not submit to the Irish. To maintain order means the strong hand, and the disfranchisement of Ireland. Is the latter alternative possible at the end of the nineteenth century?

'11. No country can be governed by force when the whole of the executive is in the hands of the rebels.

'12. We arrive at a point sooner or later, when the obstruction, the treason, the cruelty, the oppression—in short the incompatibility of the Irish, become intolerable to the English; and then, but at a greater disadvantage to England and greater ruin to Ireland, the "strong hand."

'13. The only remedial measures that I see are: (1) buying out the landlords with English money, and establishing a peasant proprietary; (2) Catholic University Education; (3) Local rates spread over large areas, and restricted to a certain proportion of the rental.

'It is worth while for the English people to pay £10,000,000 a year rather than

'(1) Shake credit.

'(2) Dismember the empire.

'(3) Abolish justice; or admit that they are incapable of enforcing it.'

The greater part of his vacations during his Vice-Chancellorship Jowett spent at Boar's Hill, a place about five miles from Oxford, and commanding a wide view of the Berkshire downs. He found it convenient to be near home, and would walk to and fro even in the severest weather.

But the old habits were not wholly abandoned. In 1883 he spent a month at Emerald Bank in Newlands, near Keswick. The house hangs prettily over the stream, and is connected with the main road by a terrace walk which was admirably suited to Jowett's peripatetic habits. Here he would pace and muse upon Aristotle, or converse with his visitors, of whom Swinburne was one. The landlady of the house thought that he gave too much time to his studies. 'It would be much better,' she said, 'to be making hay in the fields than to be pondering over that Greek stuff!' The annual visits were also paid to old friends in Scotland, to Farringford or

Aldworth, to Woburn, and elsewhere. Nothing gave him more pleasure than a visit to Ruskin—apparently at Coniston. Of this he writes:—

'I should wish never to lose the impression of the kind welcome which I received from him. He is the gentlest and most innocent of mankind, of great genius but inconsecutive; and he has never rubbed his mind against others, so that he is ignorant of very obvious things.

'He talked about philosophy and religion, denouncing both logic and rhetoric: "he did not need them, nobody did."

'As an illustration of his religious belief he told me this story. "Once I had been very much excited by a letter which I had received from a friend, and so great was my passion that my nerves were shaken for a fortnight. On a dark and stormy day I walked up the hill out of Keswick, and as I walked a sign came to me from heaven. I was praying to be delivered from my burden, when suddenly a streak of light appeared in the heavens. I walked on, and the clouds gathered, and the old frame of mind returned. Again I prayed, and again I saw the light. This," he added, "I believe to have been the state of mind of pious men in the Middle Ages. They had signs from heaven, and so have Catholics at the present day."

'Speaking on painting, he said that there was no feeling whatever in the old painters for natural scenery.

'Education he would like to make voluntary. Children should only learn what they like. He never took an interest in the classics until he was about forty, when he began to read Livy.'

In 1884 (November 30), the circle of old friends was again broken by the death of Sir Alexander Grant. This was a sudden and unexpected loss. Three weeks before his death he had dedicated the new edition of his work on Aristotle's *Ethics* to Jowett, and Jowett, when accepting the dedication, encouraged him in a proposed work on the *Poetics*. From his first coming to Balliol he had been one of Jowett's most enthusiastic

pupils; and, though they were separated owing to Grant's residence in India, the enthusiasm never died out. On his part Jowett was a never-failing friend, and he showed the depth and sincerity of his affection by the care with which he watched over Grant's children[1].

Eighteen months later he lost Sir Henry Taylor. For ten or twelve years past it had been his custom to visit Sir Henry at Bournemouth 'at the same time of the year, and on the same day of the week.' And now he writes to Lady Tavistock on April 5:—

'Ten days ago I went to Bournemouth, and spent with Sir Henry Taylor the last two days of his life. He was quite well, and talked as usual about his old friends Lord Grey and others. Two hours after I had left he passed into another world. His friendship I always regard as one of the blessings of my life. He was so gentle and good, and had such interesting recollections of the past. From fear of praising himself he has hardly done justice to his own great qualities in the *Autobiography*.'

When his term of office drew to a close in the summer of 1886 Jowett remained for a time at Boar's Hill, completing such details of business as remained to be done, and rejoicing in the prospect of freedom. 'I have come to the end of my Vice-Chancellorship,' he wrote, 'on the whole to my great joy; it was too great a drudgery and left me no time to myself.'

Later in the vacation he was abroad with E. L. Stanley, and visited Symonds at Davos. On the way there was much discussion on education, a subject which was never forgotten when Jowett and Lyulph Stanley met. Whether primary education should or should not be free—what could be done towards teaching the teachers—the best arrangements for secondary education—the relations

[1] See vol. i. p. 127.

of board schools and voluntary schools—these were open questions then, as indeed most of them still are. As free education was already established in America, the greater part of Germany, Switzerland, and other countries, Jowett felt that England must not be left behind, and he was most anxious that teachers in primary schools should be brought up to the Universities: in fact arrangements had been made for a number of elementary schoolmasters to stay in Balliol for three weeks of this Long Vacation. He hoped also that the Universities might do something for secondary education; and almost the last words which he put on paper were suggestions of methods by which local schools might be brought into connexion with the University[1].

He found time on the journey to visit Rouen and Chartres. Rouen he had not seen for thirty-five years; and in the interval the town 'had not improved on the whole—more chimneys.' Of the cathedral he had a rather poor opinion—'the west end has a patchy unsatisfactory effect, too rich and too little uniformity'; but St. Ouen is 'the noblest of French churches.' The cathedral at Chartres impressed him deeply.

'The effect of the view from the west end is enough to make a lover of architecture scream with delight. The spaciousness of the building, the seven-lighted apse at the east end, the hundred and thirty painted windows of the best time and style (three rose windows), the height (106 feet), the antiquity (about 1260), make the interior of the church the finest in France.'

From his tour he returned to Oxford and Boar's Hill to finish his essays on Aristotle. He is resolved to have done with them, and, after his manner, draws up a strict plan of work.

[1] See below, p. 425.

Plan for Essays.

'Monday, Tuesday, August 22, 23. Revise essay on the structure of Aristotle's writings.

'The four remaining days of the week to be spent in correcting the life of Aristotle.

'Week beginning August 27. Essay on the style.

'September 5. Completion of essay on structure.

'September 5–12. The essay on style complete.

'September 12–19. Essay on text complete.

'N.B. To commence making notes for the last essay on Aristotle as a Political Philosopher.

'To read over again:—

'1. The *Ethics*; 2. The *Metaphysics*; 3. The *De Anima*; 4. The *Magna Moralia*, and *Eudemian Ethics*.

'To read Montesquieu, Burke, Bluntschli, the *Germania* of Tacitus.'

But the strain had been too severe; he was unable to make the progress which he expected; and his difficulties were increased by the illness of his secretary, M. Knight, who was again compelled to winter at Davos.

In the notes and correspondence of these years there are two prevailing tones. There is a tone of sadness, resulting from heavy bereavements, from increasing age and infirmity, and the ever-growing fear that the work of life would be left unfinished. On January 1, 1886, he writes: 'Years ago I should have written resolutions and plans. There is no time to write in that way now.' He begins two books of memoranda, one to be filled with notes on theology, the other with agenda and topics of a more general nature. But in a few weeks the theology is discontinued, and in the other book there are large gaps. 'Having only a certain amount of energy,' he sadly notes, 'I find it impossible to continue my diary except occasionally and at intervals.' But there is also

a strain of courage and hope, when he dwells on the peacefulness of age, and comforts himself and others with the thought that 'the best is yet to be.' This feeling is strongly expressed in some letters written at this time. Thus, to Lady Taylor he says:—

'I never condole with any one for growing old. For I do not think it a thing upon the whole to be regretted. Have we not more peace and quiet in age; and we walk more safely and are free from many troubles? So I shall not condole with you about growing old. Besides you are not old, which is the best consolation of all. I know that friends are gone who can never be replaced: we cannot talk with them, but we can think of them and love them still. And so, instead of condoling with you about advancing age, I shall wish you many happy years of life and health with your children.'

And to Mrs. Lancaster:—

'I hope that your father is well and that he enjoys life. I am one of those who say with him, "I *would* live always"; there are so many things to be done and there has been so much (perhaps unavoidable) loss of time. At least I should like to live for an indefinite number of years, until all my visions and projects of writing books are completed.

'I am rather glad to hear that he lives in a state of rebellion against old age, and means to be old and young as long as he can. I used to know an old lady of whom it was said that she was the youngest person in every company. I do not see why we should desire old persons, like some flowers, to shut up when the evening comes. If they are careful about diet and exercise, and can keep their minds in good order, they are much better and more respected for being alive and awake. At the beginning of the *Republic* of Plato Socrates says (and I say), "I delight in the conversation of very old persons[1]."'

Not a period of inactivity and decay, of mournful retrospect and idle regrets; not even the quiet repose

[1] See also the letters of January 6, 1884, June 23, 1884, and January 1, 1886.

of one whose toil is ended, but a season of fruitful labour and mental ripeness, in which to bring home the sheaves, to set the house in order, to finish the work which is given us to do—that was old age as Jowett wished to live it.

LETTERS, 1882–1886.

TO THE LADY ABERCROMBY.

BALLIOL COLLEGE,
November 8, 1882.

I have just been reading a very curious book, the *Journal of John Woolman*, an anti-slavery Quaker and a sort of American Bunyan, who flourished in the first half of the last century[1]. He seems to have been one of the best men who ever lived, a religious genius that knew instinctively what was right—always dissolved in inward light. You will find it a very interesting book to read on Sunday if you admit the distinction which was familiar to me in my childhood of Sunday and other books. . . . The Salvation Army is divided into two sections, the Dissenting and the Church of England. The Dissenting section have more drums and fifes. There is generally a fight on Sunday afternoons between the roughs and the saints in the theatre, and the most disgraceful scenes occur. Yet I am assured also by the police that about twenty of the worst characters in Oxford have been reformed or 'converted' by them. It seems as if religion was leaving the educated classes, and taking up its abode among the poor, and especially among the vulgar.

TO THE LADY ABERCROMBY.

WEST MALVERN,
December 21, 1882.

I do not know whether friendships wear out like clothes:—not if 'they are kept in repair' and are not too

[1] *Journal of John Woolman*, ed. Whittier, 1882.

violent. Then they last and are a great comfort in the weary world.

When we meet I will tell you some things about the Archbishop of Canterbury. I saw him about four days before his death. It was striking to observe how his mind had got away from himself before he died; his was a very considerable life, based on a good foundation of old Scotch character. Though entirely unable to influence opinion (for he was not a man of ideas) he had great practical talent, and in every society seemed to play his part well. He was not at all consistent, but reticent and independent, and entirely indifferent to the opinion of others. He was not a good preacher; but at a public meeting he always made an impression, and generally said something humorous and characteristic. He thoroughly appreciated a joke, and once admitted to me that the bishop was lost who had no sense of humour. Neither he nor any of his family were in the slightest degree affected by his great position; and he never forgot old friends. He could not be expected to support or even to do justice to an old friend in a theological controversy: this used to aggravate me at the time, but I now see that it was necessary and natural.

A telegram received just now brings me bad news of my sister. I fear that she will not long be with us.

She is certainly one of the best persons that I have ever known. Very cultivated and accomplished, and having an excellent judgement of things and persons, and a curious knowledge of the world which she had never seen; yet from some shrinking or nervousness quite unfitted for life. She has lived in a small way entirely for others and had no care about herself.

To the Countess of Wemyss.

September 24, 1883.

Your kindness always pleases me and sends me on my way rejoicing. I have nothing to complain of in life—quite the reverse. As to externals I could not be better placed. My great anxiety, rather an ambitious one, is that I may not accomplish or even half accomplish the work that I ought to

do in life. And the years are beginning to be few. I tell you this, not to be repeated, but partly to explain why I must shut myself up more than formerly.

To Professor J. Nichol[1].

Oxford, *December* 15, 1883.

Will you give my best thanks to the unknown lady who has sent me the book? I have not yet had time to look at it, but hope to do so.

I do not at all agree with your wife, and should very much like to have your book on American Literature.

If you should answer this note would you send me a list of twenty or thirty good American books which I should buy for the Library? It is an unknown world to me.

It grieves me that you should think the world to be [in] a conspiracy against you. Indeed they are not. But the truth is that you speak out your opinions (few people have the courage to do so or the energy), and other people attack you in return. You are greatly respected, and have gained in the respect of others as years have gone on. I really fear that this restless feeling will interfere with your success in literature, which might be very great notwithstanding the mosquitoes and other insects which swarm in the newspapers.

I am not an optimist, but I wish to take the world as it is, and do the best I can. I thankfully acknowledge that my outward circumstances during the last thirteen years have been very happy, and that therefore I ought to do all I can for others. And indeed yours have not been unhappy, as the world goes; and I feel convinced that you might do so much, if, getting rid of painful thoughts and antagonisms, you would devote yourself to literature. If you are not careful the feeling will grow upon you and become uncontrollable.

I know that you will not be offended. You will have a right to say that I am talking to you as if you were an undergraduate: and certainly I have not forgotten those old days. Will you think sometimes of what I am saying?

[1] Also printed in Knight's *Life of John Nichol*, p. 213.

To A. W. Peel[1].

Balliol College,
December 23, 1883.

I am very much interested to read in the newspapers that you are likely to be Speaker of the House of Commons: this is one of the four or five greatest positions in this country; and will probably be more important during the next ten years than it has ever been before.

I think that you may rely upon the great good will of everybody, so far as that can make a difficult task easier: I suppose the Speaker should be *pénétré* with the feeling of the House, which is still very powerful notwithstanding Radicalism and the Irish fanaticism. He needs courage and accuracy and readiness. Like your brother, Sir W. Peel, you have plenty of the first; and the second ought to be supplied by subordinates; for the third, I imagine it is chiefly to be gained by thorough preparation and knowledge of the business. If a man takes a great office he must throw himself into it heart and soul; he should be always thinking of it and the possible contingencies which may arise—and he will find that a great part of any public life is social, and depends upon being 'a good fellow' to everybody.

I find myself almost involuntarily talking to [an] old pupil as I might have done thirty years ago: and as I have begun in this strain I will say one word more. Is it possible, before entering upon office, to obtain some diminution of the excessive work? (I am more afraid about your health than about anything else.) From 12 to 3 four nights of the week, even though it be only during five months in the year, is an awful infliction, and may almost take from you the power of thinking or speaking. It seems absolutely necessary that the Speaker should be able to resist an attack of the Irish Members in the small hours of the night. It is therefore for the public interest, quite as much as for that of the Speaker himself, that he should not be overworked. Do you know old Lord Eversley? I hear that he says the Speaker might have prevented many of the

[1] Now Lord Peel.

evils of the House of Commons. It would be worth while to see him and hear his experiences.

Before a month is over you must be their master or they will make you their servant. I am sure Mrs. Peel will agree with me that you will look uncommonly well in the Speaker's Chair.

TO THE COUNTESS OF AIRLIE.

WEST MALVERN,

January 6, 1884.

I was intending to write to you at the beginning of the New Year. But though a week late I should like to send you my good wishes still: 'For you and all yours, may the troubles of life rest lightly upon you, and may every year bring you new interests.' We live in different parts of the world, but I always remember your kindness which has lasted more than twenty years, and the many conversations which we have had. I have lost many friends during the last three years, and think often of those that remain.

There is a lady here who says (she is not a comfortable person) that people live a great deal too long at West Malvern (and elsewhere). I think that you know that my view of life is the opposite—that the best years of life are the later, after fifty, after sixty, when you know what the world really is, and what it has to offer. One knows more and can do more for others; has more experience and is free from illusions about wealth or rank or love, or even about religion, for one begins to see what is really valuable in it, and what is half physical or emotional. I don't think that we need lose hope or aspiration; but the hope is almost confined to the desire to become better and to do more for others before we die. My idea of doing good to others is not limited to going about among the poor, or sanitary improvement, or such excellent works. Every one must do good according to his own style and character; they must find out their own way for themselves. The early part of life has been rich in blessings to many of us; cannot we repay them in later years?

I do not know what makes me plunge into this sermon to you, which may seem rather surprising, except that I have

a habit of saying to you whatever comes into my head. And I have been reading over this evening the manuscript letters and papers of Arnold Toynbee, a very extraordinary young man who died in the last year, burning with zeal for the good of others and having a sort of feeling like Christ about the evils of the world. I forget whether I told you that I had lost my sister a year ago. She used to repeat to me with warm approbation a saying of Sydney Smith 'that you should, if possible, never let a day pass without making some one happy'; and she would add: 'When others are happy, I am happy!'

To the Lady Abercromby.

Boar's Hill,
March 31, [1884].

You kindly asked me to propose a visit. I would have done so had I not resolved to go nowhere until a book which is in my hands is finished. I am getting old, and must bind up my sheaves.

You are not getting old, and I pray that you may have as much good as this troublesome world has to give. I believe that the secret of happiness is courage; and that when difficulties are the greatest we should have the most spirit to meet them. Or in religious language, which is more becoming, we should trust in God and not in ourselves.

Shall I tell you what has affected me most during the last three years? The deaths of my friends, Stanley, Pearson, H. Smith, T. H. Green, A. Toynbee, W. Spottiswoode, and of my dear sister: they are friends who cannot be replaced. There is scarcely an hour in which they do not come into my mind. H. Smith and Green and Toynbee were little known to the world, but they were among the very best and ablest Englishmen of this time; all of them entirely disinterested and free from every trace of jealousy or envy. My dear sister, too, was an absolutely 'selfless' being. . . . When the *Politics* of Aristotle are finished I shall look forward to coming to see you. The book has not lost its interest for me, yet I begin to be a little weary of this endless interpretation.

To SIR H. TAYLOR.

BALLIOL COLLEGE, *June* 15, 1884.

Many thanks for the beautiful likeness of yourself which you have sent me. I do not think that you look either a Christlike Jove or a jovial Christian, but much better—yourself. I often stop my visitors on the stairs to notice your portrait—the best, I think, of those which our friend Mrs. Cameron took with such infinite pains and labour.

To PROFESSOR LEWIS CAMPBELL.

June 23, 1884.

It seems to me that all those who, like ourselves, are entrusted with the care of ancient studies, have a hard battle to fight against the physical sciences which are everywhere encroaching, and will certainly lower the character of knowledge if they are not counteracted. All the higher conceptions of knowledge and of the mind will be overwhelmed by the immediate and the sensational and the sentimental, *et hoc genus omne.*

Physical science and art against morals and religion and philosophy and history and language. I am not an alarmist, but am inclined to think that, unless we all unite, the 'repulsive' persons who will only believe what they can hold in their hands will be too much for us. Plato is the well-spring of the higher thought, and that influence, like the life of Christ, may be renewed again and again in the history of the world.

I hope you are working prosperously, and will continue to work. The best days are not past, but they are to come. We may both of us write a great deal better than we have written; and there are many other ways in which life improves as we get older.

To J. A. SYMONDS.

BALLIOL COLLEGE, *July* 6, 1884.

My literary work has not come to much during the last two years. The Vice-Chancellor business has been a serious

hindrance. I have some hopes of getting the rest of the *Politics* printed by the end of the year. I do not altogether regret the delay, for I have been able to do some things which were important in my office. But I feel it absolutely necessary, as years pass away, to economize time as much as possible: I am afraid that I cannot promise myself a journey abroad this year, though I should have greatly liked to pay you a visit. Some day I will—perhaps this summer—but not if I am able to continue writing.

One of the occupations in which I am concerned as Vice-Chancellor is the management of the Press. The edition of the Greek Classics is fairly under way. I have another project of a Shakespeare with very short introductions and just the necessary explanations of words and construction at the side or foot of the page. It is singular that no such edition has ever been made, and it would, I think, be successful. The text of Shakespeare has no interest for me: it is hopeless in many places, nor do I think that much can be done with it. A great deal which appears corrupt probably arises from Shakespeare's rapid and inconsecutive writing.

You may have seen in the newspaper an account of a banquet which we gave to the new Speaker, Arthur Peel. It was a grand occasion, and very successful; but one could not help feeling how much grander it might have been if we could have had present all those whom we have lost during the last few years, Tait, Stanley, H. Smith, Pearson, Green, Toynbee, Spottiswoode. The loss of such friends makes a terrible hole in life, and they cannot be replaced.

To ———

Balliol College,
July 27, 1884.

You ask me in your letter where in Plato's writings the idea of Platonic love is to be found. In the *Symposium* and *Phaedrus*, two of the most wonderful of human creations. But I should explain that Platonic love in the modern sense does not exist in Plato. Women, as you rightly conjecture, were too little accounted of among the Greeks. The love of

which he speaks is the mystical love of men for one another, the union of two human souls in a single perfect friendship. Whether such a thing is possible, I do not say—or right. But it appears to have been a much stronger feeling than the regard of men for women.

Whether there can be Platonic love in the modern sense between men and women, or rather whether it is a good thing, is a curious question. I believe that it is: but I should not call such a friendship Platonic love. It should be true and faithful and the reverse of sentimental, and should never bring upon itself the remark of the world. I think also that some kind of mutual help or desire for the good of another is naturally implied in it. There is a great deal of happiness and consolation to be gained from such friendships. They draw us out and make us to know what is in us. They may change the whole character for the better. Yet I admit that they are very likely to become foolish; and only by great care is it possible to avoid this. So you see that I have done more than answer your question about Platonic love.

. . . The ancients—even the great Aristotle—wrote about the manner in which friendships should be dissolved. One thing is clear: that there should be silence about them, or great injustice would be done to the friend. It is disappointing to find that a friend breaks down. Most of us have had such experiences. We are pained with them, and their whole character gets shifted into a new point of view. Probably we do them injustice.

To Sir A. Grant.

Address Earl of Wemyss, Longniddry,
September 10, 1884.

I shall be delighted to have the *Ethics* dedicated to me, if you are disposed to do me so great and undeserved an honour. Your book has done more for the intelligent study of Aristotle at Oxford than any other; and though successive generations seem to need a new adaptation to themselves of all ancient writers, I do not see why it should ever be superseded.

I rather tremble when I hear you say 'that you look forward with impatience to the *Politics*,' because I know what is inside it, and you do not: I cannot tell what the world will say to my learned paradoxes, and of course accept the alternative, 'the world said nothing.' I have been hard at work this Long Vacation, but wish that I had another year or two for working up the details. I have not forgotten your words, that 'it was a great opportunity.'

Will you kindly take me in if I come to you on Tuesday next by the train which arrives about dinner-time?

I cannot thank you enough for this honour, but yet much more for so many years of faithful and unchanging friendship[1].

To Viscount Sherbrooke.

Balliol College,
November 4, 1884.

I heard this afternoon of what has happened to you; it grieved me to hear it.

I do not suppose that words can make a calamity of this kind lighter, and I cannot offer 'the vacant chaff well-meant for grain.' But I should like you to know that I remember with pleasure Lady Sherbrooke's kindness to me, and that I admired her independence and originality of character and warmth of heart. She spoke to me of your kindness to her, and said that 'you had not had nearly as much credit for kindness as you deserved'—these were the words. I think she had a happy life, and was greatly cheered and pleased by your success and distinction.

We know that the dead are at rest; we hope that they are in some happier world. You and I are within 'measurable distance' of the end. We both wish that we could have done more, and yet may be thankful to have done so much: the consciousness of separation takes us back to the beginning of life, when we were all young together; and

[1] The dedication runs thus: 'I dedicate this book to the Rev^d. Benjamin Jowett ... the Socrates of my youth, my unfailing friend during nearly forty years, the best and wisest man that I have ever known.'

to early struggles, and friends and companions who are no longer here. There is not a day passes in which I do not think of my brothers and sisters who lived with me in a house at Bath; and I am the only survivor of them. And you must remember the old days when you took pupils at Oxford, and she was your companion, full of life and wit and energy, and afterwards in Australia. These things do not easily pass from the mind. Dr. Johnson says, 'Don't let us old fellows go discouraging one another.' I say, 'Let us help one another as much as we can.' I hope that you will come and see me and revive old memories—not just now, but a few weeks hence, when the shock is not so great. I can never forget that it is to you I chiefly owe my position here, which has been so real a gain to me. Χρόνος μαλάξει, νῦν δ' ἔθ' ἡβάσκει κακόν[1], and you should not give up life, seeing that though friends may grow fewer there are many remaining who have a deep regard and affection for you, and will be glad to welcome you at all times.

To Sir A. Grant.

Oxford, *November* 18, 1884.

I must thank you for the dedication of the *Ethics* once more. Yet I hardly know how to thank you, for I feel that I am wholly unworthy of the terms in which it is expressed. I can only hope that they may help to strengthen me in trying to rise to a higher standard.

Thank you for your kind interest in the *Politics*. During Term time it is not possible to go on with them. In fact I am obliged to forget them: they will not appear before the spring of next year. You would do me a favour if you would write down a short list of any questions of modern politics which you think might advantageously be treated in connexion with them. I am afraid that you will be disappointed in them.

I will write more fully about the *Poetics* when I have more leisure. They are the beginning of all Aesthetics and, like Aristotle's other writings, have influenced the world perhaps beyond their merits, and partly by chance.

[1] 'Time will soothe, but now the evil is still fresh.'

To the Marchioness of Tavistock.

Address Oxford, *December* 16, 1884.

I wanted to tell you how very right I thought you in the view of the true basis of religion being the life and death of Christ: that means the life and death of Christ in the soul, the imitation of Christ—the inspiration of Christ—the sacrifice of self—the being in the world but not of it, the union with God and the will of God such as Christ had. And this is all to be worked out without mysticism in society and in the daily routine of life. And to some it will be more personal and historical, and to others more impersonal and ideal: and to some it will be associated with miracles, and to others it will be impossible to associate [it] with miracles. (The reason why I speak against miracles to a few persons is that they seem to me out of date, and to involve a principle which divides us from other men and from other religions.)

I think you so very right in trying to combine work among the poor with the ordinary duties and pleasures of society.

To the Lady Abercromby.

Balliol College, *March* 3, 1885.

Gordon's life is a possession for the English people. He will be one of their heroes in time to come. I am afraid that he convicts most of us of being 'shams.' The Ministry are guilty of his death in a political sense, as they were of Lord F. Cavendish's: I mean that if they had taken the right and obvious means to support and protect them, neither of them would have been sacrificed. I should like the authors of the calamity to be punished, *especially the arch-offender*. But it is perhaps better for the country that we should not be 'swapping horses in a stream.' We may get over our political difficulties, but things certainly look serious. Should not he 'that hath 10,000 consider whether he is able to meet him that cometh against him with 20,000'? That text should be present to the mind of every diplomatist. There is no army that we can really use for service, and no willingness on the part of this universal-suffrage country to make any sacrifices. There was not at the time of the Crimean war, though something of the

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old spirit lingered on still in Lord Palmerston and others. I am afraid that we are in a bad way: never was there a greater need of eminent men, or a greater lack of them.

. . . Have you read Mrs. Lewes's Life? a very true picture of her, I think. A rather sad life, but having many elements of greatness. People will be disappointed who read it in the hope of finding a treasure of genius and poetry; but those who knew her and him will recognize the literal truth of it. He was devoted to her—the Bohemian—and she almost made him into a good and respectable man. I do not defend her fault, but she was willing to sacrifice herself and bring up his children and retire from the world; then when she had become famous the world dragged her out again and gave over-puritanical people an opportunity of attacking her. Poor soul! she said that she would have liked to write something for the good of her sex, but thought that there were some things in her own life which made it better not. She told me more than once that she never would have written anything but for Mr. Lewes.

TO THE LADY ABERCROMBY.

OXFORD, *March* 14, 1885.

The Ministry, having rashly pledged themselves to the Egypt expedition, are already about to give it up. I think (to use an expression of Dizzy's) that the Government will stay in office until every member of it has irretrievably lost his character.

It is not the fascination which Gladstone exercises over his colleagues, but the physical force which he exercises through the constituencies, that is the uniting principle of the Ministry. Never were politics so contemptible or so dangerous, and they are made dangerous from the want of character in public men. . . .

We must endeavour to keep ourselves as Liberal as we can. The next few years will be an era in politics. There will probably be a good deal more done for the lower classes—water, workmen's dwellings, education, &c.—at the cost of the public, than formerly. Whether this will be a good thing or a bad is uncertain. 'Leave the poor to help themselves' is a sound text.

But then we must remember that it is the interest of the rich to preach it.

To Sir Henry Taylor.

Address Boar's Hill, Oxford,
March 30, 1885.

I found your kind present on the table when I returned to Oxford. It is a charming book[1], and has the true spirit of biography. You have not quite done yourself justice, but the public will correct that.

I read over again the interesting account of your father and mother's last days: the world will know them and remember their quiet life in a manner which they could hardly have expected.

I sometimes think that the only chance of a biography containing a true representation of any man, is when he writes it himself. He knows his own character, and can with propriety depreciate himself. But his friends are always softening him, and improving him:—they are afraid of telling his faults lest the public should exaggerate them. I have been told that an eminent scientific man, of whom more than one life has been written, twice attempted to commit suicide. Not a word of this occurs in either of the lives—the last man of whom you would have supposed it.

The two days which I spend at Bournemouth every year are most refreshing to me. The 'atmosphere' does me good.

With love (if I may use such a word) to Lady Taylor and your daughters.

To the Marchioness of Tavistock.

Boar's Hill, near Abingdon,
Oxford, *March* 30, 1885.

It is quite true, as you said, 'that any one who has memory and application can learn a language, but that to understand the structure of the human mind requires a different sort of effort.' How did you come to think of such things? Would that charming young friend of yours have had the slightest

[1] Sir Henry Taylor's *Autobiography*, at first privately printed, but subsequently published; see above, p. 116.

idea of what you meant by that phrase 'the structure of the human mind'?

Coleridge used to say that 'common sense was intolerable when it was not based upon metaphysics.' And I think this is true; but I should also be disposed to add that metaphysics are not tolerable unless they are based on common sense: that is to say, a narrow idea of experience and the ignoring of experience are equally mistaken. Therefore every one should have a good pinch of metaphysics, which I am pleased to see that you have an evident faculty for obtaining. You will find a great charm and use in it. I like the natural metaphysics which reflecting persons create for themselves, better than that which comes out of tomes of German or Scotch philosophy. It is a spirit rather than a system—to some persons almost a form of religion: it raises the mind above party: it enables us to compare the modes of thought of different ages and countries, which, after all, is the true understanding of them. It traces the history of abstractions, and enables us to distinguish between the unconscious age when nobody thought, and the conscious age when everybody thinks. (I wonder whether this rhapsody has any meaning to you.) I hope it does not bore you: I like writing and talking about these things.

Tell me of anything interesting which you read, and I will send you anything which is likely to interest you. And by the way will you not read the *Autobiography of Sir Henry Taylor*, Lady Somers' old friend and mine? I saw him about ten days ago quite well, a most noble old man of eighty-five. He has written a charming account of himself, quite truthful if it were not rather depreciatory; and also interesting notices of other people. I think the only chance of a good biography is for a man to write memoirs of himself. His friends always think it necessary (except Boswell, that great genius) to tell lies about him—they leave out all his faults lest the public should exaggerate them. But we want to know his faults—that is probably the most interesting part of him.

I can easily imagine that the isolation from the world tends to grow upon a person, especially when circumstances rather favour it and when one knows the realities of life. But it is a mistake and should be resisted.

I believe that to think seriously and live for others is the true secret of religion and life: it seems to me that you have found out this secret.

To Professor Lewis Campbell.

Oxford, *March* 30, 1885.

I have had experience of uncomfortable and of comfortable surroundings, but I do not think that the difference is so great as we imagine. When I was uncomfortable I was perhaps more useful, so it seems to me now. For both of us I can desire nothing better than that we should work away to the end; I for six or eight years, which is all that I can expect, and you for eighteen or twenty years. It is not want of time (if we are spared to the natural term of life) which will prevent either of us from doing something important.

To Lady Stanley of Alderley.

Balliol College,
April 30, 1885.

I am very sorry to hear of your sister's death[1]. I remember her and her daughters about eighteen years ago at Alderley. She was a very interesting person, full of thoughts and feelings.

Sad memories sometimes arise within us when we approach the broken arches of Mirza's bridge: I feel myself that I have lost so much time in life that I must make the most of the last years: I rejoice to see that you work on and retain old interests, though both of us have outlived so many friends.

I send a list of subjects on the other side. I have chosen them with a view to what is suitable for young girls.

Good manners.
Town and country life.
The art of conversation.
The good and bad qualities of Englishmen.
The employments and amusements of women.
The value of accomplishments.
England in the olden time; or,
England in the last century.

[1] The Hon. Mrs. Hamilton.

To Professor Nichol.

Oxford, *October* 7, 1885.

I am glad to hear that you are going to take a year's vacation; I hope you will find a country in which there are no 'mosquitoes,' and that you will enjoy yourself. I always expect to see something from your pen, better and more mature than anything which you have done yet. It seems to me that you have originality enough, and knowledge enough, to write a great work; but I doubt whether you have the kind of genius which consists in taking 'infinite pains': and I sometimes fear that you injure your mind by thinking too much what others say of you.

To Miss Taylor.

Oxford, *December* 29, 1885.

It was very kind of you to write to me about your father, and very ungracious in me to have delayed so long in answering your letter. I am very glad to hear that he is well, and hope that he is pleased with the success of his book[1]. It always seems to me one of the most interesting of autobiographies because it is perfectly true. He will have read with deep interest a book which I have been reading, the new volumes of the Greville Memoirs: they are excellent reading, and place Greville's character in a far higher light than the preceding ones. I know that your father takes a better view of him than the world, who are rather provoked at having some of their conventional secrets disclosed. I wonder whether Sir Henry would write a review or account of the book. Probably no one now living knows so much about the times and persons contained in it.

Now I shall ask you some questions *à propos* of nothing, as is allowable in letters. . . . And what have you been reading, thinking, doing lately? And when are you coming to see me at Oxford? And are we not within what Mr. Gladstone calls 'a measurable distance' of the time when I come and pay you a visit at Bournemouth?

[1] The *Autobiography*.

Last week I spent two days with the Tennysons. He was very well and full of talk; I think that he grows gentler with age, still eager to write, which to the last days of his life he will probably continue to do. Lady Tennyson is greatly better than last year, when she seemed to be failing. I suppose that you have read his last volume of poems[1]; no falling off, I think, at least in such poems as 'The Eastern Sage' and 'Molly Magee[2].' I trust that we have really heard the last of the Arthur legend: it was his first love, and he seems to find it difficult to shake off. The original plan was not a series of Idylls, but a religious or philosophical poem in which the truth of all religions was to be explained.

Have you read Amiel's *Journal* translated from the French by Mrs. Humphry Ward? That is a book which greatly interests me, though it is better read in the beautiful French.

Will you give my most kind regards to your father and mother and sisters?

To the Marchioness of Tavistock.

Oxford, *January* 1, 1886.

I send you good wishes on the first day of the year, though good wishes are not very valuable: may the difficulties of life become less to you, and the quiet happiness and confidence of it increase! My theory is that we grow happier as we get older; and there is a good deal to be said for this doctrine as well as against it: we know what we have to expect, and need no longer be under illusions. Difficulties call us to a higher and greater life; and there are no difficulties so great which will not cease if we can refer them simply to the will of God and act accordingly.

To Miss M. Tennant[3].

August 15, 1886.

I do not imagine that I can appreciate the strength of your affection for your sister. She would have had the same feeling

[1] *Teiresias and Other Poems*, 1885.

[2] 'The Ancient Sage' and 'To-morrow.'

[3] Now Mrs. Asquith.

towards you, if you had been taken first. I have had troubles too, which make me think more than some persons do of the sorrows of others. During the last five years I have lost Dean Stanley, Archbishop Tait, William Spottiswoode, Professor Henry Smith, Canon Hugh Pearson, and Professor Green; and they are such friends as cannot be replaced. They are with the unseen, in the hands of God, and I shall soon be with them. I do not expect ever to meet them again; that may afford comfort to some, but not to me, though I trust in God that with me, as with them, it may be well. There is not a day in which I do not think of them, and wish that I had done more for them. I also have constantly in my mind all my brothers and sisters, and seem to see them together in the house at Bath, where we lived fifty years ago.

I do not wonder that life should seem weary to you: 'would God it were evening' and 'would God it were morning.' It may be so for some time to come. But you know that this will not always be so: you are so young and have so many possibilities before you—a happy marriage; and there are things higher than that, if we can realize them and attain to them. What would your sister have wished for you? What would you have wished for her in a like case? Not mere vacancy or desolation, or crying or painful headache; but gradually, by the help of natural means, to get rid of all this, and think of her in a worthy manner. I remember Mrs. Lewes telling me that in her great sorrow, when she lost her husband (that strange man to whom she was so deeply attached), feeling she must do something for herself, she read through, in the Greek, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, because that most completely separated her from useless and painful thoughts. I think mourners might do well, if they are intelligent persons, to take up some entirely new study on which to fix their attention: they do not want to get rid of the past, or forget while life lasts the greatly beloved sister or friend, but they want to balance and steady themselves, to have rest which may one day become peace and joy. What we should desire is not by excitement to keep alive a passionate sorrow, but that this discipline of sorrow may pass into our minds and lives.

To J. A. Symonds.

Oxford, *September* 27, 1886.

I have been intending to write to you for some days past to let you know what you will have probably heard from Gell, that your book of Italian Lyrics was gladly accepted by the Delegates. They would like to have it in the shorter form which you prefer; and they hope that you will give an introduction.

You will have heard from M. Knight that his health has again broken down. This is a great trouble and sorrow, for nothing could exceed his value as a secretary to me. He has grown very much both in character and knowledge since he was at Davos. I shall be greatly obliged if you and Mrs. Symonds will show them any kindness which you can. His wife is a simple good sort of person—the marriage was a very ancient attachment—not very wise in some respects, but inevitable.

I look back with great pleasure, as does E. L. S. whom I saw at his house in Yorkshire last week, to our stay at Davos. Since then I have been at Boar's Hill until the last week, and have made some progress with my book, but there still remains a good deal to be done. I cannot drive your four or six-horse coach; a cart with a broken-down hack is all that I attempt. I envy you the quiet of Davos.

Politics get more and more bitter, and there is a general feeling of apprehension both about home and foreign affairs. Gladstone, though still strong in the might of Dissenters, Welshmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, appears to be going downhill: his last speech did him a great deal of harm. No one defends the old Irish Bill, and no one seems to have anything to propose. The effect is a great unsettlement of politics. There is a real crisis, and no one can say what will be the end thereof.

But it is useless to send you political reflections which you will have made yourself already. Warren, that most deserving favourite of fortune, has probably written to tell you that he is going to be married to Sir B. Brodie's youngest daughter. He

speaks of her as all young gentlemen going to be married do of their betrothed; and I should think that the marriage was really a good thing for him.

I hope that Janet is better, and I must not forget to send a special love for my goddaughter Charlotte.

To Miss M. Tennant.

December 29, 1886.

Many happy new years to you. I send two books as a small New Year's present.

I don't think that I answered your question, What you should read. In the first place, I shall say: 'What you like!' But if you insist that I choose for you, I can only tell you the books that I would read if I were in your place. First of all finish Boswell, and read Boswell's *Tour to the Hebrides* (not Johnson's); then read it all over again, and keep in that 'line of country' for a week or two longer. Then read *The Vicar of Wakefield*, one of the most charming tales in the world; and *Rasselas*, and *Selections from the Spectator* (published by the Clarendon Press), and Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*. Shall I suggest some Sunday books? (1) The autobiography of John Bunyan, called *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*; (2) The Diary of George Fox; (3) Southey's *Life of Wesley*; (4) Roper's *Life of More*. Or, some books about Scotland of the real old sort, (1) The *Autobiography of Dr. Alexander Carlyle*, or (2) Mrs. Calderwood's *Memoirs*; (3) Lord Cockburn's *Memoirs*. And whenever you feel disposed to become an earnest student you may begin on Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*.

I very much wish that I could help you out of gratitude for your affection towards me. But I have no belief in good advice, and should not expect you to take it if I offered it. All that an older person can do for a younger is to offer them alternatives, of which they may choose one, and make it their own. For an example: I have a great sympathy with an ideal or extraordinary life, if a person is equal to it; but of course the other members of a family are generally opposed, and no one can say whether the aspirant to it has strength enough to carry it out—whether the innocent love of the world and

its many blessings may not prevail over it after it has been commenced. So we come back to 'the trivial round, the common task,' and that means silently thinking over all the good which can be done in a narrow sphere, among visitors, servants, cottagers, perhaps among the poor of London if opportunity offers; and we may be ambitious of doing this with more good sense, and more originality, and more geniality than others. Never get rid of the good spirits, but try to get rid of the bad spirits, for they are weakness and do harm both to oneself and others. There is a meaning in the words of Scripture: 'Casting all your cares upon Him.' It must be sad for you to think of your sister in the desolate home—there is nothing weak or foolish in this: the more you think of her the better, if the thought leads to a higher purpose in life, not gloomy, but a truer sort of cheerfulness and happiness.

I do not think that you know that I am in the seventieth year of my age, and therefore I look upon things in a different way from you, and I will keep your counsel. But you must help yourself by greater self-control, by unselfishness, by a natural love for all sorts and conditions of persons. I hope that you will come and see me, and we will have out our talk when you go up to London.

I am glad that you are a lover of music: so am I. Some day write to me about it.

To Mrs. Ilbert[1].

February 20, 1883.

Most persons would say I shall never live to see your return; but, on the other hand, I look forward with a considerable amount of confidence to receiving you at Oxford about Midsummer, 1887.

I knew him[2] to be infinitely clever and also kind, but I did not understand, nor I think did others (for it is the way of Oxford to undervalue persons unless they make themselves a political or religious following), that he was really a great

[1] The extracts which follow are from letters written to Mrs. Ilbert during her residence in India.

[2] H. J. S. Smith.

genius. How vainly one wishes to recall such men, and talk to them about many things.

The private part of politics is a great matter of thought and study—not merely liberal ideas, measures, speeches, but how to deal with persons in society, everywhere, persuading, listening to what they have to say, 'refraining sometimes even from good words,' flattering (a little), avoiding anything that may irritate susceptible old fogies, or touch the vanity and sensitiveness of young ones. This may seem rather an artificial view of life, and perhaps I have a little exaggerated. But when one has a great object to attain, while keeping an honest heart, it is necessary to be very attentive to little things. And these little things have a nobler side; they mean (what so few attain) the absolute elevation of the mind above personal feeling.

March 23, 1883.

The Vice-Chancellorship has enabled me to do some things which I could not otherwise have done, especially for the Non-Collegiate students. The Indian Institute is rising, and a memorial stone is to be laid on May 2.

I see no reason why an English blackguard should not be sentenced by a respectable native.

Unpopularity is not a bad thing, but one should not have more of it than is necessary.

In India, as in England, it is more difficult to do right and shame the devil than formerly, because of the press and the railways, which bring everybody into juxtaposition with everybody.

We are going to have a 'gaudy' this year on June 28, in honour of the new Speaker, Mr. A. Peel, who is an old Balliol man. You will be grieved to hear that the Rector of Lincoln is dying slowly and with a good deal of suffering.

You will find Oxford in many ways a different place when you return. The ladies are coming to be examined, and I expect that they will appear in great numbers, for they can come without residence for any examination and any part of

an examination. They have clearly got a better bargain than the men.

To do much good you must be a very able and honest man, thinking of nothing else day and night; and you must also be a considerable piece of a rogue, having many reticences and concealments; and I believe a good sort of roguery is never to say a word against anybody, however much they may deserve it.

The greatest change in England since you went away, and it has been a very rapid one, has been the degradation of politics; there is no tone or character in them.

August 20, 1884.

Let me tell you I believe it to be a very good thing to have had a great row once in your life, because, though not quite pleasant at the time, it gives you a position and places you above the opinion of the world. If you mean to do anything in life it must happen to you to set some considerable class against you. I believe the best way to disappoint both enemies and friends (who are often dangerous) is to be as if nothing had happened, and to say nothing to any one, either in the way of defence or from the desire of sympathy. I am a great believer in the power of reticence. I dare say that you have already found a great solvent of political difficulties is to give friendly and agreeable dinner-parties to all sorts of people without regard to their views.

The natives of India are an underground world, and we rather grope in the dark when we try to make out anything about them. I suppose that no one perfectly understands a native family; or the feelings of a Brahmin to a European, or the mixed sense of hatred and necessity and customary acquiescence, with which our rule is regarded. I do not imagine that there is any great depth or mystery about them, but we do not understand them, in the same way that men (especially old bachelors) do not understand women, or women men. What they are pleased to call their minds (not the women, but the Hindoos) is after all a very finite quantity, but they are different from ours. Nor does it require a great many years in the Civil Service to make out what can be made out about

them. It is as with all perception of character: one person sees it intuitively or at least with a little study, another person is always blind to it. I suppose that we may begin by assuming that the natives are very like grown-up children in many ways, very apt to lie and deceive, partly from fear, and partly from want of stamina. I cannot help thinking that India is improving by the help of railways and canals, though Sir James Caird tells us that the population is increasing five per cent. per annum, and the fertility of the land decreasing.

September 21, 1884.

I was much more pleased with him than I expected to be, having, you know, a general prejudice against all persons who do not succeed in the world.

For those of us who do not take to doing good as a profession (not a bad profession either for those who like it) there is a great deal of social good to be done in putting down gossip, in preventing misunderstandings, and in keeping friends with everybody.

March 5, 1885.

I am very ungrateful in delaying to thank you for a beautiful dressing-gown which arrived here about three weeks ago. It is the pride of my life; indeed I never had anything like it before, and it confers great distinction on me when I go down with my Saturday and Sunday friends into the smoking-room. Thank you many times.

The world goes on, but not altogether comfortably in England: we are provoked and dissatisfied with our Government, and especially with the G. O. M., but we do not know how to get rid of them without coming to worse. We seem to have a prospect of three wars on our hands:—we who have an army not really sufficient for one. The chances are that we shall come out clear with some sacrifice—by the help, in the end, or by the unwillingness to interfere of Bismarck. I do not think that Europe has any deep hatred of us; only a petty jealousy of our sleek, well-fed appearance and satisfaction with ourselves. However there is an uncomfortableness and want of confidence such as I do not remember before, and a growing contempt for nearly all our public men.

CHAPTER X

THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION—FAILING HEALTH. 1886–1888

(Aet. 69–71)

JOWETT'S lectures—Modern Languages at Oxford—Association for the Education of Women (1886)—French teachers at Oxford—Preparation for the Army at Oxford—College at Bristol; Letter to the *Times*—Conference on Secondary Education—Failure of health (1887)—College hymn-book—Dinner to Lord Lansdowne—E. A. W. Seymour—Friendship with women—Notes on theology—Letters.

GLAD as Jowett was to be rid of the burden of the Vice-Chancellorship, eagerly as he returned to his literary studies, he still found time and energy for other work. In the interval between October, 1886, and May, 1887, when his health failed, he was occupied in helping forward a number of projects, some old and some new, but all with one purpose—the improvement and spread of education.

His first thoughts were for the College. When did he not think of the College? 'The College is the great good and comfort of my life,' he says: '(1) I must get it out of debt before I die; (2) I must reform the teaching.'

Some domestic details were rearranged and alterations were made in the examination for matriculation. He also took a larger share in the teaching of the undergraduates than he had been able to do while Vice-Chancellor; and in the lectures which he gave as Professor about this time, he introduced a change very

characteristic of his method of teaching. Conscious that he was not quite in touch with the wants of his audience, he invited them to write down questions, and give them to him at the end of the hour. The answers to these he read out at the next lecture. This was his substitute for the old method of viva voce examination, the disappearance of which from the Lecture Room he greatly regretted. The 'Prelections,' which were now heard everywhere in Oxford, he looked on as a step backwards in teaching. It was impossible for the Lecturer to tell what effect he was producing on the minds of his hearers, whether his words were understood, and to what extent he was carrying his audience with him. 'If a lecture is to be of any use,' he would say, 'the student should read up the subject previously, take careful notes, and after the lecture is ended, work out fully what has been said with the aid of books. Otherwise a lecture is no intellectual discipline at all.' And certainly, of all the lectures which I heard from him, the most stimulating were those which he gave on Political Economy to a small audience, of whom he could ask questions as he pleased and pursue a subject with any one of his hearers[1].

In the summer of 1886 a proposal was made to establish a School of Modern Language and Modern Literature at the University. The matter was taken up by the Hebdomadal Council, and a committee was appointed to consider it. Opinions were of course divided; some were for the School, some were against it; some were for making the languages of more account than the literature; others wished to give the first place to literature, and connect the study of great English authors with the study of Latin and Greek; some were

[1] For Jowett's opinion on lecturing, see vol. i. p. 243; above, p. 155.

contented with a School which should include English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Celtic; others thought that languages so important as the Letto-Slavish should be by no means omitted. The subject was discussed with some warmth. A well-known Tutor charged strongly against the new School, declaring that we 'were going back from the Renaissance'; an enthusiast on the other side appealed to John Bright, who, in a characteristic reply, showing that he at least had studied English without any assistance from the classics, remarked: 'Only recently I have read Mr. Jowett's translation of the *Dialogues* of Plato, and have been more astonished at the wonderful capacity and industry of the Master of Balliol than at the wisdom of the great philosopher of Greece.' Jowett supported the movement within certain limits; he put literature above language, and was strongly for combining the study of English authors with the study of the classics. 'I quite agree,' he said, 'that the great works of modern authors should be studied together with the Latin and Greek classics as a part of the higher education, but only the great authors.' To an article which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* on the subject he contributed the following sentence:—'I am strongly of opinion that a place should be found for English literature in our University curriculum, and equally strongly of opinion that in an Honour School of examination in English or modern literature the subject should not be separated from classical literature.'

After the matter had lingered on for nearly a year the proposal was at last brought into Congregation, and the votes were equal. For the time the scheme was dropped. It was in fact too ambitious; and, had the supporters been contented with a less varied pro-

gramme, they would have been more successful. It has since been revived with happier results, and in 1894 a School of the English Language and Literature was established.

Meanwhile Jowett showed his sympathy with the teaching and study of modern literature in some very practical ways. We have seen that at first his attitude towards the higher education of women was somewhat hesitating; he had not opposed the establishment of women's Colleges in Oxford, but he had not come forward warmly in support of them. Afterwards he repented a little of his coldness, and now—in December, 1886—he gave valuable assistance to the Association for the Education of Women in Oxford by the delivery of his two lectures on Johnson and Boswell in Balliol Hall. Admission was by ticket, and none but ladies were admitted. Jowett allowed no notes to be taken. Seeing many of his audience provided with note-books, he explained that a lecture could not be heard with attention by those who were occupied in taking notes. Let the audience listen, and afterwards write down what they remembered.

At the close of the second lecture the secretary of the Association, Mrs. Johnson, spoke in grateful terms of the Master's kindness:—

'When we heard that the Master of Balliol had kindly offered to lecture for us we felt it was a crowning day in the history of our Association. There was an especial pleasure in coming here to Balliol to hear the Master, for Balliol was our good genius from the first. It was mainly owing to a distinguished member of the College, the late Professor Green, and to the indefatigable exertions of his wife, our first secretary, that our Association was established and met with success.

'It will, I think, be a pleasure to the Master, and to all who

have had the benefit and delight of these two lectures of his, to know that they will materially help the Association to provide good teaching and help, not only for those who are able to enjoy learning for its own sake, but for those who study in order to fit themselves for making their own living, and who will be the educators of the future generation.'

To this Jowett replied in the following letter :—

OXFORD, *December* 13, 1886.

DEAR MRS. JOHNSON,

I write to thank you for your very kind note. It was my misfortune (not at all your fault) that I could not hear what you said. I hope that I did not appear uncourteous, but knowing the danger of replying to what you have not heard, I had to get out of a difficulty as well as I could.

I should be very glad to give another lecture a year or two hence if I could. But I find that engagements increase and the ability to meet them does not increase, and therefore I am unwilling to promise.

It must be a great satisfaction to you to see the education of women, for which you have done so much, making steady progress in Oxford. There are two things which I rather fear for it: (1) overwork; (2) a neglect of accomplishments, especially music and drawing, which I shall always consider make a very important element of female, and perhaps of all, education.

A month later he was presiding over a conference of French teachers[1] in the College Hall. The speech which he then made was full of interest; it was the expression of his views of the best method of teaching modern languages. For here, as everywhere, Jowett set himself to consider how the existing system could be improved, insisting that French ought to be better taught in England than it is, for the simple reason

[1] The sixth congress of the Société Nationale des Professeurs de Français en Angleterre.

that Englishmen were more confined within the limits of their own language than the inhabitants of any other European country.

The first step towards improvement is to teach a language in the order and manner which nature indicates.

'We observe,' he said, 'that while the powers of the mind usually strengthen as years advance, at least until the end of middle life, the faculty of learning a new language decays almost in an inverse ratio. The short period of six months is said to be enough to perfect a clever child in a new language. And a child very rarely confuses different languages; if the weight becomes too great for his memory, one language drives out the other. They are learned as a whole, and forgotten as a whole.'

Modern languages, then, should be learned in childhood; and they should be learned from native teachers.

'The true and living voice of a language, the expression, the intonation, the manner, the inspiration of it, can only be communicated by a teacher to whom it is native and inherited.'

What then could a University do? It could do much. If modern languages were not insisted on at Oxford and Cambridge they would be neglected at schools; and if they were neglected at schools they would be undervalued at home. 'And thus the years from six to ten, which for our purpose are the most valuable of all, are irrevocably wasted.'

Some knowledge of a modern language should be required from every student at a University. There was no quarrel between ancient and modern languages; they were friends and relations, parents and children. But he did not wish to see modern languages taking the place of ancient, especially of Greek, which more than any other ancient language seemed to him to be the original source of our modern literature and civilization.

Jowett concluded with some words of kindly welcome to the French teachers.

'No one,' he said, 'can be quite at home in a foreign country. A Frenchman will think upon the fair city of Paris, the delight of all mankind, which he can no more forget than he can forget his native language. He may have been driven from his country by the failure of some cause which is dear to him —let him be assured that he is welcomed to our shores. We would fain, if we could, return to Frenchmen in England the innumerable kindnesses and courtesies which many of us have received from their countrymen in France.'

Jowett loved France—'la belle France.' The fact that for years his family found a home in Paris left a deep impression on his mind. He was also greatly attracted by the vivacity, clearness, and grace of French prose writing. 'Could I write as well as Renan?' he asked himself; and he once spoke to me of Victor Hugo as the greatest *littérateur* in the world. Of Voltaire he said, somewhat perversely, that 'he had done more good than all the Fathers of the Church put together[1].'

These were not the only directions in which Jowett wished to see the functions of the University extended. In conversation he was never tired of insisting on the duty of the University to prepare men for the public service of the State. If this preparation fell in with the preparation for the University Schools, so much the better; if not, special arrangements should be made for it. In December, 1886, at his suggestion, the admission of University men to the Army was considered by the Hebdomadal Council, and a Committee was appointed to consider the question with the War Office. The discussion ended in little or nothing, for the War

[1] Cf. p. 38.

Office were unwilling to increase the number of University Cadets, and without such an increase it was impossible for the University to undertake any special teaching of them; but how carefully Jowett thought the matter out, is shown in the following letter to Lord Wolseley:—

'May I trouble you with a letter on the subject of which we talked when I had the pleasure of seeing you at Oxford: the connexion or possible connexion of the Army with the Universities? The separation between them which has existed hitherto seems to me to be a loss to both. At present the Volunteer force is almost the only link between us; yet officers of the Army and members of the Universities belong to the same class of society, and would gain by being associated with one another in common seats of education.

'The chief difficulty in creating a bond between them appears to be one which is by no means insuperable—the want of military instruction in the Universities. The reason is that the number of undergraduates going into the Army is not sufficient to make it worth while to give them a complete training. The Cadetships assigned to Oxford and Cambridge are too few to pay the cost of providing good military teachers or Professors. The Universities, therefore, thinking they have duties nearer home, are unwilling to provide out of their own funds the sum of £1,000 or £1,200 a year, which would be required for a staff of teachers.

'If the number of Cadetships offered annually to University candidates were increased from twelve to twenty-four, a two-years' course prescribed in History, Modern Languages, Mathematics, Drawing, as well as in military subjects, it would be possible to provide the required instruction at the expense of the candidates without additional cost either to the University or to the State. To an increase of the number of Cadetships it is objected that the number of candidates from the Universities is at present too small to justify it: upon which it may be remarked that the number has become considerably greater during the last year or two, and will probably

continue to increase if the candidates are not required to "go to school again" at Sandhurst, a regulation which is very distasteful to them, and is in itself not a good thing[1]. Also the prospect of being able to take a degree, as well as to obtain a Commission, if the conditions are such as to render this possible, would prove a strong attraction. With a good examination in well-selected subjects the authorities of the Army need not fear that they will obtain the "failures" or "bad bargains" of the Universities. And I think that three or four of the best Colleges at Oxford would be very willing to co-operate in any plan of military training sanctioned by the War Office.

'I believe that this would be a practicable scheme, but I think also that a still greater change would be more advantageous both to the Universities and to the Army, and would be more easily worked. I would suggest that the admission to the Army should proceed on nearly the same basis as admission to the Civil Service of India: (1) the University privilege should be withdrawn, and (2) an open examination should be held in subjects of general education (not excluding other subjects more purely professional, but making them optional), and Cadetships be given on the results of the examination. The successful candidates should undergo a probation of two years, to be passed chiefly in military studies and exercises, at any University which supplies the necessary facilities for their training, as well as at Woolwich, or at Sandhurst. In this probationary course modern languages should have a considerable place. The merit of the candidates should be again tested by examination, and their place in the Service determined accordingly. The rivalry between different institutions would have an excellent effect. The Cadets would benefit by the social life of the Universities, and the Universities would be benefited by the introduction into them of a new element. It is likely that those who had received a University training would have wider interests, and, without being worse officers, would be less of a clique, which is a great advantage to all professions: they would be better prepared for civil as well as

[1] This regulation was subsequently cancelled.

for military life, for years of retirement as well as of active service. Would it not be well for British officers to have the freemasonry and pleasant recollections of youth which other Englishmen derive from a University education; and would it not increase the strength and popularity of the Army if they were united by a new tie to the nation at large?

'Having regard to the time at which youths commonly leave school, the limit of age for the first examination might be fixed from seventeen to nineteen, and for the second from eighteen to twenty-two.

'The character of the examinations and the subjects to be studied should be determined by the authorities of the War Office and the Civil Service Commissioners. The military instruction should be entirely in the hands of the War Office. The Army may be expected to send us for teachers not mere routineers, but distinguished officers, to whom perhaps the privilege might be conceded of retaining their commissions and receiving pensions. The camp at Aldershot during vacations, and at Oxford, on a smaller scale, the dépôt at Cowley, and the Volunteers, would give the Cadets a taste of military life.

'It is probable, as already mentioned, that if some scheme of this kind were encouraged by the Government, several of the best Colleges in Oxford would be willing to join in making the necessary arrangements for teaching and management. The education need not be more expensive than at present. It would be possible also, if it were thought desirable, to include all the collegiate expenses of military students in a single fixed charge.'

For some time past the fortunes of University College, Bristol, had been declining, and as it was now becoming doubtful whether the institution could be carried on, a meeting was called by the Council of the College at Clifton (March 3, 1887), to support an appeal to the State for aid. Jowett was unable to be present, but he wrote a letter to the *Times* urging that assistance should be given by the State to local Universities.

In order to disarm the opposition of the economists he pleaded: (1) that the sum required was not large, and would be help given to those who are helping themselves; (2) that any State grant might be proportioned to the amount of subscriptions raised in the locality; (3) that no new principle was involved: the Government were only doing for England what they had already done for Ireland, Scotland, and Wales; (4) that the country as a whole was taxed for education, and therefore that all classes, in proportion to their needs, should have a share of the benefits for which they pay; (5) that a grant for the maintenance of University Colleges was likely to produce far greater results than any grant of equal amount applied to elementary education.

To the objection that such Colleges, if they were needed, would be self-supporting, he answered that the needs which they supplied were not such as appealed to the humane or religious feelings of mankind; and that many persons are jealous of giving good education to the poor.

'Their popularity,' he wrote, 'is not in proportion to their usefulness. Nor can their usefulness be properly developed unless the means at their disposal are considerably increased. The benefits which they confer on the places in which they are situated, and generally on science and literature, are of many kinds. They bring the higher education to the doors of those who cannot leave their homes in search of it. They become the centres of educational hope and interests to a whole district, and, if provided with a library, they are the best sort of clubs. They nourish a germ of science or literature in the artisan or man of business. They may have even kindled in the minds of one or two the spark of genius. In every large town there are many hundreds who have abilities above the average, but their gifts are thrown away because the means of education are not provided for them. The seed of national intelligence is, of all treasures, the most precious; and to let it be scattered

by the wayside is, of all wastes, the saddest and the worst. It is this seed which we would fain preserve and cherish, that in another generation it may produce fruit in literature, in science, in business.'

Secondary education in all its various forms was now occupying Jowett's thoughts. During his Vice-Chancellorship the Oxford branch of the University Extension system had been put on a new footing, largely through the labours of the present Bishop of Hereford, then President of Trinity College. Jowett presided not only at the first meeting of the new committee, but at every one of the first seven meetings. And the arrangements made at these meetings, though of course they were not all due to him, were of the very greatest importance in securing the success of the system. The Lecturers who have been the backbone of the movement were then appointed, travelling libraries were instituted, courses for co-operative societies were arranged, prizes were first offered, and, at his special request, lectures were given in Oxford. In April, 1887, a conference on University Extension was held at Oxford, to which Jowett invited the Bishop of London, and the guests were entertained at luncheon in Balliol Hall. His sympathies were altogether with the movement, though he wished to see it supported by something of a more solid and enduring nature.

In proposing the health of the guests at the luncheon he spoke of the duty of the State towards secondary education, and maintained that we must not trust to existing endowments for the progress of higher education among the middle classes. No principle of political economy prevented a Government from doing for its subjects what it could do for them and what they could not do for themselves; and the expense of higher education

was far beyond the means of what may be termed the lower half of the middle class. He pointed out that nearly every civilized country in the world already provided education, both primary and secondary, either free of cost or at a very trifling cost; and suggested that, whatever might be the natural commercial disadvantages of England compared with other countries, it was possible they might be much more than compensated by the spread of education. He concluded with an apology for his 'speculations.'

'They are quite outside the purposes of the conference,' he said, 'though connected with it. Whether any large scheme of secondary education is adopted by the State or not, the University Extension Lectures are the best preparation for it. They prove the need of it; and though their twenty thousand students are not much more than one in a thousand of the whole population of England, still to a considerable extent they supply the need of education which is felt for every man who desires to have it, and in the degree in which he is able to receive it.'

Meanwhile Jowett was still busy with the essays on Aristotle's *Politics*. His progress had been much impeded by the illness of Knight; but a still more serious cause of delay was the failure of his own health. For some time he did not recognize how severe the strain of the Vice-Chancellorship had been, and hoped to make more rapid progress now that he was relieved from it. On March 10, 1887, he resolved to read over again the *Metaphysics* of Aristotle, the *De Caelo*, *De Anima*, and *Posterior Analytics*; and to revise the essays, 'beginning with Aristotle as a political philosopher and a critic of Plato.' About the same time he placed the essays in my hands, asking me to make any remarks which might occur to me in reading them over; and when

I gave them back to him at the end of the Term he said: 'I have been long enough over these, and now I mean to have no nonsense; I will have them printed in the course of the summer.' But when I saw him next, at the end of the Easter Vacation, he told me, in a tone far more serious than he was wont to use in speaking of his health, that he had been ill and unable to fix his mind on anything. He tried to think of his ailment as a cold, or the effect of cold, but it was evident that he felt it to be something more. It was indeed the beginning of a serious illness. In May he was advised to seek change of air. 'You will ask why I am at Freshwater in Term time,' he wrote on May 12; 'the reason is that I have been sent away from Oxford for a cough for a few days—nothing serious.' Returning to Oxford, he devoted one long day to making up arrears of business. But the effort was beyond his strength, and next morning he found himself unable to rise. He consulted Dr. Acland, who again advised him to leave Oxford for a time; and he now took refuge with his friends the Lingens, in London. When he returned to Oxford he lived a very retired life, putting off his visitors, but otherwise treating the matter lightly. 'I am not seriously ill,' he says, 'but just now I am troubled with a sort of giddiness which makes it impossible for me to see friends. Acland prophesies that I shall be well in a day or two.' The malady was not so soon shaken off. During some months he suffered greatly from giddiness, and when this passed away he found that he had lost strength. 'I am getting better of my illness,' he wrote at the beginning of July, 'but am still much weaker than I used to be, which provokes me, for I have numberless things to do. Meanwhile, I work very leisurely, and never so as to tire myself.

Gull thinks this better than giving up work altogether.' Part of the Long Vacation was spent at West Malvern, but the effort of entertaining friends and pupils proved too great for him.

'I have been trying the experiment for more than a week of living alone,' he writes. 'Do you know it answers very well, and for an invalid is generally best. There are new experiences of oneself and the world which come upon one in illness, quite worth having, for they improve and enrich the character. Patience and the determination to get well is the temper of mind for illness. And yet restlessness and pain will often overpower all the motives which philosophy and religion suggest to us.'

The rest of the summer was spent at Davos with J. A. Symonds, and in visits to other friends: 'no holiday, but a series of half-holidays.' From Davos he came back refreshed and bright, with almost a new purpose in life. For Symonds had pointed out with admirable judgement, that the revision of his translation of Plato was a work with which he could occupy himself profitably, till he felt equal to severer tasks. And so the essays on Aristotle were laid aside—never to be resumed—and the next four years were given to Plato. He found the work a greater burden than he expected, and as usual it consumed far more time than he intended to devote to it; but he had at least the happiness of seeing his great work issued in a form which satisfied him. On November 9 he wrote to Professor Campbell:—

'For myself I am certainly better, though not able to walk much. I have done a good deal of work, for I find the task of revising the translation a very serious matter. And it seems to me a sort of trust to convert Plato into English as well as I can, which I may perhaps live to accomplish.'

In the spring of 1887, before his illness proved so serious, Jowett was still hoping to accomplish the works to which he had so long looked forward. On his birthday in that year (April 15) he wrote:—

'Scheme of Life. Aetatis 70.

Eight years of work.

1 year, *Politics, Republic, Dialogues* of Plato.
2 years, Moral Philosophy.
2 years, Life of Christ.
1 year, Sermons.
2 years, Greek Philosophy; Thales to Socrates.

THE END.'

These hopes soon began to fade away. 'The College is my real happiness and business,' he notes; 'and probably the only business which I can carry on for eight years more. The rest are "nugae" or "impossibilities."' Even in July, 1888, he wrote: 'I must not waste time, for I cannot say whether I shall live through this week.'

A curious result of his illness was an increased degree of self-criticism. Among his memoranda I find: 'After every visitor, to consider whether I can charge myself with weakness, vanity, irrelevance, egotism'; and in another passage he resolves to 'keep his mind on the adverse side of things.' For though he was a resolute enemy of depression, whether in himself or in others, Jowett's view of life was that of a man who was conscious of his own weakness and dependence on a higher Power. After recording the words of a friend who had been criticizing life in the spirit of Heine's paradox, and asserting that man had reason to complain of a Creator, who had placed him amid such trials and sufferings, he observes that his own feeling was far different; and he was filled with thankfulness to God, who had guided

him in safety through his life. Life was a sea in which many ships were wrecked; to reach the haven was a difficult task, requiring much care and thought on the helmsman's part, and when he had done his best he was overtaken by tempests against which he struggled in vain. Through these a higher hand must lead him.

He also occupied himself with the compilation of a new hymn-book for use in Chapel. The tunes were selected by Mr. Farmer, but the words were mainly chosen by Jowett, with the help of friends. Of some Latin hymns which he received from Symonds, he says: 'What singular compositions they are, with almost every literary fault, yet possessing a depth of feeling which preserves them. . . . I have just been hearing *Dies Irae* very well sung in Chapel—a voice out of the depths of the Middle Ages; we seem to catch from them echoes of deeper feelings than we are capable of.' Jowett was very critical in his judgement of hymns; very few satisfied his taste. 'Yes, and how cocky they are,' he once broke out while discussing the subject with me.

'"When upwards I fly
Quite justified I—"

Who can say such a thing as that?'

The months passed on with little or nothing to record. What work he could do Jowett of course did, making the most of every available minute. If he could not work for an hour he worked for half an hour, and if that was found too great a strain, he rested and contented himself with a quarter of an hour. In 1888 he was able to bring out the revised edition of the translation of the *Republic*, the first instalment of his revision of the whole work.

When the Marquis of Lansdowne was appointed

Viceroy of India (in 1888), the College made the appointment an opportunity for a 'gaudy,' to which he was invited. Jowett welcomed his old pupil with delight, but the effort of presiding at the entertainment was almost more than his feeble health could bear. I remember vividly with what emotion he responded to the toast in his honour. 'I am an old man,' he said, 'and the shadows of life are beginning to close around me; I am unable to make a speech. I cannot thank you as I wish. May God bless you [1].'

The following memoranda, which I have been permitted to select from the papers of the late Rev. E. A. W. Seymour, belong to this period. They speak for themselves—showing how Jowett's sympathetic nature, even if previously undiscovered, revealed itself to those who were in need of consolation and help [2].

'*September* 8, 1888.—Had quite a touching interview with Mr. Jowett at Merevale. Mrs. Dugdale asked me over, and shortly after his arrival he took me up to his bedroom; and we chatted over the fire. I had to leave soon to catch the train. It was some years since I had seen him, and it was astonishing how accurately he remembered all connected with me—especially the gloomy time I had halfway through my Oxford course. He expressed the greatest pleasure in seeing me; his sympathy was real, not forced. I had not before realized what a warm, pathetic personality his was. Hitherto we had been master and pupil; now we were genial friends. I was perfectly at my ease with him, and he warmly followed up (so unusual with him in

[1] Jowett, as we have seen, was always greatly interested in India. When Lord Lansdowne was Viceroy he wrote him long letters on various points connected with the administration of the country. These will be published in another volume.

[2] 'I sometimes show the sympathy which I feel for young men, but always in the hope of making them independent, and drawing out something which is in themselves.'—Letter of Jan. 1, 1882.

academical society) whatever topic of conversation I started. From personal matters we passed to the Irish question—in his opinion more of a land than a political question. He thinks that eventually a moderate measure of self-government should be given them; but, first, order must be maintained; the impunity with which the law has been defied in late years is a disgrace to any Government. The question of the letters attributed to Mr. Parnell apart, he thinks that there is no doubt that Frank Byrne was implicated in the Phoenix Park murders.

'Next came theological matters. He seemed to divine my intellectual difficulties. He at once said how sorry he should be to see me leave the Church; any wise bishop would tell me to stay. It is not now as it was in the time of the Reformation; matters are moving quite fast enough, and we can do much in the way of ridding men's minds of superstitions wherever we are; but we must not put difficulties of science and criticism into the minds of simple people who would not understand them. We live in an age which is, in a very special sense, an age of transition—an exceptional age; therefore let us wait. If only we have a "passionate zeal" for saving men's souls, and tell them of Christ's love for them, and enter with all our hearts into the home lives of our people, we may be sure that we are in our right place.

'Our problems are not so serious as those of thirty or forty years ago. Then men thought they had to receive as a revelation from God that which conflicted with their sense of justice, and puzzled themselves with trying to reconcile God's goodness with the doctrine of eternal punishment. About these moral questions we may now be certain if we will.

'He ended with a hearty invitation to come and see him at Oxford, and asked me to write to him should I ever contemplate leaving the Church. His last words as I stood in the doorway were, I believe, "God bless you." An altogether delightful interview because so unexpected in its character. I came away infected with something of the calm, serene atmosphere of philosophy in which his spirit seems to move.'

'BALLIOL, *December* 10–11, 1888.—Jowett was alone, with the exception of Lord Camperdown, who had come to speak at a Unionist meeting. Very interesting conversation the whole time; politics predominating. Jowett told anecdotes; *inter alia*, one of a lady "who could bear all partings but one, and that was parting with her luggage."

'After dinner Jowett took me in to an undergraduate concert in the Hall (end of Term), presided over by John Farmer. I sat next to Professor Rogers, who kept taking snuff, and who had written one of the songs (Latin), entitled "The Lament of Devorguilla," or something to that effect. At the end Jowett made a touching little speech, "thanking them for their concert, congratulating them on their success in the Schools, and wishing them much pleasure in the vacation and some work." He seemed so happy and proud of his College while he spoke. He drew *me* in; saying he had a friend with him "who was at Balliol about five years ago, and is quite astonished at the progress you have made," i.e. in music. Finally he hoped that a name he would not mention (i.e. of John Farmer) would ever be remembered in connexion with the College.

'He took my arm on the way back to his house, on which he pressed heavily; he has been in very poor health, I understand, and only just beginning to regain his ordinary spirits and habits of life.

'We now had some talk about my affairs. After touching on various difficulties he went on: "Religion is not dependent upon historical events, the report of which we cannot altogether trust. Holiness has its sources elsewhere than in history. The true use of authority is this: it is due to one wiser than oneself and to an expert. All else is a mere matter of conduct. Faith in the perfect will of God rests upon a basis which can never be shaken. If you sever yourself from the Church you are isolated and useless. . . . Your position is a difficult one; it requires a [strong ?] man to fill it. Your ideal is higher: you need loftier motives than those who lean upon the supports which conventional religion supplies."

'This is an outline of what he said to me. He continued his

talk after Chapel in the morning before I left. How I wish I could recall more of it! I was not very well, and conscious how little I was appreciating this concentrated experience; much of it, which I would give gold to remember in the future, was slipping through my fingers unarrested. But I have carried away something of the outline of the man himself; so loving, so full of pathos, so sympathetic, so keen and bright, and, above all, so simple.'

In the inactivity forced upon him by ill health Jowett had more leisure for correspondence and desultory thought. In past years he had seemed to look on time spent in writing letters as stolen from serious work, but now serious work was often impossible. He was conscious too that his own days were drawing to a close, and therefore he wished, even more than ever, to help his friends to make the best of life. In the letters appended to this chapter the reader can follow him through many moods; sometimes sad, sometimes bright, but always overflowing with affectionate kindness, deeply touched by the attention of his friends, and endeavouring in every way to reward their care.

At one time in his life it was Jowett's intention to write a book of essays or chapters on subjects on which from his own experience he felt able to speak with authority. Among these was to be included an essay on female friendships. The book was never written, but in the introduction to Plato's *Phaedrus* there is a well-known passage, in which he compares, half in jest and half in earnest, the advantages of marriage and friendship. The picture there drawn is ideal, and is meant to be so; in ordinary life, such friendships, if possible at all, were, he thought, possible only under strict limitations and required the greatest care. 'They were for mutual help and improvement; there must be no excitement about

them or confusion of emotions;' and then, 'if not too violent, they are a great source of comfort in this weary world[1].'

Jowett had many friends among women. He delighted in their society; his shy nature seemed to expand in their presence; he talked more and better with them than he commonly did in the society of men. The happiest sayings seemed to rise readily to his lips; he forgot his weariness and became bright and gay, full of humour and playfulness. But this was only one side of his friendship; another was shown when any one stood in need of comfort and counsel, and still another when a fault was to be corrected, or a danger avoided, or a new interest in life aroused. Abundant proofs of this will be found in the letters published in these volumes, a large proportion of which are written to women. In the hour of bereavement, he speaks of hope, of duties still to be performed, or of children who need affection and care; when all is dark and perplexed, he advises reticence and silent courage; there are troubles which we shall best conquer by keeping them to ourselves. Or he warns the enthusiastic against undertaking duties which may prove too severe for them, or are for other reasons unsuitable.

His advice is always given in a most delicate and winning way. What can be more graceful than these words, written to a young lady, who was his godchild?

'I am told that you are not educated; if this is true, I can only say that you get on very well without education. And yet perhaps you might gain by a little more knowledge, like all of us. I should recommend you to insinuate yourself into your father's library, and read as much as you can.'

[1] See p. 263.

To another friend he speaks of herself in an apologue :—

'She is very sincere and extremely clever : she might be a distinguished authoress if she would, but she wastes her time and her gifts in scampering about the world, and going from one country house to another, in a manner not pleasant to look back upon, and still less pleasant to think of twenty years hence, when youth will have made itself wings and fled away. If you know her, will you tell her with my love that I do not like to offer her any more advice, but I wish that she would take counsel with herself ? '

Or, again, he endeavoured to supply new motives by painting the ideal life :—

'It is a hard thing to be in the world, and not of it ; to be outwardly much like other people, and yet to be cherishing an ideal which extends over the whole of life and beyond ; to have a natural love for every one, especially for the poor, and to get rid, not of wit and good humour, but of frivolity or excitement—to live selfless according to the will of God, and not after the fashion and opinion of men and women.'

And if he dwells on ideals, he can also be practical. To a lady of property he wrote :—

'I like to think of you going about among your dowager farmeresses, doing them real good ; it is a way of life so sensible and dignified ; you will convert the district better than all the clergymen.'

Another friend he dissuades from undertaking rescue work, and adds :—

'I won't apologize for this intrusion. I believe that you will attribute it to the true motive ; I thought that no one else would speak to you on the subject, and therefore, considering your regard and friendship for me, I ought.'

The daughter of a friend supplied him with eggs in his illness, and to her he sends a message :—

'The Master must insist on an account being sent in for his delicious eggs : he considers poultry-keeping a most

desirable industry, and he wishes to show his interest in it by being allowed to purchase his eggs.'

Was it wonderful that young and old sought his friendship and turned to him for help? 'That dear old man!' one of his oldest friends writes to me—

'That dear old man! No one else can ever dominate one's life as he did. He had certainly the most marvellous and unprecedented power of stimulating and rebuking one while he retained one's deepest affection. He had a genius for friendship, hadn't he? and kept the threads of many of our lives in his hands? I never know which to wonder at most—his extraordinary kindness and goodness to me and his real affection for me, or his ceaseless endeavour to improve me, and the wisdom with which he dropped little words of warning and fault-finding—so few of us think it worth while to take that sort of trouble for each other.'

From the notes which Jowett wrote on religious subjects in the early part of 1886, I select a few of the most connected. They are of course rough notes only, written down for his own use, but in them we see, more clearly perhaps than elsewhere, his last reflections on the subject to which he had devoted so much of his life.

Criticism and Dogma.

'1. We must accept our knowledge of facts as it is, and set hopes and aspirations and ideas against them. (The ordinary Christian does not mean anything very different from this, when he speaks of faith.)

'2. But this is the age of facts, and facts are now too strong for ideas. Nor shall we ever return to the belief in facts which are disproved, e. g. miracles, the narratives of creation, of Mount Sinai. And this is also the age of criticism, and criticism is too strong for dogma. And we shall never return to the belief in dogmas, which belong to another age, and to ourselves are mere words.

'3. It is, however, possible that ideas may again take posses-

sion of men in the same absorbing manner [in] which they did of old, e. g. the idea of the world, that is, (1) of history and science, and (2) of God.'

Changes in Religion.

'What is the possible limit of changes in the Christian religion?

'1. The conception of miracles may become impossible and absurd.

'2. The hope of immortality may be only the present consciousness of goodness and of God.

'3. The personality of God, like the immortality of men, may pass into an idea.

'4. Every moral act may be acknowledged to have a physical antecedent.

'5. Doctrines may become unmeaning words.

'Yet the essence of religion may still be self-sacrifice, self-denial, a death unto life, having for its rule an absolute morality, a law of God and nature—a doctrine common to Plato and to the Gospel.'

The New Christianity.

'The question arises, whether there can be any intellectual forms, in which this new Christianity will be presented:—

'1. The idea of God as goodness and wisdom, tending ever to realize itself in the world.

'2. The idea of the unity of man ever realizing itself more and more.

'3. The idea of law in the world answering (α) to resignation, (β) to co-operation in the human mind.

'4. The abatement of self-assertion, and the acknowledgement that in some way there will be or has been a partaking of Christ's Kingdom.

'5. The sense that we know as much as Christ did, or might know, if we had given ourselves for men: *παθήματα μαθήματα.*

'6. Though we seem to be giving up a great deal, yet the orthodox view, when examined, contains no more than ours. Its God, and immortality, and human soul separated from the

body are equally a negation, and equally a reality. Its only advantage is that it is in possession of a number of sacred names, which are also partly a hindrance to the true nature of religion.

'7. According to H. Spencer, religion has to do with the unknown. But this is only partly true: (α) the subject of religion is known as well as unknown, it is the ideal or aspiration of morality and politics; (β) it is most important in relation to man, and in this field or region is perfectly well known; (γ) [it] is not merely of the unknown, it is the upward, uncontrollable passion of human nature.

'8. The orthodox does not believe more than the unorthodox —the difference between them is one of temper and spirit. Neither St. Paul, nor Christ, really saw into a seventh heaven, or had any knowledge of a truth which can be described under the conditions of space and time different from our own. But they had a deeper and more intense conviction that all was well with them; that all things were working together for good; that mankind, if united to God and to one another, had the promise of the future in both worlds.

'9. The most instructive lesson of Buddhism and Taoism is that the negative may become positive; the smallness of the truth on which religion rests does not at all interfere with its infinite power.

'10. The nature of all religion is to be a growth from a small seed in the human heart, and in the world. Every one has this seed of immortality in himself, and can give it as much development as he pleases. And perhaps the more adverse his circumstances are, the more opportunity there is of this internal growth.

'11. Hitherto the language of the New Testament has superseded or adapted that of the Old. But we may also return from the New to the Old. The language of the prophets has a much nearer relation to our feelings than the language of St. Paul, and infinitely nearer than the language of dogmatic theology.'

The Two Great Forms of Religion.

'I. The sense and practice of the presence of God, the sight of Him, and the knowledge of Him as the great overruling

law of progress in the world, whether personal or impersonal; the sympathy and the harmony of the physical and moral, and of something unknown which is greater than either; the God of truth in the dealings of men with one another, and in the universe, the ideal to which all men are growing.

'The best of humanity is the most perfect reflection of God: humanity as it might be, not as it is; and the way up to Him is to be found in the lives of the best and greatest men; of saints and legislators and philosophers, the founders of states, and the founders of religions—allowing for, and seeking to correct their necessary onesidedness. These heroes, or demigods, or benefactors, as they would have been called by the ancients, are the mediators between God and man. Whither they went we also are going, and may be content to follow in their footsteps.

'We are always thinking of ourselves, hardly ever of God, or of great and good men who are His image. This egotism requires to be abated before we can have any real idea of His true nature. The "I" is our God—What we shall eat? What we shall drink? What we shall do? How we shall have a flattering consciousness of our own importance? There is no room left for the idea of God, and law, and duty.

'II. The second great truth of religion is resignation to the general facts of the world and of life. In Christianity we live, but Christianity is fast becoming one religion among many. We believe in a risen Christ, not risen, however, in the sense in which a drowning man is restored to life, nor even in the sense in which a ghost is supposed to walk the earth, nor in any sense which we can define or explain. We pray to God as a Person, a larger self; but there must always be a *subintelligitur* that He is not a Person. Our forms of worship, public and private, imply some interference with the course of nature. We know that the empire of law permeates all things.

'"You impose upon us with words; you deprive us of all our hopes, joys, motives; you undermine the foundations of morality."

'No! there is no greater comfort, no stronger motive than the knowledge of things as they truly are, apart from illusions

and pretences, and conventions, and theological formulas. "Be not deceived," God is not other than He is seen to be in this world, if we rightly understand the indications which He gives of Himself. Highest among these indications is the moral law, which exists everywhere and among all men in some degree; and to which there is no limit, nor ever will be, while the world lasts; the least seed of moral truth possessing an infinite potentiality, and this inspiration for the idea is strengthened and cherished by the efforts of a holy and devoted life, which appears to be the greatest moral power in the world.

'Anybody who gives himself up for the good of others, who takes up his cross, will find heaven on this earth, and will trust God for all the rest.

'Anybody who accepts facts as they truly are, and in proportion to his knowledge of them, will have no more doubts and difficulties, and reconciliations of science and religion, or inquiries about the date and authorship of the Gospels. To him the historical character of these and other ancient writings sinks into insignificance in comparison with their moral value.'

LETTERS, 1886–1888.

To J. CHURTON COLLINS.

November 29, 1886.

We have had a meeting of our Committee of Council about the final School of Modern Language and Literature. I am not at liberty to tell you the precise conclusions at which we arrived until they have been voted upon by Council. But I think that we shall probably maintain the claims of literature to be equal with those of language; and the inseparability of ancient and modern literature.

I think that of the plans which you mention by far the best is the article in the *Quarterly*, which will be in plenty of time to influence the question if it appears in the January number. Hardly anything more will be done about it this Term—probably

not even a decision arrived at about the proposals of the committee.

Your article might touch (1) on the importance to the study of Classical Literature of its association with modern, because that gives a new interest to it. It is getting in some respects worn out, and that would breathe a new life into it. (2) On the necessity of the knowledge of the classics for the intelligent study of modern literature—far greater clearly than the study of the early stages of English literature, even of Chaucer, with that view.

The manner in which the subjects should be arranged must be considered in reference to our present Schools. I hardly think that it can be done in the way which you suggest.

I hardly expect that the matter will be finally settled until the end of next Term, perhaps even later. Thank you for sending me the extract from Mr. Bright's letter. I wonder at his having read through the *Dialogues* of Plato, but I do not wonder at his not appreciating them because they flow so necessarily out of the thoughts of the time.

To Mrs. Marshall.

Balliol College, *December* 20, 1886.

I was very much pleased to hear from you and to find that you had not forgotten me or the episode of your life in Oxford.

I think that your husband is one of the happiest of men in having a subject of study which deeply interests him and which deeply interests the world at the present day, and, besides being speculative, may be the source of untold benefits to the multitude of men. And you share his happiness and interests in a manner that hardly falls to the lot of any woman. And I hope that you will not allow him to write anything that is not perfectly intelligible and which cannot be expressed in words without symbols. You remember that I was always an enemy to the mathematical formulae. He will reply that I do not understand them, which is very true. But I remember that H. Smith was equally opposed to them, and I think that all attempts of any kind to express ideas by numbers and

figures have failed and will always fail because they are not *in pari materia*—things indefinite cannot be measured by things definite, though they may be sometimes illustrated by them.

Therefore I was very glad to hear that the doctrine of numbers was to be relegated to the Appendix.

The Ladies' Colleges and their education seem to flourish at Oxford in a quiet way. I always hope that they will not desert accomplishments for what they consider solid attainments. It seems to me that they should be united and that there ought to be no opposition between them. We all of us need solid knowledge and a solid method of working, but we don't require much of this solid food. I am afraid of overworking and of destroying elasticity. I should like the Ladies' Colleges to be distinguished as places of society and good manners, and also to be schools of music, which seems to me to have great power in forming the character. But I suspect that you would not agree in this view of ladies' education, or rather of a part of it. For I do not deny that the other side of regular attainments must be included.

I shall look forward to a visit from you and Alfred in the spring, or at any time when you are able to offer.

Will you give my kindest regards to your husband and best wishes for the new year?

I have told a bookseller to send you some of Count Tolstoi's novels as a very small New Year's gift. I hope that you will like them.

I should like very much to hear what your husband thinks about bimetallism. I am afraid that his plan would be too agreeable to the American silvermongers and very disagreeable to the Indian cultivators of the soil.

To the Countess of Iddesleigh.

Balliol College, *January* 19, 1887.

If I am not intruding on your sorrow I should like to tell you how great a respect and affection I shall always have for the memory of your husband.

I knew him more than fifty years ago when we were undergraduates together at Balliol. He was the most blameless and

honourable of young men, and a kind friend to me. I remember especially the generous pleasure which he showed when I was elected a Fellow. He has had a reputation of the best kind in the world, for he has been universally trusted and esteemed. I believe that he never made an enemy, and everybody acknowledged his good sense, his patriotism, and his knowledge of public affairs. And yet I suspect that the best part of his work as a statesman was hardly known to the public. I mean his management of the offices over which he presided. I have heard Lord Lingen say that he was the greatest administrator whom he had known at the Treasury: and I have had similar testimony from an equally experienced person of his superiority at the India Office. He was gracious and charming in all societies; every one carried away a pleasant impression of him: he was felt to be a truly good man. In these log-rolling days, it seems to me a pleasant and also a great thing that such a reputation can have been made by one who never resorted to the arts of popularity.

He is at rest: in a few years we shall follow: we should have liked to have him for the sake of his family and his country a little longer, but it has pleased God otherwise. May you find comfort in the recollection of his honoured life, and in the thought that as you have been his true helper in the past, you may still have great duties to perform for his sake now that he is no longer here.

To Miss M. Tennant.

February 15, 1887.

I am delighted to hear that you have such intense enjoyment of life. Rejoice, O young lady, in thy youth, but know—— I shan't finish the sentence, for I do not think that it is appropriate—nor shall I moralize about your birthday, but only wish you joy of it, if indeed any one can rejoice at getting older. Twenty-five is a solemn age to a young lady, is it not? Most young ladies begin to sing, 'Ah me, when shall I marry me?' But I know that you are fancy-free and despise these minor affairs. I do not really see how you can ever be the heroine of a novel.

There appear to me to be five truly great composers: Bach, Handel, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven. Of these, in my inmost soul, for variety, sweetness, and pathos, I like Mozart the best. Wagner, I am taught, is not orthodox, a sort of confusion between a musician and a dramatist. At any rate he does not attain to the great five, nor does Mendelssohn. We often have 'O rest in the Lord' played to us, and sometimes 'O for the wings.' I quite agree in your opinion that they are heavenly strains.

The quotation which I wrote in your Arnold's Wordsworth is from Wordsworth, but I am writing in a railway station, and therefore cannot find it at the moment. An old blind lady told me of her favourite quotation from Wordsworth:

> 'For consolation's sources deeper are
> Than sorrow's deepest.'

It is charming to have written so many lines that have soothed and lifted the souls of forlorn people as Wordsworth did. Will you ever be an author?

Why do you read such books as Godwin's *Political Justice*, which is crude and old-fashioned? If you want to study such things, read Plato's *Republic*, and Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*, and Milton's *Areopagitica*. It is a great principle in all serious reading to stick to the works of great writers. Do you really know Shakespeare well, who is a hundred times greater than Shelley or Keats? (By the way, I went to see the Shelleys not long since. I was shown his books and the drowned Aeschylus which he had in his pocket when he was drowned. I think that they had better have left him where the late Mrs. Shelley left him, for it is impossible to convert him into a decent or honourable man.)

I would recommend you, if you want to get a notion of persons and facts of English history during the last sixty years, to read Charles Greville's *Diary* and Sir Erskine May's *Constitutional History*—both excellent.

Our friend —— appears to me very sad and comfortless. He had better be a good Christian (as I hope that you are) than an ancient Greek, as he imagines himself. I think that I believe more and more in Christianity, not in miracles or hell, or

verbal inspiration, or atonement, but in living for others and in going about doing good. I have made you my *confession de foi*, which, you know, no wise man ever tells to another. Will you make me yours? Not altogether from curiosity, I should like to know it.

Our friendship was to last for a year, you know. Shall we slightly alter the terms of it? 'The friendship may be put an end to by either party on giving three months' notice. If it is broken off the parties shall agree never to speak ill of each other all the days of their life.'

I have nothing so interesting as your hunting to talk about. Do you think that there will be hunting in the next world? Virgil says so! I am not a rider at all, but only a broken-down horse who tries in vain to run a race. I sometimes think of giving it all up, and getting rid of this contradiction of sciences. But before I have settled the question I expect that it will have settled itself for me.

In the process of writing this letter I have come from Oxford to Bristol, which may explain its rather unconnected style. I am staying with my old friends Dean Elliot and his daughter, who have been telling me stories about Lord Brougham and impostures. 'Do you believe in ghosts?' some one said to him. 'No, I have seen too many.' He bought statues and put them up in the church for his ancestors.

To J. A. Symonds.

Oxford, *March* 2, 1887.

I was very sorry to hear from yourself that you were unwell, and from some one else that you were no better. I hear that you have gone to Italy. I hope by this time that matters have somewhat mended with you.

I should offer consolation, but I suspect that you are too old to be consoled; and that like Ibycus you tremble at the thought—not of love, but of cold, which you have so often experienced. Nevertheless it seems to me that the remembrance of much worse illnesses than this may give you some confidence in the strength of your own constitution.

I was very glad to hear that you thought of having a period

of retirement from literature and of rest and thought before you publish again. It is the only way to gain strength and escape from mannerism. You have great stores of knowledge and a wonderful facility and grace of style. But I want you to write something stronger and better, and in which the desire to get at the truth is more distinctly expressed. You told me once that some words of mine produced a great impression on your 'green, untutored youth.' Let me add, what I am equally convinced of, that you may not only 'rise to eminence' —that is already accomplished—but that you have natural gifts which would place you among the first of English contemporary writers if you studied carefully how to use them. But I am afraid that you are no longer 'green' enough in the better sense of the word to believe this, and that you will laugh at me.

I am very grateful to you for your kindness to Knight. I always think very highly of his abilities and character. To my taste he is one of the best conversers I know; and I am quite surprised at his goodness and simplicity. I never knew him do anything wrong or mean in his life. I fear that he can only have an invalid's life before him.

I read this morning a very pretty book called *Obiter Dicta*, written I believe by a lady at Clifton[1]. It contains an excellent (favourable) criticism on Carlyle and many new and well-expressed thoughts. I find that my old feeling about Carlyle comes back again—when a man has written so extremely well you don't care to ask whether he was a good husband or a good friend. I am more doubtful whether so excitable a man, however accurate in minute facts, could have had the power of forming an accurate judgement.

Last week I went to Clifton, the first time for about four years—saw the Dean and Miss Elliot, both wonderfully well. They are making an effort for the College, which will I hope keep above water[2].

We are going to have a Modern Literature and Language School at Oxford: one among many changes.

[1] The book is, of course, the work of A. Birrell.

[2] See p. 296.

To J. A. Symonds.

Oxford, *March* 30, 1887.

Your previous letter gave me nothing but pleasure. I am sorry that you should write to apologize for it.

I am very unwilling to advise any one who is circumstanced as you are what literary work they should undertake. They must judge for themselves: I always expect this. But still I do not like giving up the hope of some permanent work either for myself or for my friends, the best that we can do, whether long or short, though to me this sort of ideal is becoming like 'the lingering star with lessening ray.' For the truth is that I have an illness more incurable than yours—I am getting old. When I write anything to you, I will ask you to keep it if it encourages you, to throw it away if it disturbs you. I have no doubt that if you could concentrate yourself and have a couple of years' average health you might leave a name that would not be forgotten in literature.

I hope that your oldest daughter is making progress. She seemed to me unusually pleasing and intelligent. Poor child, I fear she has had a trying life.

To J. A. Symonds.

Farringford, *April* 10, 1887.

I am deeply grieved to hear of what is befalling you. We must leave children, as we shall one day leave ourselves, in the hands of God. But it is hard to part from those who have wound themselves round our hearts by so many ties.

If I could hope that she were living I should send my love to her. I remember her very distinctly and shall always remember her. She was a gifted creature, and made a great impression on me by her intelligence and goodness when I was staying at Davos about five years ago. Will you give my love to her sisters and to their mother?

My life is drawing to a close. I seem to have a hope for myself and others that this world is not and cannot be all. We trust in God, not venturing to say much on such a matter.

My host here[1] is well and in wonderful vigour of mind. He is seventy-eight years of age in August. I should not be surprised at his writing poems as good or better than what have been his best hitherto.

I hope that you will get some change of scene—not England, it is too dangerous, but Italy or perhaps Greece—and when you are refreshed, then return with the deeper feeling which sorrow gives to old interests and studies.

To Mrs. Marshall.

April 11, 1887.

It was very good of you to write to me ; and I am truly glad to hear that you are beginning to improve. Anything is interesting to me which relates to you or Alfred, who show so much regard and affection for me.

I should have been at Bournemouth too, as I have been for the last twenty years, at this time of the year, if Sir H. Taylor had been alive. To me and to many he is a great loss—so good and kindly and free from jealousy, and also, though half forgotten in this generation, one of the finest literary men of our time.

I am staying with Tennyson, who is full of vigour and energy, writing and hoping to write as long as he lives. In mind I do not see the slightest decline—memory good as ever and conversation as lively and charming. He only wants what we are all of us rather in search of—repose and freedom from visitors. He is much gentler and kinder than formerly. I fear that he sometimes feels very sadly the death of Lionel.

It gave me great pleasure to see you at Cambridge. I think that you have built yourself a model house and have found a model way of life. I very much admire your plan of living upon nothing. The only claim that interferes with it is the claim of society, which in certain positions you can't get rid of. But I think that you and Alfred make as near an approach to the early Christians as is possible in the nineteenth century.

[1] Tennyson.

To J. A. Symonds.

Oxford, *April* 14, 1887.

So your dear child has been taken who a week ago was still with you. I am afraid that you will miss her companionship sadly, especially in your work, for many years to come. It is a rare thing to have a child who can take an interest in your studies. But 'it has pleased God, and it must please us too.' And we return from the grave to order in the best manner that we can the remaining years of our life.

You have other children, and there is nothing which she would have desired more than that they should become to you what she would have been.

Give my love to your wife. She has had a good deal more than her share of trouble and sorrow in life. Yet sorrow leaves something behind it which we would not altogether be without.

To Lady Tennyson.

Balliol College,
May 1, 1887.

I must write a line to thank you for your note. I am so glad to hear a better account of Hallam; though I am afraid that the dear old fellow may have a good deal of suffering for some time to come. He knows how to bear that: God bless him.

It sounds a paradox, some of the 'vacant chaff well meant for grain,' to say that an illness is not always an evil. But I think it is true that it may make us know ourselves better, and may give us a deeper experience of the affection and helpfulness of others.

I don't think that I ever thanked you for the photograph of Lionel, which is a very pleasant likeness of him. I have so many recollections of him when he used to hang about me in the nursery, and listen to stories out of Homer, and used to come and learn Greek grammar at the house upon the terrace twenty and thirty years ago.

Please not to answer this note. But if any serious anxiety should arise about Hallam, which I do not anticipate, I will ask Mrs. Hallam to send me a line.

To Hallam Tennyson.

Balliol College,
May 23, 1887.

Since I returned I have been ill—not seriously but sufficiently to lay me on the shelf for a week or two, which is rather unfortunate at this busy time of the year, but unavoidable. The illness which I have is a sort of giddiness or vertigo—the cough is almost gone and is of no consequence. I should like to hear about yourself. Have you gone to see Prescott Hewitt, as you ought to have done? The right treatment of a wound when healing may make the difference of a perfect recovery, or a slight limp, lasting for life.

Will you give my love to your father, your mother, and your wife? I cannot be too grateful for their kindness and affection. Last week I had a delightful visit, and enjoyed myself greatly. Just now I am down in the world, but mean to get brighter in a few days. As I am told to be quiet, and it is impossible to be quiet in Oxford, I am going to London to live *incog.* with some quiet friends of mine—the Lingens, 13 Wetherby Gardens, S.W.

I hope that your father will soon find a new subject, or that you will find one for him.

Excuse my writing to you by the hand of another person. It is a little troublesome to me to write for myself.

To the Dean of Salisbury[1].

Oxford, *June* 14, 1887.

I write to thank you for the volume[2] which you have kindly sent me, and which I found waiting on my return here to-day.

I am very glad that the essays have been republished. I quite agree with you that there was more in himself than in his writings. But the two essays on Wordsworth and Coleridge are very good and interesting; the others please me less.

[1] The Very Rev. Dr. Boyle.

[2] *Studies in Poetry and Philosophy*, by J. C. Shairp, Professor of Poetry at Oxford.

I have the pleasantest recollection of his life and character, from the days when I first saw him in the Balliol quadrangle swinging upon a chain and repeating poetry to a knot of undergraduates on a summer's evening, to his last return to Oxford. He was a thorough gentleman, and wherever he was his influence was for good.

You will be sorry to hear, if you have not heard, that our dear friend, and his friend, is dangerously ill[1]—he has had an operation, and the account of his state to-day is unfavourable.

To Miss M. Tennant.

Westminster Arms Hotel,
West Malvern, [*June*, 1887].

Let me know what you have been doing, especially if any good has been happening to you, or if you have been reading anything of interest. What do you suppose that I have been reading?—*Sir Charles Grandison*. It is very interesting, and so long as to be practically inexhaustible. Oh the endless love-making, not of one or two people, but of at least fifty! It should be read by all young people, for its many beauties, for its high principle, for its knowledge of life and human nature. Do get it and read it, and do not be repulsed by the first volume or frightened at the five or six which follow.

I have heard of the loss of one of my oldest friends to-day—Theodore Walrond—one of the best and most honourable men.

To Professor Caird.

West Malvern, *July* 7, 1887.

I do not measure the regard of my friends by the number of letters which pass between us in a year, and I hope that they do not [measure] mine for them by any such false test. There are many like yourself of whom I should greatly like to see more, but distance divides us, and life is very full of occupation.

I have been temporarily ill during the last six weeks with

[1] Theodore Walrond, who died on June 16.

what is called 'vertigo.' I am a great deal better, but have not entirely got rid of giddiness. My illness, which is troublesome, makes me anxious that my other student friends should take care of themselves, for these brain disorders (even though like mine quite slight) give us warning and take a long time getting well.

I hope that you are writing—slowly and with a view to something lasting. Metaphysics exercise an enormous power for good (and also sometimes for bad), but they seem to be the most transient of all parts of knowledge, and we must not be surprised if the second and third generation of pupils do not receive 'the truth' with the same enthusiasm as the first. We have grown older and are no longer on the confines of this world; and the novelty of what we have to say has worn off. I know not how we can provide so as to make friends of them, that they may 'receive us into everlasting habitations.'

To MISS C. M. SYMONDS[1].

September 1, 1887.

'My heart's in the Highlands,' whither I am going next week: or rather not in the Highlands but at Davos, where I left it a few days ago, being unable to forget the kindness and affection which were shown me by two young ladies named Madge and Lotta and the goodness of Fräulein Schmidt. I hope that you made as good a journey home as I did—saw Amiens and Beauvais and met Mr. Knight, looking a robust invalid, in Amiens Cathedral—and that you, my dear godchild, are flourishing in health and in every way.

I sent a box of books to Davos a day or two ago. Let me explain its contents: (1) Plato, 3 vols.; and a Greek lexicon for Mr. Knight, if you will let him know of this when he arrives. (2) A book called the Kussal for your father: it is a book of the sacred poetry of the South of India, and I think it is of the sort which he likes to read (I bought the book, and had another copy sent me by the India Office, which I make over to him). (3) Some plays of Shakespeare edited by Aldis Wright,

[1] Now Mrs. Walter Leaf.

with notes, for Madge, who will, I hope, become a lover and reader of Shakespeare. (4) A new edition of Boswell, which I want you to read yourself first, and afterwards aloud to the family. (5) Two books of extracts from Wordsworth and from Shelley, in which the Fräulein may take an interest. Will you give them to her with my kind regards ?

I have got as far as Durham on my way to Scotland. It is a most beautiful place, with a charming and very ancient cathedral standing on a hill and looking down on the river Tees.

To Mrs. Ilbert.

Airlie Castle,
September 23, 1887.

I received a charming little note from you on the day when —— was good enough to take me in about a month ago, which if I had not been as 'lazy as a toad at the bottom of a well,' to borrow Lord Thurlow's elegant expression, I should have gratefully answered at the time. Nothing could be better or more comfortable. Your spirit seemed to preside over the cookery.

To Miss M. Tennant.

Dalmeny Park,
September 29, 1887.

I am glad that you keep up your friendship with Mr. Arthur Balfour. He seems to me to be one of the first men of the day. He has so much courage and readiness, and such an absolute indifference to what is said of him. I suppose that his defect may be some want of sympathy, which is a great loss in a politician. I should have liked to hear his paper on Comtism and the Church. Comtism seems to me for the most part contemptible, the invention, as M. Arnold says, of a grotesque French pedant, of a very ignoble character, but inspired by certain flashes of genius. In speaking of the Church I should always distinguish between the actual Church and the ideal Church—the first, much what human nature is; the second, the embodiment of all good and all perfection, the will and law of God, existing in the mind only. Many persons

regard the second as imaginary, to me it seems the most real of all things. . . .

My host here[1] is very kind, and is a man whom I like. Do you know him? He is devoted to Gladstone, but I do not condemn every man for being that. He seems to me to care quite as much for literature as for politics, and to be essentially a Conservative.

To MRS. ILBERT.

ST. ANDREWS, [1887].

(1) I am glad to hear that you are in good spirits. So am I; but the good spirits are for both of us the greatest possible folly, unless we take the utmost care for ourselves, in the least matters as well as in the greater ones. A mere delusion and snare. For we are both in a tumble-down condition. . . .

I agree with you that the good and silly people do more harm than the bad and wise ones. But this, as Plato would say, is only to be told in a mystery, and not repeated to young people, lest the world should become corrupted.

I have had a great comfort since my breakdown last May in the extraordinary kindness of friends, such as the kind people here. . . .

(2) I am glad to hear that you resent my saying that you and I are in rather a tumble-down condition. Only please to remember that discretion is the better part of valour. . . . I think that I really get better. My tumble-down must have come, and I am thankful it has been no worse.

To J. A. SYMONDS.

Address OXFORD, [1887].

I have been intending for a long time past to write and thank you for your great kindness and hospitality to me when at Davos, and to ask about my dear friend Lotta, who, with her sister, was so kind and affectionate to me. I have seen many people since, but the recollection of those two young ladies always comes back to me.

[1] Lord Rosebery.

I was benefited by the stay at Davos and appear to be on the whole much better—and so your prediction of me, *ἰατρός*[1] as you are, *καίπερ ἰδιωτεύων αὐτός*[2], will, I believe, come true. But just lately, owing to a foolish over-exertion last week, I have had a bad gastric attack, which has kept me in bed for three days. . . .

I hope that you look forward cheerfully to reading and writing during the next few years. Shall I tell you that your philosophy considerably impressed me, and I mean to take a leaf or two out of your book? First, in what you said to me that you cared far more for rendering up the soul right before God than for any accomplishment of literary undertakings. I wish to have this feeling ever present to my mind. All that one can do is so small, even if successful, and the other is so far more sacred and important. Also I entirely agree that one should set one's house in order and not be troubled about death—it may come this year, next year, or ten years hence. We will do something in the interval, but the result must be left with God. I was obliged to you for telling me that I had a work to do in the correction of Plato, which was just suited to my enfeebled state of mind and health. Whether I shall ever do much more I doubt.

To Professor Lewis Campbell.

Oxford, *October* 18, 1887.

I am quite serious in thinking that we should regard not what our friends but what our enemies say of us. They would charge *me* with want of reading, 'misty,' 'inaccurate,' 'commonplace,' &c., and some other unsavoury epithets of that sort. (You shall fill up the portrait for yourself.) *καὶ ἐμοὶ δοκοῦσιν ἀληθῆ λέγειν, οὐ μέντοι διὰ τὸ τῆς ἀληθείας φίλους εἶναι*[3], and I shall try to profit by their criticisms, though I know the absurdity of saying *γηράσκω δ' ἀεὶ πολλὰ διδασκόμενος*[4].

You have a much longer time before you; and I see no reason why you should not leave an eminent name among

[1] 'Physician.'

[2] 'Though not in the profession.'

[3] 'And in my opinion they say what is true, but not because they care for the truth.'

[4] 'I am never too old to learn.'

English scholars. What is to be the future of classical scholarship? It has so great a place in education, and yet the materials for its extension or improvement seem to be so much exhausted. Never can we have such a jubilation over it as at the Renaissance. Two or three points occur to me: (1) Principles of criticism applicable to history, philosophy, grammar, texts, have to be laid down. (2) The real value of scholiasts, lexicographers, grammarians has to be estimated (very limited, of course). (3) The nature of that curious artificial system which we call grammar, and which has had so great an influence on language, has to be analyzed. (4) The certainties and proportions of different subjects have to be determined. One of the most harmless things which a scholar can do is to translate. I believe nineteen-twentieths of his labour is lost, and might be saved if he asked himself a few preliminary questions.

I will send you some peculiarities of language which I note in reading through Plato as they turn up, leaving you to arrange them and to pick out what is useful.

Will you send me by post the first two books of the notes? I have just finished correcting the translation of the *Republic* and am beginning it once more. The work of translation is endless, and yet I have a feeling that any amount of pains is well bestowed.

I wish you a good year at St. Andrews. In one respect your work is more satisfactory than ours because it is more evident in its results. The question of relation to Dundee, and probably of Scotch University Reform generally, is likely to be turning up. I think that you should not fall behind the English Universities in the matter of women's education. I expect Mrs. Campbell will approve this sentiment.

I get on better than I did, but I have a great deal to do which rather retards me, and I do not yet feel strong or sound. I make excellent resolutions and keep a good many of them.

To Edwin Harrison.

Oxford, *October* 18, 1887.

I remember the pleasant days which we spent together at Loch Tummel and Loch Rannoch, and our Sunday expedition

to Glenlyon and Schiehallion. They seem like pictures, they are so far off now. Those Long Vacation parties are some of the pleasantest recollections of my life.

We are getting older, and there are many things which will never come back to us, but we must not lose heart and hope. Suppose that you look me up at Oxford some day when you want a holiday. I am by way of being an invalid, taking care of myself, especially in the matters of diet and exercise, as I am prescribed by the doctor, not working much or visiting; but I don't think that I am really very ill, only nervous—functional, not organic, &c.

To Professor Lewis Campbell.

Balliol College,
November 9, 1887.

I suppose that you are now well started and have got to full speed. For myself I am certainly better, though not able to walk much. I have done a good deal of work. For I find the task of revising the translation a very serious matter. And it seems to me a sort of trust to convert Plato into English as well as I can, which I may perhaps live to complete. The *Republic* strikes me as the most defective part of the translation and requires the most care.

To Miss C. M. Symonds.

Balliol College,
November 16, 1887.

I should like to know from yourself how you are, and I want you to do me a service. I fancy that I see you all in the house and 'I no longer there.' There is Katharine swinging in the cloister, and you playing sweet and slow music, and Madge finishing her Swiss cottage with impossible browns and reds, and the good Mademoiselle who used to give me whisky and water, and your father smoking and talking with the natives of Davos in his study. I suppose that you are all engaged in tobogging—alas! I cannot spell the word—which seems to turn your heads.

I should add a few hints on education, but the other day

I heard a gentleman called an 'educational flirt,' and was so alarmed that I have determined to abstain in future from all remarks of that nature. Nevertheless I hope that you still enjoy playing Mozart on the pianoforte, and that in time you will learn to 'dash away.' (See Boswell's *Johnson.*)

The service which I wanted you to do me is this. Your father, who knows everything, has studied Latin hymns; and he promised to send me the names and titles of six or eight of the very best of them. I toiled through the selection which Newman published and found nothing tolerable. I want you to get the names, dates, authors, and titles of these hymns for me, and will you—oh! will you copy them out for me, as it may not be easy to find them in any books which I have? Four of the best I have already, *Veni Creator Spiritus*, *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, *Jesu dulcis memoriae*, and *Dies Irae*, and therefore I should not want them. I want some more to add to Mr. Farmer's hymn-book, which is shortly coming out. . . .

I get better, except perhaps in walking, and am able to work a good deal. It is a very long work which I have before me, the revision of Plato—not very difficult and therefore suited to my poor capacity. Write me a good letter, 'the history of a day,' if you like, as I am interested about what concerns you. When are you coming to keep house for me?

Read an Irish story called *Hurrish* if you can get it. I was very much pleased with it.

You may give my love indiscriminately to everybody in the house except the servants—this might be misunderstood.

To MISS M. TENNANT.

BALLIOL COLLEGE,
November 16, 1887.

I am glad to hear that you have blue sky and sea and bright sunshine. As 'there is something in the misfortunes of one's best friends that is not wholly disagreeable,' you will be pleased to hear that we are in a November fog to-day—dark Oxford, still darker London, where I was this morning. I think as one gets older that one ought to have a better climate in winter.

About Shelley I entirely think with you and not with Lord ——. I am entirely for old-fashioned morality, the Seventh Commandment, &c. The world has gained this by the process of the ages, and is not going to be robbed of it by a sentimental poet. Shelley and Byron's real life could not properly be discussed with a lady, and it is a great pity that attention is drawn to them by recent writers: we had better have their poetry without the lives which are inconveniently associated with them. I do not myself think Shelley a great poet (though this would be thought a ridiculous paradox—do not tell anybody, for it would excite a bitter animosity against me). It seems to me that the value of poetry is to be judged of, not by fanciful associations of nature, but by the true human interest which it arouses, as in Shakespeare or Burns, and that it should be conversant with the highest, not the lowest side of man. Byron is different; to me a much greater poet than Shelley, and remarkable for combining in his own character some of the noblest and many of the very worst features of human nature. The subject is not really worth discussing, I think.

To J. A. Symonds.

Balliol College,
November 27, 1887.

I was very much pleased to receive your kind letter. I was beginning to fear that I might have expressed myself in a way which I should not, or which had given you pain. You must not suppose that I do not set a great value on your writing, which I always read with interest. But I have an insane desire to lift if possible myself, and at any rate my old pupils, to a peg higher in their literary work, forgetting sometimes that the old relation no longer subsists between us.

Many thanks about the hymns—what singular compositions they are! with almost every literary fault, yet possessing a depth of feeling which preserves them. I have just been hearing *Dies Irae* very well sung in the Chapel—'a voice out of the depths of the Middle Ages'—we seem to catch from them echoes of deeper feelings than we are capable of.

I will not refuse your kind offer to send me the little

volume which contains the hymns, and then I need not trouble Lotta to copy them. Our new hymn-book (for Schools and Colleges, Mr. Farmer's) will contain about two hundred hymns, and I think may very well include ten or twelve Latin ones—among them the *Stabat Mater*.

I shall look forward to reading your book on the principles of criticism. A very important part of this subject which I have never seen treated is literary evidence—genuineness of books and texts. Another important question little considered is the connexion between a writer and his works. It is much less, I think, than is commonly supposed—Shakespeare, if we could have seen him, would have appeared to us ἄτοπός τις (an oddity). The writer and the man do not generally correspond. In Goethe and Sir W. Scott they are probably better harmonized than in others.

To Miss C. M. Symonds.

Balliol College,
January 2, 1888.

I write to you partly from an interested and partly from a disinterested motive. The disinterested motive is that I may know how you all are, and yourself especially. I hope, child, that you are getting better and stronger, and are perhaps able to skate and toboggan, without which life at Davos is not considered to be worth having. Tell me also about your father and mother, not forgetting Madge and Katharine.

Now comes the interested part of my letter—the hymn-book is approaching completion; but the Latin hymn-book which your father kindly promised me has never arrived, probably because it was out of print. Therefore I should have a few hymns copied out. Upon his recommendation I should choose:

1. *Lauda Sion.*
2. *Salve caput.*
3. *Aude Tellus.*
4. *Stabat Mater.*
5. *Hic breve vivitur.*
6. [Omitted.]

Now I was going to ask you to copy these out for me, and I am sure you would have told me that you would

have great pleasure in doing so, for which I thank you by anticipation. But I see upon looking back at your father's letter that he only promised to send me the book if I wrote and desired it. Will you ask him then to order the book *and the bill* to be sent to me, and I will write to him in a few days?

Will you care to hear that I am a great deal better than when I limped after you to the Post Office? I have done a good deal of work at Plato, besides College business; only I cannot sleep well at night, and am therefore very lazy, and often go to bed again after morning Chapel.

I have read some novels lately—probably you have read them already:—*Misunderstood*, very pretty—*Cranford*, excellent—*Salem Chapel*, good but too full of improbabilities—*Hurrish*, excellent—*Erna*, a very pretty Norwegian story—*All Sorts and Conditions of Men* and *The Children of Gibeon*, both very much alike and equally unsatisfactory. There are few ways in which people can be better employed than in reading a good novel (I do not say that they should do nothing else). If you ever feel out of spirits bury yourself in a novel. A young lady, a friend of mine, has read *Sir Charles Grandison* three times over and can pass an examination in it. She made me read it; it is the longest of novels and one of the best. I have also read over again *The Vicar of Wakefield*, which I think charming. I hope that you are well up in it, and remember that the next time we meet I shall examine you in Boswell.

To W. H. Hall.

Oxford, *February* 27, 1888.

I am afraid that I only pleased myself with a vision of going to Rome with you in the Easter Vacation. I have at present so many things to do at home that I fear I must give up the pleasant prospect, perhaps for ever.

Here we are embedded in some inches or rather feet of snow, which has been lying on the ground for a fortnight. No such fall has occurred here in my recollection. I picture you to be basking in sunshine, and looking upon the blue

of the Mediterranean. I hope that you will get a sight of Florence and Rome before you return.

The time which I passed at Six Mile Bottom has left a very pleasant recollection. How kind you were to me! I got through a fair portion of my book, which has been my chief object in life.

People are hopeful about the Liberal Unionist policy. I do not think that I am. After all, the great difficulty remains that you have two-thirds of the people of Ireland, supported by more than half the Liberal party in England, clamouring for separation, and though the Government can keep in order the Irish, they cannot keep in order the Irish and the English.

The question turns upon the growth or change of the Liberal party in the next year. On the other hand, I feel that the methods of the Home Rule agitation are detestable, and that a Government does not deserve to be called a Government which does not protect its loyal subjects against boycotting; nor have I the least hope or faith in the future of a self-governed Ireland, a nation of paupers, who will drive out of their country the best elements which it contains.

To MISS M. TENNANT.

February 27, 1888.

How pathetic old love stories are! You go into a drawing-room and see old dowagers, fat, worldly, unshapely, of fifty, sixty, seventy years old, who were once 'charming,' as the phrase is, and have had their little romance and perhaps married somebody else for money, and you cannot realize that all this affair of love which agitates the young so greatly was going forward with equal activity fifty or a hundred years ago.

I remember a lady, now about sixty-five years [old], very short and fat, but still a nice creature. She used to have a lover (now a person of high station in the Church), and he wrote out a list of her faults; they covered, she said, two sheets of foolscap paper—and though she was young and pretty, this shabby Dean did not marry her after all. However, she got another

Bath Club

July 24. 1888

My dear Campbell

I send you a new specimen of the Plate on which I have written "opposed". What do you think? It is rather large & will need about 400 pages of Text but appears to me better than any of the others. It is the Peace of 1838

I have finished the Republic & am now at work at the Dialogues. Will you send me two or three books of the Notes?

Ever yours

B Jowett

also a key & to go with the set of keys we spoke of

Dean, and did pretty well after all. Did you ever read a favourite book of mine: *Fruit, Flowers, and Thorn Pieces*, by Jean Paul?—a picture of the evils which must necessarily arise from the marriage of a good commonplace woman with a man of genius. The common world is as good as a play to those who have the eye to see it.

To J. A. Symonds.

Oxford, *March* 14, 1888.

A day or two since a book of Latin hymns reached me. Many thanks for it. I had already selected about five of those which Lotta kindly copied for me[1]. I was very glad to have them. Are you really an admirer of them? To me they seem to be the very worst and most disagreeable poetry which I ever read, only rendered tolerable by the solemn mediaeval music to which they are set, like *Dies Irae*. They are so tasteless and also so exaggerated in sentiment, and often frivolous and trifling. . . .

I think you were a very good prophet and diviner about my illness and gave me excellent counsel. For the last four months I have been getting better and am now beginning to sleep well, which is the true panacea—only I feel that I am at a different stage of existence and that life is more precarious than formerly. I have revised or retranslated the *Republic*, which will be out after the Easter Vacation, and have found it a very soothing and pleasing occupation, as you told me I should. In about a year I shall be able to complete the whole.

Visions of going to Italy have disappeared. I am remaining here to finish the *Republic*. It is one of my anxieties to leave behind me my books in the best form into which I can get them.

To Lady Taylor.

Oxford, *April* 24, 1888.

I have delayed thanking you for your kind present of the *Letters*, because I wanted to read them first. I have

[1] See above, pp. 332, 334.

read the greater part of them and find them extremely interesting.

They remind me of the pleasant days which I have had with you at Bournemouth, and of the many persons and events about which Sir Henry and I used to speak, and of the kindness and welcome which I always received from you. I think that I must first of all have come to Bournemouth in 1870, the year of poor Aubrey's death, whose attachment to me I always remember. (He was very gifted in many ways.) But we had made acquaintance long before in the Isle of Wight and at the Grange.

I went to my dear friend M. Arnold's funeral on Thursday. The world has been pleased to say many complimentary things of him since his death; but they have hardly done him justice because they did not understand his serious side—hard work, independence, and the most loving and careful fulfilment of all the duties of life.

To Miss M. Tennant.

May 13, 1888.

I am delighted that you read Wordsworth out of the book which I gave you, lying in the long grass, and shall not retort Fox's reply to Rogers, who said, 'How delightful to lie on the grass on a summer's day with a book!' 'But why with a book?' A charming story, is it not? I quite approve of your thinking yourself a sort of busy, buzzing, rather miserable creature. That is my feeling almost always. And if I were not so old, I should think that something good might come out of it, because it is true.

I hope that you are not irrevocably committed to anti-Unionist views, for I do not think that they are going to win. And you should always be on the winning side.

I don't think that I like James Payn's stories; the only one that I have ever read seemed to me very inferior. Have you thoroughly made yourself up in Miss Austen, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and Boswell? No person is educated who does not know them.

To Miss C. M. Symonds.

Oxford, *October* 13, 1888.

I was very glad to hear that you were all well, and had such pleasant visions of Italy. I think that Italy and not Paris should be the place to which good Americans go when they die, especially to Florence.

I am rather a bird of passage in the vacations; but I do not forget those whom I leave behind. It seemed to me a long time since I heard from you when your letter came. And you do not tell me much about what you have all been doing or thinking or reading. I hope that you are never dull. That seems to me one of the greatest of faults, especially if you are living in rather a dull place. Then you should be jolly under creditable (?) circumstances out of the abundance of your own happy nature. But indeed if you are dull, try as a remedy a good reading of Dickens, especially *Pickwick, Martin Chuzzlewit, David Copperfield, Bleak House,* and the *Tale of Two Cities.*

Don't allow me to forget that I promised Katharine a book, *Gulliver's Travels.* I have not had time to get it yet. That is one of the books which you might read with advantage to make you laugh when in a dull mood.

Thank you for asking about me. I am a great deal better than I was this time last year, but the truth which I have long been trying to come at for myself is that at my age one is not good for much. I have done with the *Republic* of Plato, which is being bound and dried—in about three weeks I shall send a copy to your father.

I have just been having dinner in the middle of my letter. I wished that you had been sitting at the table with me. 'I think I see you in the house, and I no longer there.' There you all are. Father and mother at the top and bottom of the table, talking about riding and tobogganing, and of the expedition to Venice and Florence, and sometimes the notes of some one practising on the piano still resound in my ears. . . .

I am afraid that I get worse and worse in many respects, especially in handwriting. I 'mumble' my letters. But

I hope that you will be able to decipher me, and then I hear you say, 'So little in it.' But ought not letters, like talk, to consist of nothings?

To Professor Caird.

Balliol College,
October 24, 1888.

Would you kindly do me a service?

I am assisting Mr. Farmer in collecting hymns for a hymn-book, and I am anxious to have some of the best Scotch hymns and paraphrases included in it—I mean of the old genuine Scotch sort, not the modern additions. Would you and Mrs. Caird send me a list of about twenty which you consider the best, and perhaps Dr. Caird would also favour me with his judgement?

The book is in the press and therefore I am rather hurried, and would be glad to have your verdict as soon as may be convenient.

I was very sorry to miss you this year. I am always hearing from Scotchmen of the success of your work as a Professor.

I have been reading T. H. Green's life[1], which seems to me extremely well done. His character is to my mind a more precious possession than his philosophy.

I saw Nichol this year. He seemed to me quieter and happier, and was much pleased with the recognition of his *Life of Byron*, which is certainly very good. With kind regards to Mrs. Caird.

I send you an old hymn-book that you may see what we have already.

To Mrs. T. Humphry Ward.

Balliol College,
November 16, 1888.

I am rather anxious about the step which you propose to take, of defending your cause in the *Nineteenth Century*. . . .

[1] In vol. iii. of his collected works, edited by R. L. Nettleship.

The points of critical theology which always strike me as unanswerable, and which if they cannot be answered will slowly but certainly make their way, are :—

1. The impossibility of showing either the date of the Gospels or the manner of their composition.

2. Their isolation.

3. The ignorance of the Christian Church of everything but what is contained in them.—They are an unauthenticated fragment belonging to an age absolutely unknown, which is adduced as the witness of the most incredible things. There remains the internal evidence, which leads to the conclusion that the Christian religion must rest on a foundation different from mere historical fact.

To Edwin Harrison (on the Death of his Father).

Balliol College,
December 16, 1888.

These are sorrows which all men have, but most of us are making new ties as the old ones drop away. Another generation welcomes them. This is not your case nor mine. But still we must go back to the duties of life and be resigned to the law of nature and the will of God. And though men think differently about another life, we are not without hope of something more for them and for ourselves. And even if this hope appear to be dim and failing to some of us, we know that it is our duty to be at peace ; and that what happens to all mankind is natural and right ; and that their strongest wish would have been that we should not sorrow for them overmuch.

To Mrs. Marshall.

Longleat, Warminster,
December 19, 1888.

I feel as if I were guilty of an offence in not answering your kind letter. I have thought of you and Alfred many times during the last month, but, being lazy and rather tired, I had not the energy to write. If the same thing ever happens to you, I hope you will forgive me ; and will understand that

little neglects of this sort, though ungracious, do not imply any diminution of regard or affection.

I am sorry to hear that your Long Vacation was not a perfect success. I remember going to the region in which you were settled about thirty years ago with Mr. Lyulph Stanley, then a youth[1]. I did not much care about the place; with the exception of Whitby Abbey everything was modern and not interesting. I look upon you as going to the sea for the benefit of the book, as some people go for the sake of their children, and it is of great importance to choose the right air for the book. And you are probably already thinking of where you will go next year. The Long Vacation is a joy for ever, at least it is always coming back.

I sometimes think that you are two of the happiest people I have ever known. In the first place, you have in common a most delightful pursuit and a charming society; and you have made for yourselves (for which I especially commend and envy you) a perfectly simple way of life, without trouble and without expense: you may look forward to doing a great deal of the kind of good which is most needed in this miserable world; good for the few (?), good for the many. And, lastly, you are beginning both of you to have good health, of which no one knows the blessing who has not felt the want of it.

How is the book? That, like the child, is the darling of the house—and a much less troublesome creature than most children. I hope to see it launched in the world in the course of the coming year. I hope you have received the evidence. I used to talk about it to Lord Lansdowne, who has, I think, settled down pretty much upon the lines which Alfred indicates —viz. to let the Indian currency alone, unless there are any visible signs of the further depression of silver? He is clear-headed about this and about other things, and will, I think, do well.

[1] Vol. i. p. 352.

CHAPTER XI

THE MASTER'S FIELD—ILLNESS. 1889–1891

(Aet. 72–74)

FAILING health—Plans for Balliol College—The Recreation Ground—The Tutor's house—Long Vacation Term—Notes on the relation of the classes—The Indian Civil Service—Improvement in age—Jowett and his friends—Deaths of Professor Sellar, Robert Browning, Dean Elliot, and the Duke of Bedford—Visits to Scotland—Conversation with Dr. Allbutt—The Bala letter—Serious illness of October to November, 1891.

JOWETT did not fully recover from the illness of 1887. Those who watched him closely observed a great change after this time. His memory failed; and the power of sustained work, which had been so wonderful, never returned. He who had hitherto lost so little time from ill health, had now to live an invalid's life, careful of hours and of diet; and this was the more irksome to him as he was said to be 'very ignorant about health and unspeakably naughty.' When a friend gave him a list of various kinds of food which he might eat with safety, he observed, 'I never eat anything but what is very light, such as fish—salmon.' 'Did you say that out of perversity?' 'No, it was only ignorance.' But his courage and tenacity never failed. So long as he felt that original work was beyond him, he was content to toil at the revision of the Plato; but he did not altogether abandon, even now, the hope that in five or six years' time, if so many were granted him, he might bring to

a conclusion some part of the works on which his heart was still set.

His interest in the College and in all that concerned education was as keen as ever. He could not indeed see as much of the undergraduates socially as he did in his more vigorous days: to many of them he was now little known. They saw him on formal occasions, at Chapel or 'Collections,' or when the sanction of his authority was needed, but a closer intimacy was possible with a very few only. Yet he still continued to take a part in the Tutorial work, and in promoting plans for the interest of the College he was as energetic as the youngest Fellow. It had been his wish, as far back as 1851, to see cricket grounds acquired for the use of the undergraduates within easy reach of the Colleges[1], and now by a fortunate chance it became possible to carry out such a scheme for Balliol. In the course of some negotiations for the purchase of ground to form a possible site for New Inn Hall, it was found that a much larger plot could be acquired without any great delay, and the question was raised whether enough might not be purchased to provide a cricket ground and tennis courts for the College. Jowett took the matter up heart and soul. As he grew older he sympathized more and more with the amusements of the men, and placed a higher value upon them. 'At one time,' he once said to me, 'I was against the boat, and cared little about its success, but now I think very differently.' He gave lavishly from his own pocket towards the new purchase; and set vigorously to work to collect subscriptions from others, writing, in his systematic way, a fixed number of letters every day to old members of the College, and other friends. A sympathetic answer filled him

[1] See vol. i. p. 214.

with delight. 'Words like yours,' he writes to W. H. Hall, 'make the writing of begging letters a very delightful occupation. They are sweeter than honey. I think that I shall succeed in my project.' The want of sympathy did not turn him from his purpose. To a friend who criticized his plan he replies, 'You have sent me rather a severe lecture instead of a liberal subscription; will you not, as an old friend, add the latter to the former?' By October 1, 1889, he had already raised £3,000, and was in hopes to raise £2,000 more. The land was purchased, and Jowett had the satisfaction of seeing cricket played on it for two years before his death [1].

His munificence did not end here. He placed a large sum of money in the hands of the College in order to provide a Tutor's house, and that the house might be worthy of the College, he insisted on securing the services of Mr. Jackson as architect. This work also he lived to see accomplished. It was the last and certainly not the least beautiful of the buildings which, during forty years, had been added to Balliol, many of them being largely due to Jowett's own liberality, and to his energy in collecting subscriptions. He had a great wish to add about twelve sets of rooms to the new house—in other words, to have rebuilt New Inn Hall on a new site—but in this project the College did not support him.

In the early years of his Mastership Jowett had done what he could to establish a Long Vacation Term at Balliol [2], but the plan had only moderate success. He now revived the project in a slightly different form. Undergraduates were encouraged to come up for a month

[1] In the last three years additional ground has been acquired, and the whole field is now dedicated to Jowett's memory. A road which runs on the south side of it is called 'Jowett Walk.'

[2] See above, p. 112.

or six weeks, beginning about July 1, and in order to make the life more social and also more economical, Fellows and undergraduates took their meals together at a common table in the Hall. Jowett was careful to be in residence himself, and made one of the party every day.

'This is the Long Vacation,' he writes in July, 1889, 'and Oxford is almost as full as in Term. First, a *posse* of national schoolmasters, about sixty, lodged at Jesus; secondly, a great body of Extensionists, about 1,200, who come to educate themselves in three weeks; thirdly, at Balliol College we have a Long Vacation Term, of Fellows and undergraduates, in which, like the first Christians, we take all our meals in common and in the Hall. It is very pleasant and sociable, and a novelty in Oxford.'

By this means he hoped that a beginning might be made of a more economical style of living in College. Nothing caused him more anxiety and vexation than the expense which attends a University career. So far as education went, he wished to see the poorest on a level with the richest. As his experience had become wider, he felt that some of his old schemes, such as the establishment of a separate Hall on more economical principles than the College, were mistakes. Such a plan failed to do for undergraduates what was necessary for their success in life—to bring men of different classes into contact. In the old days, when Fellowships were held for life, every one who succeeded in obtaining one was provided for; at the worst he was delivered from the fear of starvation. But now that Fellowships were terminable in seven years, unless attached to some office, every one sooner or later must go out into the world, and if he was to make his way he must have fitted himself for doing so. Jowett observed that men of very great ability

often failed in life, because they were unable to play their part with effect. They were shy, awkward, self-conscious, deficient in manners—faults which were as ruinous as vices. In his later schemes for helping poorer men he kept this point in sight, and did everything in his power to educate men out of such failings. In a letter written about this time he says:—

'A few of these golden natures are worth raising to a place in the aristocracy (I wish that we could depress others). If they are really to succeed they need absolute disinterestedness and a love of knowledge for its own sake. The subject of rising in life is a curious one; the ladder of competition reaching from the gutter to the skies is by no means a complete account of it, because it leaves out the most important element—personal fitness. In the Middle Ages there was more possibility of it, by way of the Church, and perhaps of military distinction. At the Universities a good deal may be done, but not so much as people sometimes think. The clever man who has no manners often remains an eccentric boor, whose want of tact unfits him for most situations in life.'

This subject of the relation of the classes occupied his thoughts a good deal. Among his memoranda I find:—

'The Army and Navy and the Established Church have ceased to be a link between the different classes. The pay is so small that people cannot afford to live on it. They have the consolation of being gentlemen.

'The Church in the Middle Ages did more for the reconciliation of classes than all the professions in our day put together.

'Now, if ever, is the time for preaching to the aristocracy about their higher duties and their better manners, about infusing their virtues into the masses by example and precept. Like the Brahmins, they should recognize themselves to be the schoolmasters of all who are connected with them. They should adopt professions and leaven them.

'It is impossible to do away with the caste feeling, which is a principle of order in the world, but it may be mitigated:—

'1. It should be given up altogether at fixed times, e. g. festivities.

'2. Differences of rank should never be spoken of or alluded to in good society.

'3. The prejudices of rank should never be allowed to form opinion.

'4. There should be an easy transition from one rank to another. This is perhaps the greatest mode of reconciling them [the classes].'

Once, when speaking to me on the subject, he said, 'The only way in which a man can really rise in the world is by doing good in it.'

Jowett had acquiesced in the scheme adopted by the Government in regard to the Indian Civil Servants, though it was not the scheme which he thought the best, and from 1879 onwards more than half the selected candidates were in residence at Balliol for the two years of their probation. The result was not, however, satisfactory, and in 1882 Jowett again wrote to the Secretary of State for India, pointing out the evils of the system. The number of candidates had fallen from 350 to 147, and those who were brought into contact with the selected probationers were unanimous in saying that they were too young. He suggested that the limits of age should be raised from 17–19 to 18–20, and that the term of probation at the Universities should be extended to three years—changes which would bring the average age of election to nineteen, and the average age for going to India to twenty-two. It was his opinion that a year or two at this time of life were of the utmost importance in the formation of the manners and character.

'There is a great difference,' he said, 'between a young man of twenty or twenty-one, and one of twenty-two or twenty-three, in good sense, good manners, knowledge of the world,

conduct of life, as well as in acquirements and their power of learning. The difference is especially seen in the management of business, and in the capacity for dealing with persons.'

For some time no further steps were taken, but in 1889 the subject was again reopened. The feeling was general that the age at which candidates were selected must be raised, and finally the maximum limit was fixed at twenty-three—a limit under which it was possible for University men to compete even after taking a degree. On the other hand it was thought desirable that the age at which a probationer should proceed to India should not exceed twenty-four. As a necessary result the probation at the University could not be extended beyond a single year.

To this arrangement Jowett was strongly opposed. He wished to see the age for selection raised, but at the same time he maintained that the years of probation at the University should be extended rather than curtailed. He attempted to secure both advantages, mutually exclusive though they were, if the age for going to India was fixed at twenty-four, by a number of ingenious suggestions. He proposed, for instance, that there should be a double set of examinations for the selection, at one of which the candidates should be younger than at the other, and the younger should remain for a longer period of probation than the others. Together with the Dean of Christ Church and the Vice-Chancellor he addressed a memorandum to the Secretary of State for India, pointing out that the University had gone to great expense in providing tuition for the selected candidates, and that teachers had sacrificed other appointments in order to come to Oxford; and in letters to friends he expressed his views of the necessity of a longer probation than one year, if the candidates were to have even an

elementary knowledge of some of the most important subjects, such as land-surveying, agriculture, sanitary science. But his efforts were in vain. Lord Cross, while acknowledging the debt due to the Universities, and expressing his appreciation of the 'part which Balliol College had taken in training and preparing the students for their Indian career,' regarded the 'curtailment of the period of probation as an inevitable consequence of the recent change in the limits of age.'

In this decision Jowett not only saw the extinction of the staff of teachers which had for many years been maintained at the expense of the University; he regarded it as a serious discouragement of Oriental studies at Oxford—a step which would probably render useless the 'Oriental School' which had been recently established in the University. He attempted once more to save the years of probation by suggesting that the age at which probationers should arrive in India should be fixed at twenty-four and a half years at the latest, without reference to the age at selection. By this means those who were selected at twenty-one or twenty-two would have three or two years in which to complete their preparation. But the Secretary was inexorable, deeming it necessary to maintain the decision that 'selected candidates should proceed to India not later than the close of the year following that in which they were selected.'

Though thwarted, Jowett still retained his interest in the matter. In a final letter, dated April 25, 1890, he proposed a number of optional subjects for the second examination of probationers, and at the same time suggested that the Indian Department should contribute half the sum required to provide teachers of the subjects required in the Indian Civil Service to any University or College which would guarantee the payment of the

other half; and, further, that it should found Scholarships in Oriental languages. So far as the payment of the teachers was concerned, his suggestion was adopted and carried into practice after 1892, when the new regulations for age came into force. But beyond this the India Office was unwilling to go, and Jowett's hope of encouraging the study of Oriental languages at Oxford, through the medium of the Indian Civil Service, was frustrated.

On June 10, 1890, Jowett was admitted to the degree of LL.D. at the Commencement at Cambridge. This and the degree of Doctor of Theology given at Leyden in 1875 were the only public distinctions which he ever accepted. His friends in Scotland had long before been anxious that he should receive a degree at Glasgow, but he had declined it, saying that such things were not suited to him. When presenting him to the Vice-Chancellor at Cambridge, the Public Orator (Dr. Sandys), after speaking of Jowett's labours as a translator of Greek classics, concluded with a reference to his work at College: 'Collegio suo insigni quam fidelis, discipulis suis, qui totius Academiae totiens velut flos et robur exstiterunt, quot annos quam totus deditus[1].'

Most men, when they grow old, are satisfied to be

[1] 'How faithful to his distinguished College! how entirely devoted, and for how long, to his pupils, who have so often come forward as the flower and strength of the University!' Jowett very rarely alluded to any compliment which had been paid him, but once, when we were speaking of Dr. Harper, the late Principal of Jesus College, he told me with evident pleasure the following story:—'He and Harper were walking together, and came to a small gate. Harper was first and was about to pass through, when suddenly he stopped, and holding the gate open, said: "No, you go first; you have done more for your College than I have."'

what they are. They have lived their lives, and wait quietly for the final summons. Their habits are too rigid to be easily changed, and they have no longer the force to make the attempt. Or they become indifferent, first about outward things, and then about themselves. Or they live in the past and think of what they have been, not of what they are, still less of what they may become. Or, if unsatisfied with themselves, they despair of improvement and sadly say, with Swift: 'I am what I am.' Jowett, as we know, thought very differently[1]. To the last he wished to make the most of life, improving not others only, but himself. With him moral growth was a life-long process; the ideal was always before him, leading him upwards and onwards. Often weary, often in pain, conscious of failing powers in body and mind, through doubt and failure, he toiled on,

'still hoping, ever and anon,
To reach, one eve, the better land.'

'I wonder whether it is possible,' he asks, in writing to a friend, 'to grow a little better as one grows older. What do you say? I rather think so. Will you take the matter into consideration for you and for myself? People seem to me to have lost the secret of it, and to keep to the old routine, having taken in about as much religion or truth or benevolence as they are capable of. Against this I venture to set the homely doctrine, that we should be as good as we can, and find out for ourselves ways of being and doing good.'

And to Morier he writes:—

'Tell me, old friend—it is a question that I ask myself—Do I feel more desire to do good to others, more love of truth, more interest in important truths than formerly? Do I get better as I get older, or only keep on the accustomed tenor of my way? I think that sorrow should in some way be turned to good.'

[1] Cf. vol. i. p. 385.

To his friends he became, if possible, dearer than ever in these last years. 'Lenit albescens animum capillus,' one said of him, who had known him in his youth—'Grey hairs bring gentle moods.' Age and failing health caused him to lean more on others, and his heart was touched to its depths by the kindness which he received. The children of old friends were now grown up, and looked on him with reverence and love, which he repaid with an almost parental care. It was his desire to help them in every way; he entered fully into their joys and sorrows, and sought to pilot them through the troubles of life by his own experience. In November, 1889, he was at Castle Howard, at the wedding of Lady Mary Howard, the daughter of his old friends Lord and Lady Carlisle, to Professor Murray. From the short address which he made to the bride and bridegroom a few words may be quoted, for Jowett's words always went beyond the occasion, and perhaps he had at one time dreamed for himself of the ideal happiness which he now described to others [1].

'Marriage,' he said, 'is the greatest event of life; it is also a new beginning of life. It is a home for the lonely, a haven of rest for those who have been too much tossed by the storms of life. It is the best and most lasting thing. It is heaven upon earth to live together in perfect amity and disinterestedness and unselfishness to the service of God and man until our life is over.'

But the relentless fate which had taken from him so many of his friends before their time pursued him still. In 1887 he had lost Lord Iddesleigh, who had come up to Balliol in the same Term with himself, and whose name appeared in the same class list. In the same year Lord Dalhousie died, and Theodore Walrond sank under

[1] Cf. supra, p. 175: 'The great want of life can never be supplied, and I must do without it.'

an operation[1]. In 1888 M. Arnold passed away, more suddenly than his father. And Jowett had barely returned from his annual visit to his friends in Scotland in 1890 when he heard of the serious illness and death of Professor Sellar, whose younger brother, Mr. A. Craig Sellar, had died early in the year. For many years the Sellars had been among his most cherished friends; their children had been his child-friends[2], whose growth he had watched with the most affectionate interest. To Professor Sellar in his illness he writes:—

'BALLIOL COLLEGE, *October* 9.

'I am deeply grieved to hear of your serious illness. I cannot be too grateful to you for all your goodness and affection to me during more than forty years. And now for the sake of us all let me beseech you to make one more effort for recovery, and, if such a thing be possible in the hour of weakness, to offer up a prayer to God that He may spare you yet for a few years. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." And trust yourself to God, both in life and death, and though striving to live have no fearful or anxious thoughts, for there is nothing to be afraid of. May He bless you.'

At the close of the year Robert Browning died. Jowett had made his acquaintance before he became Master, and the two men took to each other from the first[3]. For many years Browning was a guest at Balliol Lodge during Commemoration. His portrait hangs in the Hall of the College, of which, on Jowett's proposal, he was made an honorary Fellow. Jowett read his poetry a good deal, sometimes with disapproval, as when he spoke of 'Porphyria's Lover' as 'poor sad stuff,' but

[1] Professor W. Sellar once remarked, so I have been told, to M. Arnold, 'What a good man Walrond is.' 'Ah,' sighed back M. A., 'we were all so good at Rugby.' 'Yes,' retorted Sellar, 'but he kept it up.' When I repeated this to Jowett, he observed, 'Walrond was a very good man.'

[2] Cf. vol. i. p. 244.

[3] Vol. i. p. 400.

far more frequently with much admiration. He once observed to me that 'there was far more in his writings than had yet been learned from them; he had not passed like Tennyson into the mind of his age.' Of 'Christmas Eve' and 'Easter Day' he wrote:—

'It is Browning's noblest work, written in his highest, though a fluctuating mood of mind. The first poem, "Christmas Day," seems to rest on the love of God, which embraces the vulgarest of human beings; the second expresses the beating of the human soul against God and nature, aspiring but unsatisfied. He deepens many things, unveils and unfolds human nature, but he deepens them into greater scepticism; there is no rest in him.

'He is also very extravagant, perverse, topsy-turvy, obscure; he has art without beauty and a grim humour hardly intelligible. Nowhere is he really affected by the great themes of poets—love, or ambition, or enthusiasm. Isolated in the world, *μυριόνους ἀνήρ*[1], neither epic nor dramatic[2], but semi-dramatic.'

In the next year (1891) occurred the deaths of the Dean of Bristol (Dr. Elliot) and the Duke of Bedford. By the death of the Dean Jowett lost a friend, whose support and sympathy had been extended to him at a time when he was very greatly in need of them; but he died at a good old age and in the course of nature. Sadder far was the unexpected death of the Duke of Bedford. For nearly twenty years, with one or two exceptions, Jowett had paid an annual visit to Woburn Abbey. The Duke was among his most valued friends, and the two sons had been undergraduates at Balliol. He felt the blow deeply, and besides writing letters of sympathy to the bereaved, he sent to the *Spectator*[3]

[1] 'Myriad-minded man,' an epithet given by Coleridge to Shakespeare.

[2] Cf. vol. i. p. 400 ff.

[3] The *Spectator*, March 7, 1891. Jowett never wrote anything better than this notice.

a short obituary notice, giving a sketch of what he knew his friend had been, of his munificence, his laborious care of his property and tenants, his sense of the duties of wealth, and his courteous hospitality.

Of the visits to Scotland, which after the summer of 1890 Jowett was never able to repeat; of the pleasure, not unmixed with apprehension, which they gave to his hosts, a lively picture is drawn in these recollections of the late Lady Grant:—

'Since we came home from India in 1868, the Master's visits to the north were almost annual. We were generally in rough seaside quarters when his coming fell due. Then the veritable prophet's chamber in the wall would be swept and garnished, and stock taken of our own mental equipment. Books were ordered that we hoped he hadn't yet read, and if a witty neighbour who told good Scotch stories could be got to dine, we felt easier. An old Scotch lady telling of the expected visit of a certain very learned Cambridge Professor to the house at which she was staying, said to me: "We just spent the whole morning over the dictionary, looking out the longest words we could find." Now it was not so much a question of long words when a visit from the Master was in prospect as of *any* words at all. "There was no speech nor language, and their voice was not heard," was what we feared; a spirit of dumb madness seemed to descend upon us at such times. But the fears and anticipations often proved groundless, and we would find ourselves "babbling o' green fields" or of any other simple thing with the man whom we delighted to honour. One evening, I recollect, we said we should cross-examine him about his old pupils and see if we could catch his memory at fault. Name after name was mentioned, and the Master had something to say about each. Of the hundreds of young men who had passed under his rule not one seemed to be forgotten. This is a slight incident, but it gives evidence of immense grasp of mind. He used to take an interest in our children, and at parting would always say a word about them. One year it was, "Your children seem to me clever"; next

year, "Your children seem to me to have character"; another year, "Your children seem to me to have humour." To one small boy he said, "I must give you the advice an old lady gave her son, 'Always speak the truth, but if you have to tell a lie, stick to it; never fight, but if you *must*, keep your thumb outside when you double your fist.'" He would constantly say to a daughter of the house, "Will you come for a walk with me?" He liked to walk over the thymy turf of the links, and be prattled to—and it was thought a great feat, if the prattle held its own against the humming of a quiet tune on the Master's part.'

From Dr. T. Clifford Allbutt, now Regius Professor of Physic at Cambridge, I have received the following notes of a conversation which he had with Jowett on Saturday, December 13, 1890:—

'The Master inquired with much interest into my retirement from practice and my experience of official life. . . .

'I told him one of my chief reasons for retirement was that I might thus obtain useful work of a more regular and less anxious kind—work which I might carry on to old age: whereas such work as any practice, with its incessant demands, must have broken me down sooner or later and reduced me to enforced idleness. The Master said that, from a selfish point of view, a man should never give up work, and should if possible die in harness. His health and happiness depended upon it. I said I wanted more time for thought, but perhaps a life spent incessantly in practical work was more desirable than contemplation. He replied: "What a fate to a man to retire for contemplation and then find he had nothing to think about!" After a moment's pause he said, in his quiet, shy way, "But perhaps he would never find it out."

'He regretted that no one had written on old age: "Not even Cicero?" I replied. "Oh," he said, "I do not forget that charming—that lovable book. I mean that no one has written on the management of old age, no one has given practical counsels to the aged. Each old man has to work out the problem for himself." I could not tell him of any book

except Dr. Richardson's *Diseases of Old Age*, and feared this would be too pathological for him. "No," he replied, "he thought he might find much use in it." I told him I wished Sir T. Watson had written a physical autobiography of his later years, and said how classical a writer Sir T. Watson was. I told him the chief secret of old age was to keep, as he did, in touch with the young of both sexes; in this he heartily agreed, and pointed out the advantage thus coming to those who have academical duties, and thought in this way teachers would have an advantage over those endowed for research alone. He was glad to hear my opinion that, although the brain must age, yet the period of its decline is far beyond that of the decline of the body; so that if a man has no disease of brain, and the channels of nutrition remain free, his mental powers and sympathies will not wane unless he becomes indolent.

'He asked me how we liked London. He thought our friend Mr. Romanes had done well to come to live in Oxford, as the society was far better than in London. I said we found London society spoiled by its dimensions, by the multiplicity of people and engagements. . . .

'"The failure of London society," he said, "is due to the loss of the art of conversation. No one can talk nowadays, or no one will." He went on at some length on the decadence of the art of receiving guests and making them happy and at ease. "It is not so much learning that is required," he said, "as adequate intelligence and a bright unselfish temper." He went on to say that a hostess cannot succeed if she is thinking, as every one now is, about enjoying themselves and "having a good time" for themselves. A good hostess throws herself into the mind, feelings, and condition of her guests, and forgets herself except in so far as to place herself at their service. I said that many successful salons had been created by ambitious women. "Not by women ambitious for themselves," he said, "but for husbands or brothers. Besides, a good hostess may be selfish in great matters, but never in small ones." He felt evidently a good deal that conversation, and so society, is now spoiled by people who receive thinking of their own amusement and their own

ostentation, and forgetting they ought to shine in and through their guests alone. In Oxford he thought society had more true sympathy and succeeded better. . . .

'Our conversation then turned upon General Booth's *Darkest England*, and thence into a most interesting and prolonged discussion of religion and the basis of it. It would be impossible even to summarize this. But as we began the Master said it was to be remembered that Booth was a great person, and a great organizer, and a man of great religious inspirations. He said, "When his bands and processions go by here I——" He hesitated, and then added, "Well, it is pleasing to me." Whether great and permanent good were done he thought it hard to say and hard to get an impartial observer.

'I said even if a vicious man were touched and fell back he might retain some sense and feel some strivings of a partly awakened conscience. The Master smiled sadly and said, "If he were to fall back I could wish the awakening had never taken place." This he said with great pity. He thought that one indication of the difficulty of weighing the good done by Booth was that he at any rate makes people talk of religion. He spoke warmly and fully on the silence of people on religion, and regretted it. He was amused by the words of Sir Wm. Gull to me when I congratulated him on wearing the fur of his coat *inside*. Gull replied, "I wear my fur where I wear my religion," and Jowett said, laughing, a man might speak too unguardedly of his religion, as an undergraduate, who had offended his housekeeper by saying to her as he entered the Lodge that he "had found his Saviour." And I told him also of the lady who sat next Clifford, as C. tells us in his memories of Broadlands, and, after a few remarks of a slight and mundane quality, said, "And now let us talk of the Lord, how delightful He is." Still the Master thought cant better than the utter tabooing of the whole subject. He agreed with me, however, that subjects so profound should not be dealt with flippantly, and also that in these times of transition, when beliefs differ so widely, it is hard to be sure of common ground in an interlocutor, and even hard to be sure of a certain ground for one's own convictions.'

In the summer of 1891 Jowett's health failed once more. He suffered much from sleeplessness and pain in the region of the heart. As usual he thought lightly of his symptoms, and would not be deterred by them from setting out early in September on his way to Scotland. He was especially anxious to be present at the opening of the new hall of St. Leonards School at St. Andrews, in which Professor and Mrs. Lewis Campbell were deeply interested. But while spending a day or two at Merevale Abbey with Mrs. Dugdale, his illness became so distressing that she persuaded him to abandon the journey and return home. 'I have been unwell lately,' he writes to Mrs. Campbell on September 12, 'and obliged to give up some visits to old friends and return home. But I hope that I shall be well enough to come to you on September 30.' A week later (September 19) he went to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Gell, on Headington Hill; and it soon became apparent that he was very ill; but in his letters he insists on making light of the matter, though he was compelled to abandon his visit to St. Andrews.

'I am afraid that there is no Scotland for me this year,' he writes to Lady Wemyss. 'I have had a slight attack of the heart—not dangerous, I think, but it requires rest and care. It is a good warning to me.

'Did you ever hear the story of a man who asked his physician whether he was not dangerously ill? "No, sir; but you are dangerously old." So I too have come to the creaky places of life.'

To Mrs. Marshall he wrote, September 30:—

'Did you ever read a book called *Erewhon*, in which the idea is that people who are ill ought to be beaten, and those who do wrong are only to be pitied?

'I am one of those who ought to be beaten, for I have been

a good deal unwell since we met at Cambridge, and the illness seems to be a certain weakness of the heart which causes sleeplessness.'

What he really suffered will be seen from Mrs. Gell's account of the days spent at her house:—

'When he came to us in the Long Vacation of 1891, though he had already been seriously ill, we could not induce him to regard himself as an invalid. He met his doctor's prescriptions with quotations from Plato, and would not admit that any substantial advance in medical science had been made since those days. So little did he believe in the efficacy of remedies that at first he altogether omitted to take them, and when he was persuaded to give them a trial, he gravely proposed to take them all before breakfast, "for that would save time." He suffered greatly from oppression of breathing, and from that sense of apprehension which heart trouble often produces; one morning he said to me, "I went to bed last night with a great terror upon me." This also caused persistent sleeplessness, and it was with difficulty that he could be persuaded to go to bed at two in the morning. Even then he frequently rose after an hour or two, and corrected some of the proofs of the new edition of Plato, which was then going through the press.

'I endeavoured to persuade him to breakfast upstairs, and rest after his bad nights, but he said, "I would rather come down, a little cheerful conversation is so pleasant," and indeed in conversation he seemed to find his greatest solace during that trying time. He liked to talk unremittingly from five o'clock tea till after midnight. The only interruption which he willingly admitted was music, and as a rule he would ask for some of his favourite melodies after dinner. The music that he really enjoyed was that of a very early and simple type: Palestrina, Pergolesi, Scarlatti, were among his favourites, and I remember one Sunday evening, after a day of great suffering, when I played "O rest in the Lord," he said, "Play that again; it is very comforting."'

In the midst of his illness and suffering, breathless,

sleepless, and enfeebled as he was, Jowett was still giving his sympathy and help to the cause which he had so much at heart—the support of liberal thought in theology and religion. The Theological College at Bala had just been reopened under the Rev. T. C. Edwards, who consented to become the Principal of the institution which his father had founded, on condition that the College should be open to all without any test of belief, and that the studies pursued there should be purely theological. Jowett had been invited to the reopening of the College, but of course it was impossible for him to accept the invitation. He replied to it in the following letter:—

Balliol College, Oxford,
September 26, 1891.

My dear Principal,

I am extremely sorry that I cannot take part in your College celebration. There are many members of the Church of England who would be delighted to be present on such an occasion, but I am afraid that the time is now too short to make it possible to invite any one. Three days ago I wrote you a few hasty lines of good wishes to the Bala Theological College. They were not intended for any eye but your own, but you are welcome to show them or read them to any one else, if, as you suggest, you think it desirable or prudent to do so.

I dare say that you remember the often quoted saying of Lessing, that 'the Christian religion had been tried for eighteen centuries, and that the religion of Christ remained to be tried.' It seems rather boastful and extravagant, but it expresses the spirit in which any new movement for the improvement of theology must be carried on. It means that Christians should no longer be divided into Churchmen and Nonconformists, or even into Christians and non-Christians, but that the best men everywhere should know themselves to be partakers of the Spirit of God, as He imparts Himself to them in various degrees. It means that the old foolish quarrels of science with religion, or of criticism with religion,

should for ever cease, and that we should recognize all truth, based on fact, to be acceptable to the God of truth. It means that goodness and knowledge should be inseparably united in every Christian word or work, that the school should not be divorced from the Church, or the sermon from the lesson, or preaching from visiting, or secular duties from religious ones, except so far as convenience may require. It means that we should regard all persons as Christians, even if they come before us with other names, if they are doing the works of Christ.

These are the principles by which the founders or restorers of a theological College may hope to be guided. They have not been often acted upon in the history of the Christian Church. But the best men and the best part of men have borne witness to them in the silence of their hearts.

Like some of the deepest things in the world, they do not bear to be much talked about. They come to men as a slowly acquired conviction of their lives, which, at the last hour, are still present with them. He who makes them his rule of life in the management of a great institution will not find that they are easily exhausted. I do not forget that the Bala Theological College was founded by your father. You seem to have an hereditary right and duty to be the Principal of it. No man of sense can imagine that theology should be taught on exactly the same lines as it would have been fifty years ago, either among the Nonconformists or in the Church of England; and the founder of the College, though he belonged to a different generation, may still lovingly look down—'out of a window in heaven,' shall I say?—on the work which has been committed to the care of his descendants.

I remain, my dear Principal,

Yours most sincerely,

B. Jowett.

On September 30 Jowett went to Sir Harry Verney's at Claydon, and from thence he visited Lord Rosebery at Mentmore. But the effort was too great for him, and on Sunday, October 4, he was brought back to Oxford.

In a few days his life appeared to be in danger. It was then that Mrs. T. H. Green, who since her husband's death had devoted herself to work among the sick, went to stay at the Lodge at Balliol. From notes which she has given me, I quote some details of this time of illness.

'I went to stay with the Master on October 7. I had offered to help in any way that I could, and to come at any time. That evening he sent for me quite late, and asked me to remain. I found him in his study, sitting propped up in a chair, looking very ill and in much distress from difficulty of breathing. He could not talk much, but he was very restless. He said that he might die, he believed, at any time, but that he was told he might get better. When I said how sorry I was to see him suffer, he replied at intervals that there must be good in it; he had had so little pain in his life; and illness and pain must somehow atone for the sin in the world.

'This state of great illness and restlessness lasted more than three weeks. The want of sleep was very trying, and still more so the intense mental activity which continued so long as he thought himself in danger. Day and night he was dictating letters, seeing friends, composing prayers, and arranging a new Lectionary for use in Chapel. What struck me most about him as compared with other patients was his courage, not only in facing death, but in doing all he could to bear the wearisome details of illness, and in encouraging those about him to be cheerful, and his affectionate thought of his friends. Of these he spoke constantly, saying how good they had been to him. He was often dictating letters to them, and if I remonstrated, he replied with emotion that as long as he could he wanted to think of his friends and the College. "I owe everything to the College." One morning he told me to get the register, and read the names from the beginning of the volume. I stumbled over the Latin names as well as I could, and he bowed his head as the name of a friend came.

'When I had been instructed by the doctors to tell him that he was really better, he used to say, "You are very kind, you mean to be very kind, but you need not try to deceive me."

He could not believe that it was life which he had to face, not death—possibly life with impaired powers. When at last he did realize that he was better, he at first felt how strange it was, after saying farewell, to come back to life. After a while he began to tell of what an old man could do. "I shall live in one or two rooms," he said, "and see the men, and do easy work." He used to say, "I should like to have two or three years more to work for the College," adding softly, "if it is God's will."

'He spoke very little directly on religious subjects, but I always felt, and so did others, that he was constantly in communion with God; and words of Scripture came to him as the natural expression of his thoughts. He read little himself, and when at the worst he was too deaf to be read to, but sometimes he asked for Isaiah, or the Psalms, or St. John.

'He was almost ascetic in his manner of life; and once, when he objected to some outlay for his own comfort, he was reminded how readily he ordered such things for a party. "Yes, for the College," he replied.

'He was not exactly patient, but he was thoughtful for others, and the strongest argument I could use to induce him to take food or medicines was that it was ungracious to the doctors not to give them a chance of trying to cure him in their own way. He used to sit holding the glass of medicine in his hand, debating if he would drink it or not. He did not much believe in the medical art, and would quote Plato, especially the passage from the *Laws*[1] about the two kinds of doctors, those for slaves and those for the rich.'

Of himself Jowett wrote, October 16:—

'I am very ill, and therefore cannot help thinking and writing about illness, which seems to me to be very different from what I thought it to be before I was ill. I am surprised at the uncertainty of my own mind, and also at the goodness and devotedness of my old friends and servants. They do all that they can for me, but somehow they appear to treat me differently from what they used to do. I think it best both

[1] Plato, *Laws*, ix. p. 720.

for them and for me that we should do much as we are used to do until the end comes, and then both they and I will have made the most of the last few weeks of life. No questions can be asked about death which have not been answered sooner, and there is in reality no mystery about it except the fact.'

To the Tutors of the College he dictated short notes, to be given to them after his death—words of farewell and encouragement, which were finally put into their hands after his death in 1893.

Finding himself unable to preach in Chapel on the first Sunday of the Term, which had been his invariable custom since he became Master, he dictated a few words to be read to the congregation [1]. For one of the hymns he chose that by Baxter beginning

'Now it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live.'

To Adeline Duchess of Bedford, who visited him in his illness, he said, 'My end is drawing near; I am busy with trifles, my "work" as I call it, all sorts of little things.' 'I stayed about an hour,' the Duchess writes, 'and went away thinking all would draw to a close soon. The next time I went he was worse. Waking from sleep he sent for me. "I may not see you again," he said, "but go on with your work and never be discouraged."'

Among the prayers which he now composed was one which has special reference to his own illness. It was written on Wednesday evening, October 12:

'Grant, O Lord, that we may have age without pain, and death without suffering; that we may love Thee, and be resigned to Thy will, and may acknowledge Thy laws to be in all things the rule of our life. Let us say in our hearts, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. Yea, though

[1] See *College Sermons*, p. 347.

I walk through the valley of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." Make us to think in the hour of death of the sufferings of others rather than of our own, and let us not forget that there are blessings reserved for us greater than any pains and suffering. Give us peace, O Lord, in the hour of our agony, and let us thank Thee for having made suffering possible to us.'

When he fell ill, his medical attendant, Sir Henry Acland, was absent from Oxford, and for a time his place was supplied by Dr. Gray, who took a very serious view of the case. But Sir Henry, who knew Jowett's vigorous constitution, never despaired of recovery. 'There may be a long illness,' he said, 'and much care will be needed, but there is nothing to make recovery impossible. Yet another similar attack will probably be fatal.' The opinion of Dr. Douglas Powell was also taken, and under such high authority the patient became more amenable, thus removing one great difficulty in the way of his recovery. The manner in which he met his suffering left a deep impression on Sir Henry's mind. After reading one of the notices which appeared after Jowett's death, he said, 'This is a picture not of a man, but of an angel, yet from what I saw of him in his illness I should say that it is true.' Jowett and Acland had been friends for many years [1], but writing of the illness of 1891–1892, Acland declared:

'I then first felt that I knew the man. We seldom spoke, and in the many weeks never on anything that could be controversial. I would sit by him feeling that I sat by the side of a lover of God and a lover of man, whose life was not of this world, teeming as it was with its interests of every kind, and sympathetic with all good, wherever good could be found or made, and with a sense of humour which sparkled through in silence.

[1] See vol. i. p. 84.

'May I tell that when we were so sitting, one day, he suddenly said, in the gentle silver voice, "Shall I live a week?" I replied, "Shall I tell you exactly?"

'"Yes," he said.

'"I know no reason at present why you should not get well; that is my belief."

'No remark, but in a few moments:

'"I should be glad to have three or four years, which would enable me to finish some work which I should like to do."'

Jowett's love of a good story, his sense of the comic side of things, was too strong to be depressed even by weakness and suffering. When asked by a friend how he was, he replied by quoting the words of Sydney Smith, who when at the point of death—'which,' said Jowett, 'I am not'—declared that there was not as much left of him as would make a Minor Canon!—and added, 'Remember that story, for I have never seen it in print.' To Professor Campbell, who urged him to permit the publication of some of his sermons, he said, 'Publish nothing that is not quite good. Don't be moved by people's opinion[1]. There is a story of Bishop Barrington and Phillpotts, afterwards Bishop of Exeter, who was at the time Bishop Barrington's secretary. The bishop said, "I wish you to select for publication twelve of my sermons that you think will do me least discredit." And shortly after, when the sermons had been chosen, he said, "Do you think that these will do me credit?" "I prefer, my lord," answered Phillpotts, "to adhere to your Lordship's former expression." And they were not published.' And after telling Sir W. Markby, who was one of his executors, of something which he wished to be done in the event of his death, he added with a humorous look, 'This is hypothetical, you know.'

Another characteristic which showed itself strongly

[1] Cf. *College Sermons*, p. x ff.

at this time was his irresistible desire to improve himself and others, to correct faults and deficiencies, wherever he saw them. Notwithstanding his polemics against medicine, he was conscious that he was himself entirely ignorant of the structure of the human body, and as soon as he was able, he sought to remove the defect by studying Huxley's *Lessons in Physiology*.

The news of Jowett's illness was received with keen regret, not in Oxford only, and among his friends, but one may say throughout the country. Old friends and pupils flocked to see him, or at least to inquire after his state, and now more than ever, more even than in the old days, he became aware of the affection and veneration with which he was regarded. When at last there was good reason to hope for recovery, a cloud seemed to have passed from the University. Apart from private affection, every one felt that Jowett was Oxford's greatest man; the highest, strongest, most consistent, and most effective supporter of all that was liberal in thought and education. The poor had found in him a helper, the rich had found in him a friend who could say sharp things as well as smooth; and all knew that in everything which he did or said he sought the interest of others, and not his own.

For a time Jowett made but slow progress towards recovery; the weakness which followed the extreme restlessness and mental tension was distressing, and required the greatest attention and care. But by the end of November he could write to Lady Airlie:—

'Let me send you a few lines with my own hands. I know that if you were present here you would kindly ask me how I am. Better I think, thank God, but it will be long before I get back, if ever, to my old state, and not much to be done till then; but I shall try.'

On December 16 he insisted on taking his part as Head of the College in the terminal examinations, and as time went on he recovered to a degree which was astonishing to those who knew how severe his illness had been. In July, 1892, he preached once more in Westminster Abbey, and in the next year he not only preached in the Abbey but was present and spoke at the prize-giving at Shrewsbury School. Such efforts were only rendered possible by an extraordinary tenacity and courage, by a resolute determination not to succumb to illness or age so long as resistance was possible. And to the very last he was full of projects: he would like to have translated Homer, he was eager to take part in a translation of Aristotle's *Metaphysics*. 'Let us set to work and get that done,' he said, with all the vigour of youth. But he did not deceive himself. Once, when speaking to me of Gladstone, he exclaimed, 'Aye, but it is hard to be beaten by old age'; and the bitter tone in which he spoke, the sigh which followed, showed only too plainly how keenly he felt the decline of his powers.

LETTERS, 1889–1891.

To MISS C. M. SYMONDS.

BALLIOL COLLEGE,
July 30, 1889.

I was very pleased to have a letter from you. I am afraid that I shall hardly get to Davos this year, not being able to spare the time. For I carry a burden on my back which makes me very sluggish in all my movements—a book called Plato, in five volumes, of which about two are now printed and the remainder have to be completed before Christmas. But I shall not forget you or your father and mother, or any of you.

When you write next tell me about the gossip of Davos, and what your father is doing. I can very well understand the delight of going down into Italy. The Italian lakes and towns are more like Paradise than anything else on earth. I hope you are happy and have no cares or painful thoughts. How do music and reading get on? I hope you have quickened that rather deliberate pace at which you used to perform on the pianoforte and have learned to dash away. People sometimes fancy that music can only be learned when you are young; I believe this is only an excuse for idleness. And don't you be idle, but also don't be over industrious. You can take my advice in either way, whichever you like, and so I escape from the responsibility of giving any. Also to make life at Davos as pleasant as you can to yourself and to everybody else. . . . .

Have you any good reading on hand? I think *Hurrish* and Froude's *Two Chiefs of Dunboy* very interesting. You should go through a good course of novels.

Now I shall miss very much not going to Davos, where I used to inflict myself: I wish you and Madge would come and visit me here.

To Lord Lingen.

Balliol College,
August, 1889.

Will you kindly read the enclosed circular? It relates to a matter in which I am deeply interested, and which I believe to be very important to the College. We have done what we can for ourselves.

I know that you recognize the old tie. I shall only say that we shall be deeply obliged if you can assist us, and not at all annoyed if you are unable to do so.

To Lord Lingen.

Balliol College,
August 12, 1889.

You have sent me rather a severe lecture instead of a liberal subscription: will you not, as an old friend, add the latter to the former?

I fancy that the Fellows and those on the spot can judge better what is needed for the College than friends who are at a distance.

There is a great deal more competition in Oxford than formerly. But I think that the success of Balliol in the Schools, as far as this is a test, is as great, or rather greater, than ever.

To LOUIS DYER.

BALLIOL COLLEGE,
October 6, 1889.

I am very grateful for your kind letter and subscription: I only wish that I could have done more for you when you were at Balliol College. I am inclined to think that you did a great deal for us.

I shall not forget the memory of Malcolm Macmillan[1]. He seems to me, judging from his book and from the essays which he used to bring me, to have been a man of considerable genius. I used to like him. . . .

It is very kind of Mr. Macmillan to give us so generous a subscription to the cricket and recreation ground; and equally generous to offer, if I understand you rightly, to obtain for the College a portrait of myself. I certainly will not refuse, if he and you wish it, to sit to the painter, but I am rather inclined to doubt the advantage of a person sitting for his portrait when he is more than seventy years of age.

To the COUNTESS OF WEMYSS.

OXFORD, *December* 6, 1889.

I wanted to write to you at leisure as I might have the pleasure of talking to you, and not scamp your kind letters as I sometimes have done. It is not want of time really but want of energy which makes letter-writing a difficulty. And it is such a blessing to be thought about and cared for by another that it is most ungrateful to neglect it. Your friendship seems to me to be one of the greatest goods of my life.

[1] Who was lost on Mount Olympus, July 11, 1889.

I hope that you will enjoy your palace, which is really a grand possession. Having a great house is really a gain in the power which it gives of making a good use of it, of gathering friends about you, and assembling the county—ignoring the feuds of town and country—and perhaps enlarging a little the conventional limits of society. You must be a queen in the palace and justify its existence. It would be a poor thing, having this palace, to shut it all up, until the great rooms have an 'ancient fish-like smell.' No one could play the part of a queen better than you, if you would. You may regard it ironically as the last act of the play, in which you do what you can for society as a kind of duty. If you think that what I am writing is inappropriate or intrusive, please to think of it as a joke or a dream. Yet it is in a measure serious; how far it can be carried out depends upon health and a variety of circumstances. There is a mission to the rich as well as to the poor, not less but really more important: like some family secrets never to be spoken of, but to be thought of.

And now for your kind inquiry. I will tell you the exact truth as you ask. I believe that I am greatly better, but weaker, that is, older; and I carry about with me the feeling that life is much more precarious. I want to complete some work that I have begun and I get rather anxious about this. If I can get six years more with my present health, that will do; but I must finish them by bits, as I can no longer work long hours. That is my only anxiety.

To Professor Lewis Campbell.

Balliol College,
January 15, 1890.

I am almost too late to wish you and Mrs. Campbell many happy returns of the year, which I do nevertheless very heartily.

You are very good to feel an interest about the progress of my long work of revision. I am just finishing Book iii of the *Laws*, and hope that the whole will be finished by the end of the Easter Vacation. Then I shall take to the *Republic* again, and I shall look forward to completing the notes in

print at Christmas. I fear that I must have rather tired your patience about the book. But the delay is unavoidable.

My intention now is to condense the notes as much as possible. On principle I believe that this should be the style of all commentaries. Not ten lines of text and thirty of explanation, but thirty of text and ten of explanation. Also I shall not repeat anything which is said in the English translation.

I was delighted to hear of the success which your reading had at Manchester. I hope that you are well and in good heart.

We had the schoolmasters at Oxford about a month ago, discussing Greek and whether it should be taught in schools, which was affirmed by a small majority. No one suggested that it might be taught better.

I hope that St. Andrews is prospering in its relations with Dundee. I am inclined to think that in Scotland University fees ought to be paid out of the public funds for all who are able to pass a certain examination. The education of the middle and lower classes has made extraordinary progress in Scotland, and I should like to give it every chance. It is a class jealousy which keeps it back. In the next generation I believe that all education will be free, and that in two or three generations, in the new democratic world, we will not be distinguished as gentlemen and tradesmen, but as educated and uneducated. Do you remember the passage in the *Laws* about trade?

That enemy of God and man the postman has just appeared, and so I must wish you good-bye. I hope that your reading and work prospers, and that you don't weary of teaching or of St. Andrews.

To MISS M. TENNANT.

BALLIOL COLLEGE,
February 12, 1890.

... By-the-by I have had a talk with that great man[1] the other day. He was very pleasant and kind, and talked about an

[1] Gladstone, who in the Lent Term of this year delivered a lecture on Homer in the Debating Hall of the Union Society.

infinity of things. I always consider myself to be under an obligation to him, because when I was slaving away as a College Tutor he sent Lord Sherbrooke, about twenty years ago, to inquire what he could do for me, meaning I suppose a deanery, or something of that nature. I said that I wished to remain in Oxford, so he gave Scott one of the best deaneries, in order that I might slip into his place as Master. His visit to Oxford was a great success—delightful, I think, to himself and delightful to us, for he was most gracious, and I suspect that he let himself go back to the days of his youth, and was beginning to think that his old friends were often better than his new ones. His lecture was a strange characteristic performance. He found a difficulty in two words of Homer where there was no difficulty whatever; and proceeded to give them a perfectly absurd explanation from the Assyrian sculptures.

To the Countess of Wemyss.

Oxford, *February* 25, 1890.

It is always a pleasure to hear from you and to write to you, and yet I am provoked with myself for neglecting to answer. You must forgive me: I am rather overworked in brains, and then one grows very much inclined to put off letters of friendship. Like one's charities they are the first things which people sometimes cut off.

I am afraid you find my old book rather uninteresting[1] and also, compared with *R. Elsmere*, quite old-fashioned. I have sometimes regretted that I did not carry on the subject. But then, again, I have thought it was better to let these modern views grow of themselves without pushing them; and there were so many weak religious persons whom I should have shocked that it was well to be out of it. It is better to teach what is true than what is false, but I think, as German theology shows, that you may have all criticism and not do much good in the world.

I quite agree with you about Fitzgerald's *Memoirs*. It is a very pleasing book, because it contains a narrative of people who lived in a very simple, cultivated manner, and were life-

[1] *St. Paul's Epistles.*

long friends. For a great many years I have heard Tennyson talk about two persons, Fitzgerald and Spedding. Fitzgerald you know already from the book. Spedding was an equally remarkable man, who sixty years ago had the greatest private reputation among young men. He was a man of great learning and a considerable poet. After having had several important positions 'thrust upon him,' and giving them up, he devoted more than forty years of his life to 'washing a blackamoor white'; that is, to clearing the character of Lord Bacon. He wrote until, as he used to say, even his friends would read no more. It was simply the passion of his life. He was run over by a cab about five years ago in London. When dying he was chiefly anxious that the cabman should not be blamed, because, he said, 'it arose out of his own deafness.' I doubt whether people are left in the world like those who are taken away.

To Prof. F. Palgrave (on the Death of his Wife).

March 30, 1890.

I am deeply grieved to see that the greatest calamity of human life has happened to you.

I am also grieved to think that I shall never see her again, who always received me so kindly and affectionately. She was an 'honoured and beloved' lady, for whom every one who knew her entertained the warmest feelings of regard and respect, and the more so because of her simple and unpretending ways.

She is with God, where we shall soon be. This is the best and only comfort.

To the Rev. John La Touche.

Balliol College,
May 4, 1890.

I return you Canon Bather's letter. It is very interesting and shows, to use his own phrase, 'a great willingness to accept light.'

The point on which the High Church party tend to give way is Scripture, and especially the Old Testament. They feel that as the Bible is seen more and more to be like other

books, the greater the need of the Church, an aspect of the question which is not wholly unpleasing to them.

I have read a considerable portion of *Lux Mundi*, but am a good deal disappointed in it. It has a more friendly and Christian tone than High Church theology used to have, but it is the same old haze or maze—no nearer approach of religion either to morality or to historical truth. I am convinced that the High Church party might do something much better for the world, and that without shaking the foundation of their own faith.

I hope that you are well and prosperous.

To Mrs. Ilbert.

[Balliol College], *July* 9, 1890.

I am very grateful for the affection which you have shown me for many years past, and I am therefore deeply interested in all that concerns you. May God bless you. I want you to make more and more of life, and to find it fuller and fuller of interests. You don't know yet all that you may be able to do for others. The first thing is to get well and enjoy some remains of summer.

To Lord Lingen.

Address Balliol College,
[*July* 19, ? 1890.]

I was very much touched by your kind letter and gift. I never thought of the small matter about which we differed as making any difference in a friendship of more than fifty years' standing: nothing will.

The old members of the College have been very generous to us. Six and a half acres of land have been bought and paid for—at a cost, including a house, of £14,000. We are still collecting money for legal expenses, for making the ground, and for a pavilion.

I rather hope that you will not desert the London Council work, if you do not feel it too much for your health. You can do a great public service which it falls naturally to your share

to do; and you can do it with greater ability and authority than any one else. It confirms your claim to the peerage. On the other hand, it is not certain that you would find any other work, either literary or parliamentary, equally important or congenial. The future position of the House of Lords is an uncertain quantity; I do not want to press my opinion upon you, but would just ask you to consider these aspects of the subject.

To PROFESSOR MARSHALL.

BALLIOL COLLEGE,
July 24, 1890.

I was delighted to get your book[1] this morning, and to find it so full of interest. I congratulate you on having written such a book. It will be of great value, both to capitalists and to the working classes. It seems to me to be just what was wanted to mediate between the old political economy and the new, or rather betweeen the old state of industrial society and the new. Neither employers nor employed have any reasons to regard you as otherwise than a friend. Ricardo himself would not have objected to have his own *a priori* reasonings supplemented and modified by your facts.

Also I think the book excellent in an educational point of view. It is very clear and interesting and goes back to great principles. It answers implicitly the question so often asked: 'What is the relation of political economy to ethics?' I think the style admirable. I am also pleased to see that you have not overloaded the subject with mathematics, and have rather diminished than increased its technicality.

Every page I open seems to me to contain something good, e.g. 369–371. I often think of the difficulty of rising in life, and how to lessen it. The Universities and education do something to diminish it, but business much more, especially if some noble terms of philanthropy could be introduced into it.

I hope that having the book out you will have a well-earned holiday: a landing-place before you go up the next flight of stairs. But I know by experience that no one ever

[1] *Principles of Economics*, vol. i.

takes advice about health. I suppose we are all so conceited that we imagine the world cannot go on without us, at least in our own spheres.

Have you gone to Robin Hood's Bay, or whither?

The two days which I spent at Cambridge leave a charming recollection on my mind.

Will you give my kindest regards to Mrs. Marshall? I cannot sufficiently thank you both for your goodness and affection to me. I shall hope to write to her, when I have read more of the book.

To J. A. Symonds.

Balliol College,
August 4, 1890.

. . . I wish that we could spend a few days together, but I am afraid that you are not likely to come to England this year, and I am not able to go to Davos at present. I shall try to come next year if I am alive and if you will have me. I go on in the 'harmless drudge' fashion correcting Plato, but I am better in health and enjoy my work, and hope to make the book a good deal better. It will be finished about the beginning of the year. I count myself happy in having had so large a portion of life spent upon a great writer.

I think that you are happy too in having unlocked so much of Italian literature, certainly the greatest literature in the world after Greek, Latin, English. We seem to be losing literary originality in nearly every country in Europe: is not the natural remedy for this to gather up the fragments that remain of the past? We shall not be really much the poorer if we steep ourselves in the literature of other countries. To have interpreted one such literature and made it accessible to English-speaking people seems to me a sufficient result of a life.

I wish you would expand your account of Sarpi and Bruno into larger lives of them. They are from some points of view the two most remarkable figures of their time, and no adequate account of them has ever been written. You have got I know not how many years before you: I have only a very few and must make haste, if I am to complete anything more.

To Mrs. Marshall.

St. Andrews, *September* 18, 1890.

I think that you and your husband have a right to be very happy this vacation. I perceive that the book has been very much appreciated, and that the presidency of the Economic Section has gone off extremely well. Does not Mr. *Punch* call you the great economists (I always speak of you in the dual or plural number), and distinguish the socialism of which he approves from that which he disapproves, the former being that of our great economist Marshall? In which I agree, but I do not like the name because it is misleading.

And now could you not, under the pretence of studying the *métayer* system, or something of the sort, or Egyptian or Indian agriculture, take a six months' holiday? It would be very wise, and you would come back with renewed strength and full of new ideas.

I read a day or two ago a very remarkable account of the life of Arthur Young, prefixed to the reprint of his *Travels in France*[1]. I was delighted with it (I dare say that you know it), and shall enroll him among heroes and great men. Is there anybody like him living now? I think that you and Alfred are very fortunate in having for the pursuit of your lives a great living science which is also growing and contains many obscure points, and which has, perhaps, a nearer bearing on the welfare of mankind than any other. Do we really know the laws of currency or even of supply and demand? And is there not still a great deal to be cast out, like the distinction of home and foreign trade, and endless attempts to make differences of degree into differences of kind, and useless and pedantic efforts to use words always in the same sense? I am glad to see that there is a considerable element of Hegelianism in the book, which I am sure helps to emancipate us from many verbal arguments and distinctions. I hope that you and Alfred will run over and see me some time during the Term.

I have had a very uneventful vacation, having stayed at Oxford until about three weeks, and, having drudged away long

[1] Young's *Travels in France*, edited by M. Betham-Edwards, in Bohn's Library.

enough at Plato, have been paying visits at Scotch friends' houses, among others at Lord Rosebery's. I like him and have a very high opinion of him. He told me there was nothing he liked so well as studying hard, and he has certainly a great deal both of knowledge and reflection. He is not at all unmanageable in the direction of property. Some day I shall hope to have the opportunity of making him acquainted with you.

To Miss Elliot.

The Polchar,
September 27, 1890.

I am touched to hear that your father wishes to be remembered by me. He certainly will not fall out of my recollection while I live.

I hope that he has good sleep, freedom from pain, and peace of mind. I think that age should be a time of peace, full of recollections of the past, retaining their interest without their sorrows and anxieties. I wish that aged persons would write down or dictate some recollections of persons whom they knew, not for publication, but for family reading; or that information of this sort could be elicited from them by sympathetic questions and written down by another. It should be an amusement and not a task. The Dean must have known many persons of whom he would have something to tell, such as Lord Brougham and his own father.

I have read two new novels lately, or rather one old and one new one—*Adam Blair*[1], very good, and *Miss Brooks*, an American novel by Miss White, an uncomfortable marriage story, but full of character and life. Shall I recommend them both to you *pour passer le temps*?

I have been staying up here with Dr. Martineau in his Highland cottage. I like his simplicity and the simple ways of his family. At eighty-six he is very lightly touched by age and writes and reads as if he was thirty years younger. He has written five large volumes during the last six years, good,

[1] *Some Passages in the Life of Adam Blair*, by J. Gibson Lockhart, 1822.

I think, and valuable, but not quite suited to your father or to me.

Will you give my kindest regards to the Dean, and may I have the pleasure of coming when I must come to one of our College meetings?

To Lady Stanley of Alderley.

The Polchar,

September 27, 1890.

I was very much pleased to receive a letter from you, and to hear that your expedition was so successful.

I won't repeat to you all that I feel, and shall always feel, about you and your family, for I think that you know it. You told me that we had been acquainted forty years the other day. This is not quite correct, but I remember that you said to me, when I first came to Alderley (those were great occasions to me), that you were fifty years of age. I do not like taking liberties with ladies' ages, and therefore you shall do the sum for yourself. I find that I live a good deal more in the past than formerly, and think of the persons whom I knew, like Arthur Stanley and Pearson and William Spottiswoode, and my own brothers and sisters.

I will ask you not to think it an affectation if I say that the later years of life appear to me from a certain point of view to be the best. They are less disturbed by care and the world: we begin to understand that things never did really matter so much as we supposed, and we are able to see them more in the true proportion, instead of being overwhelmed by them. We are more resigned to the will of God, neither afraid to depart nor over-anxious to stay. There are some things which, perhaps, we can set right because we are no longer actors in them. We cannot see into another life, but we believe with an inextinguishable hope that there is something still reserved for us. We are able also to regard not in a temper of alarm the changes of opinion which we see going on around us, and which have been greater in our time than in any other, and to know that they are a part of a natural growth or change, which it would be childish to complain of.

I am glad that you still like going about the world, and seeing beautiful and interesting things. I hope you had a fine day for seeing the Linnhe Loch[1], which to my remembrance is one of the finest scenes which I ever saw. I am not sure whether Scotland (especially the west coast) is not the finest country in the world, and her people, notwithstanding their awkwardness, the greatest race. An ancient philosopher says that 'the wisest men are born in the driest climate.' This cannot, however, be said of the Scotch.

I quite agree in your criticisms on Mr. Myers' book[2]. . . . Shall I recommend you a novel which Dr. Martineau recommended to me (American), *Miss Brooks*, by Mrs. or Miss White? It is quite good enough to read, and indeed cannot be well laid down (for I got into the small hours of the night with it last evening), full of clever sketches and characters, but rather, I think, putting the old tale of love into too many postures and attitudes, which I fear will be its fate, if no worse, now that the world is getting so very old and is so eager for novelty. The Americans seem to have found a way of spinning out the commonplaces of life into lengthy productions. But the real joy with which we used to read Scott, and later Dickens, seems to have departed—the new novel has its small criticism in the *Saturday Review* or the *Pall Mall*, and there is an end of it. . . .

I should like you to remember especially, if at any time you feel the natural discouragement of weakness, which is apt to pass from the body to the mind, how many persons have a deep affection and admiration for you: among whom I venture to claim a place.

To Professor Lewis Campbell.

The Polchar,

September 28, 1890.

Thank you for looking over Dyer's Euripides. . . . Is the work really worth the labour? I have gone on reading

[1] Between Oban and Fortwilliam.

[2] *Life of Lord Althorp.*

Euripides, but grow more and more weary of him. The false ring of sophistry is everywhere: and it has many of the faults of a bad French novel. It would be wearisome beyond measure in a translation. You may write about him with interest and advantage, and translate a few passages, but not the whole.

Our friend here and his daughters are very well and happy, going on in the old simple way. He desires his kind regards to you. He told me of some occasion on which you sat with him in his study and talked together for a whole morning about the meaning of passages in Plato. He seems to hope that more and more will be known about the life of Christ and the earliest history of the Church. In that hope I cannot share because of the original dearth of materials; nor if materials could be supplied ever so abundantly does it seem to me a matter of supreme importance. He is engaged at present in putting together his old reviews and other writings.

I am delighted to hear of your translation of Aeschylus being completed. It must have been a work of enormous labour. Though I think that 'the painter can never take too much pains,' I allow that ten years is about as large a portion of human life as can be allotted to any single undertaking. I shall not offer to criticize it, but I heartily wish it success.

I always look back on my visits to St. Andrews with pleasure, not only on account of the great kindness which I receive there, but because you seem to me to have a happy and assured position there in which you are constantly gaining influence and doing good. You and I have had some disagreeables in life, but the memory of them is effaced, and we have only to think of how we can make the most of the years which remain. I believe that they are the best years of life, in which we are freest of care and have the greatest treasure of experience. About myself I have also the feeling that there is a good deal to make up for; and yet I wonder how I have ever been piloted safely so far upon the way.

I always wonder at your power, [with] some other Scotch Professors, of throwing yourself into the life of the students

and their rough ways. The club and the ladies' school I look upon as two of the greatest institutions of St. Andrews. And these are due mainly to you and Mrs. Campbell.

To Mrs. Ilbert.

[Balliol College,]
October 9, 1890.

I have been making a round of friends, from Lord Coleridge in Devonshire to Dr. Martineau in Inverness-shire and the Bishop of Ripon in Yorkshire, with many intermediate halts. I have had too much kindness—at least much more than I deserve. Let me tell you that I made a new acquaintance or friend whom I greatly value—Mr. Arthur Balfour.

Have you been reading any new books? I recommend *A Window in Thrums* (i. e. Kirriemuir), a very picturesque account of Scotch humble life in a town: also, if you ever lift up your eyes to the heavens, Ball's Popular Astronomy[1]. That reminds me that I must send the little girls Proctor's *Pictures of the Heavens*. I remember long ago being impressed by a letter of T. Carlyle's in the newspapers urging that all children should be taught the names of the stars and of flowers, to which I should add of earths (?) and trees.

To Miss Taylor.

Balliol College,
October 26, 1890.

When are you and Ida coming again to Oxford? In this Term or next Term or any Term? Or rather fix any time which is convenient to you and pay me a visit.

Do you remember a negotiation which you and Ida successfully carried on for me with a niece of Southey's, who lives at Bournemouth, for a picture of Southey which your friend kindly promised to leave to Balliol College? At the same time she mentioned another portrait of Southey done by some R.A. which might be purchased. Having her promise of the picture in her possession I did not then care to

[1] *Story of the Heavens.*

purchase it. But now I should like to make further inquiries about it with the view of putting it into the Master's house. I have lost the name and address, and my reason for troubling you is to ask you to obtain it from your friend once more.

Will you give my kind regards and love to Lady Taylor and your sister? I was sorry that I could not come to see you in the past summer, but shall hope to do so in the summer of the coming year. I do not at all forget the pleasant days which I used to spend at Bournemouth beginning about twenty years ago, or your father, or poor Aubrey, who might have been a distinguished man if he had lived.

To the Countess Dowager of Airlie.

November 18, 1890.

I am writing to you for three reasons—none of them sufficient. But what need of reasons if it gives me pleasure to write you a letter and you are not unwilling to receive it?

My first reason is to thank you for your 'elegant' epistle, which made my pulse beat quicker for nearly half an hour after reading it, and diffused a cheerful glow over the whole morning; my second is to remind you that I expect to have the pleasure of seeing you here; and, thirdly, I send you a book—for the sake of the article on Madame de Maintenon.

I agree with you about the great French ladies like Madame de Sévigné (though I know little of them). They seem to have had a kind of social genius, great manners, great thoughts, which have hardly been granted to women of any other nationality. They had 'dignity,' of which there is so little to be found either among men or women of the present day. M. Cousin was very sentimental about them. I believe that people would have better manners if they absolutely got rid of selfishness and conceit. There may come a time when everybody in all ranks will have good manners, and everybody will be much the happier for it.

I admire and envy your life of solitude. So much better for yourself than the madding and gadding crowd, and such a blessing to the people among whom you may live. You

seem to me to have a magnificent position. I tell you so not for flattery, but to stir you up to make use of it. Your life has not been and will not be a failure; and the best part is yet to come. I do not think life less happy as one grows older. There is more experience, knowledge, repose, unworldliness; the thought of God and death becomes more natural to one, and you begin to wish for nothing else.

The two books which I like best to read are Pascal and St. Augustine's *Confessions*. They seem to me in different ways to be so deep and real, and so very human. I believe that religion and theology should be taught chiefly through biographies, and there is no difficulty in what people call keeping up the attention.

To the Rev. John La Touche[1].

Balliol College,
November 18, 1890.

I think that he will do the best service to freedom and truth who presents them in their least repulsive form.

I believe that the subject which the Clerical Society offers may be put in an acceptable form: (1) that if there were not errors in Scripture, the sacred volume would be an exception to all early literature (you might briefly allude to some of the most acknowledged discrepancies: astronomy, geology, chronology, primitive history, morality). (2) How great a relief it is to be rid in a natural way of the difficulties of Scripture, immoralities, miracles (don't use the word), humanly invented mysteries, &c. (3) You might dwell upon the topic of the change of opinions. How much has been already given up? Is there any probability of our going back? (4) One more topic. How little we know of the life of Christ —apparently derived from a document no longer in existence— and nothing more known than was known at the end of the second century!

[1] 'This, and the next letter, relate to a paper read by me on "The Human Element in Inspiration" at the Clerical Union, Shrewsbury.—J. La T.'

But I would rather say, treat the subject in the manner in which it is most present to your own mind and least likely to cause offence. The negative side works fast enough and does not require to be pushed.

To the Rev. John La Touche.

Balliol College, Oxford,
January 23, 1891.

I do not think it is strictly correct to speak of the human any more than of the divine element in inspiration. We cannot separate them any more than we can separate mind and body; they run up into one another. But in common language it is a natural mode of speaking. In the higher part we include the truer and more spiritual conceptions of God, the more perfect morality, the holy life. In the lower part we may place the historical facts, whether true or invented, the passions of a warlike and semi-barbarous race, imprecations against enemies, and the like. I think it worthy of remark that in precept, though not always in practice, the Old and the New Testament everywhere rise above the animal passions and also above the deceits and falsehoods of mankind. These remarks seem to me to apply more or less to all the religions of the world: they are all more or less inspired, more or less human and also divine.

If you want to bring forward what may be called the human side of Scripture in the bad sense, you might bring the subject under three or four heads:—

1. Scientific error, astronomy, geology, &c.

2. Historical error. Gen. x., &c.

3. Moral error, in which cruelty and immorality are sanctioned or palliated.

4. Theological error, in which false conceptions are given of the nature of God. We must remember, however, that the greater part of this error is natural or necessary, and also that almost all, if not all, sacred books have been above the level of their age or country.

I shall have much pleasure in looking at the passages which you would have me consider.

To the Countess of Wemyss.

Farringford,
December 17, 1890.

Though I am growing old I maintain that the best part is still to come—the time when one may see things more dispassionately and know oneself and others more truly, and perhaps be able to do more, and in religion rest centred in a very few simple truths. I do not want to ignore the other side, that one will not be able to see so well, or walk so far, or read so much. But there may be more peace within, more communion with God, more real light instead of distraction about many things, better relations with others, fewer mistakes. The quality of human life does not consist in bustle or activity, but in stillness and in the heart. Therefore I will never look upon the years that are before me as a time of decay. I mean to fight the battle out as well as I can and fill up some of the shortcomings of youth and middle life. Excuse this egotism, which will come breaking in.

To Mrs. Marshall.

Address Balliol College,
December 30, 1890.

Accept my best thanks for the pretty little pocket-book which you and Alfred have sent me. I shall not forget you when I use it. You and a few other persons always remind me how little I do for my friends and how much they deserve at my hands.

I am delighted to hear that the treatise on political economy, the child of so many hopes and anxieties, has made such a prosperous start in the world. And don't fear the work of revision. It is not really laborious: the labour was in the original concoction, and great improvement is possible because the author has more command of his subject and can see his own defects when he comes fresh to them after an interval. I should like to have new editions of books greatly altered every five years. Only one wishes that no one would read the first edition after the second has appeared; but I have a little

expedient to meet this difficulty also. (I can't say that it has been very successful hitherto, but I believe it will be.) I allow every one who delivers up a copy of the first edition to buy the second at half-price[1].

May not 'we authors, ma'am,' rejoice together about American copyright? But it seems too good to be true. . . .

It seems to me that the College is getting on as well as its friends could wish and better than its enemies, who seem to be rather numerous and malevolent, [desire]. I tell you this because you live at Balliol Croft and may find some little interest in it.

When I come next to Cambridge, I have set my heart on making an excursion to Ely with you, which I have not seen for a long time.

'The evil one'—that is the postman—has come to fetch me away.

To JOHN FFOLLIOTT.

BALLIOL COLLEGE,
January 16, 1891.

I fear that you will think me as bad a correspondent as Morier or worse, and with less excuse. I have no other excuse for not answering your letter but occupation, and this is no excuse, but I hope that a friend may make an excuse for me which I do not make for myself.

Thank you for Dr. Salmon's book[2]; it is interesting and lively. I do not think that I can agree with several statements which I find in it, such as one that I came upon just now, that there is more evidence for St. Paul having written the Epistle to the Galatians than for Virgil having written the *Aeneid*. But what I feel chiefly is that we have drifted out of those latitudes—I mean out of the controversy of Protestants and Catholics—and that the questions relating to it have very little interest for us at Oxford. But I will read more of the book, for it certainly seems to me very learned and clever.

You will be pleased, as I am, to see that Victor Morier has

[1] This refers to his recently published revision of the *Republic*.

[2] *The Infallibility of the Church*, by Dr. G. Salmon, D.D., Provost of Trinity College, Dublin.

obtained a small post in the South African expedition. What a fabric of the future our dear friend will build upon this. . . .

I hope you and your family are well, and that you all find interests to make life happy. Will you give my very kind regards to them?

Since I saw you I have made friends with Balfour. He is a very charming person and very honest and able. If he carries his Land Bill he will have done great things for Ireland. I do not rely much on the family trouble of the Irish members, because I believe that is transient, and the Irish always have been and are still the natural allies of the English Liberals, by whose help they can carry their measures and retain office; without them not.

But I think also that the Irish Protestants are in a better position than they were ten years ago. There is not much fear of their lands being taken from them, as there was then. And they must find a better *modus vivendi* with their Catholic fellow-countrymen. The disestablishment of the Irish Church was one step towards this, and the Land Bill, if carried, will be another. Nor, I think, will any dispassionate Englishman deny that formerly the tenants were too much at the mercy of the landlords.

These things are better to talk about than to write about. I hope that in the course of the year you will find your way over here with some of your family. And we will get 'our Ambassador' to come at the same time.

I go plodding at Plato, but I am very well and not at all tired of the work.

To the Marchioness of Tavistock.

Balliol College,
January 15, 1891.

I am very much grieved to hear what has befallen you. The Duke was a very kind and good friend to me. His humorous and pathetic character used greatly to interest me.

To you and Lord Tavistock the difference made by this event must be almost overwhelming. I know that you will only regard it in the light in which it ought to be regarded—as

a vast responsibility which has been prematurely thrown upon you; and that you will not shrink from carrying out this responsibility to the utmost. I must not intrude upon you further, for you have many things of which to think at this time. May the blessing of God rest upon both of you! With most kind regards to your husband.

To the Duchess of Bedford.

Balliol College,
February 1, 1891.

Will you allow me to take some interest in your future life and to help you if I can? though indeed you do not need the help of any one else, for you can manage very well for yourself. But it is the only way in which I can show my gratitude for your long-continued friendship and kindness to me.

I should like to urge upon you the importance of going back into society. I want the Duke to no longer shut himself up, but to show to people generally the goodness and kind-heartedness and ability which at present a few only know him to possess. Life without society is but half a life. We cannot do our duties to mankind unless we live among them and visit them.

I should like to see some lady in a high position, who has grace and intelligence and the gift of sympathy, cultivating friendships with the best and most distinguished men and women of the time, making her own life and that of others both happier and better, richer in thought and conversation and in kindness to others. She must not say, 'I am not equal to the great opportunity,' for by the grace of God she may become equal. Her duty is, unperceived, to do good among the rich. This is as important and perhaps more suited to her station than doing good among the poor. She has to consider first the circumstances and characters and hereditary tendencies of her own family, to pass them each individually in her mind before God, to remember that they are her trust and that she is to each of them 'the minister of Christ.' This has to be locked up in her own heart, hardly to be spoken of to another, but it is to be one of the main motives of life to her. Then

there is the gathering people together for visits and entertainments—people of the right sort well fitted into one another, with every refined attention and consideration, not forgetting to show kindness and hospitality to those who need it most. It is not a bad thing for the character to have experienced a good deal of sorrow; because it makes us feel for others and raises us above the world: it also makes us more observant of the little waywardnesses and sensitivenesses of people, and so better able to soothe them. I want to see you one of the leaders of society in the best sense. Did I ever quote to you the words of Cromwell to his daughters, 'Be above all these things; so only shall you have the true use of them'?

You will have some quiet weeks and months for thinking about the future. Do not be frightened at it: the responsibilities are great, but they do not come all at once. 'One step enough for me.'

To the Duchess of Bedford.

Balliol College,
February 28, 1891.

I am afraid that you are undergoing a good deal of trouble and anxiety. I see in the newspapers that Tavistock is not so well. Will you give him my love and tell him not to be depressed, and never to give up the hope that he will have many years of noble and useful life? And would you, if not too much occupied, send me a line to say how he is?

I am glad that the Duke's family thought I had formed a correct idea of their father. I will try and do as they wish, but I think that the short memoir requires to be somewhat enlarged[1].

To the Countess of Wemyss.

Balliol College,
March 14, 1891.

I have been reading a very interesting popular book on Confucius by General Alexander[2]. The East is a caricature of the

[1] See above, pp. 355, 356.

[2] *Confucius, the Great Teacher.*

West, and China is more a caricature than any other Eastern country. In a certain sense the Chinese in the sixth century B. C. were in advance of the point which we have arrived at. They had printing, gunpowder, competitive examinations, a religion and philosophy which could not be exceeded for worldliness and formality; another which, though almost unintelligible to us, seems to go beyond the Greek in depth and insight. The whole nation is like a mummy or a dried-up old man. I think that any intelligent person who really wants to study religion should study the religions of the far East, as well as the Jewish and the Greek. In their best aspects they are wonderfully good and pure. We are apt to compare the best of ourselves with the worst of them.

I do not fear that this sort of study would interfere with religious life; it would rather quicken and strengthen it. It seems to make us think of ourselves as children who have a smaller and smaller place in the great things of the world, and must receive the 'kingdom of God as children.' I am sure that other religions will occupy the minds of religious people more and more as they know more about them, and will be an excellent corrective to the idle and childish disputes among Christians themselves.

To the Countess of Wemyss.

Balliol College,
June 3, 1891.

I have been reading two new biographies to-day and yesterday, the *Life of Archbishop Tait* and of *Sir Robert Peel*. The Archbishop was always a very kind friend to me, though in the book he says that he thought I had a curious mind because I took absolutely no interest in these ritual controversies[1]. He was quite right, and I wonder how he or anybody else could take an interest in them. He was an excellent man and a gentleman, very good and very Scotch; but I miss in the book, as

[1] See *Life of Archbishop Tait*, vol. ii. p. 430: 'He has a strange mind. It is amusing to note how entirely uninterested he is on all the peculiar subjects now exercising the clerical mind.'

I used to miss in his conversation, any interest about truth in the higher sense. He did not seem to think that it was of the least importance compared with 'keeping the Church together.' If he had possessed this element he would have been a great man.

The other biography goes back to the political life of seventy or eighty years ago, when Sir R. Peel at the age of twenty-four was made Secretary for Ireland[1]. Everything that I read about him gives me a higher impression of him. He was so able and dispassionate and disinterested, and thoroughly patriotic. In those old pre-Reform Bill days statesmen seem to me to have been more loyal and faithful to one another than they are now. The picture of corruption and Toryism is not pleasant, but the picture of life is much pleasanter. Sir Robert Peel never from the first seems to have given in to the low morality of those days, and was certainly better than his age.

To Mrs. Ilbert.

Balliol College,
July 2, 1891.

I have a great respect and natural affection for persons who fill up the great rents and holes in families. There is much satisfaction in it afterwards; and it is what people used to call, in the language that has gone out of fashion, 'a duty.'

Two sorts of writers are doing a good deal of mischief just now: first, the mesmerists, hypnotists, &c.; secondly, the people who put the physical in the place of the moral and think that all the world is bad and mad. The old religious beliefs are decomposing fast and there is nothing as yet taking their place.

To Mrs. Ilbert.

Balliol College,
July 6, 1891.

I send you the small edition of Baxter's *Saints' Rest*. I hardly know whether you will care about it. I do not agree with such books in details, but they seem to me to have a truth

[1] *Life of Sir Robert Peel*, by C. S. Parker.

in them which rises far above ordinary life. The *Saints' Rest* appears to me far simpler and more natural than the Catholic books of devotion, such as St. Francis de Sales' *Amour de Dieu.*

To MISS M. TENNANT.

BALLIOL COLLEGE,
July 24, 1891.

I write to wish you God-speed on your sad journey. 'It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of dancing.' That is not the exact text, but it is something like it. From what you tell me I gather that your poor sister-in-law is not far from her end. She has death looking her in the face, yet probably he looks at her as a friend, though she sorrowfully turns to them who are left behind. It is not so sad even in youth to sink slowly into the grave—may we say, into the arms of God?

I know that you will do all you can to soothe and console her. Different persons require to be spoken to differently at such times, and some are best left to themselves and God. To see another taken makes us think of ourselves, of the changes which the future must necessarily bring on ourselves and our families. It brings us back to the realities of life, not as terrible, but as natural, with the sense that it is our first duty to be resigned to them. . . .

I am very willing to admit that there may be all sorts of characters in the world, and I do not object to persons who have wider sympathies having more freedom allowed to them than others. But also I think that those who have the most freedom require the most self-control, and should perhaps be most careful not to offend the precision of others.

I had an interesting party last Sunday, among them Sir Robert Morier, my dear old friend, who always greatly impresses me, and does, I think, as much good in the political way as any man. (He is now very busy in pushing Baron Hirsch's scheme to settle some of the Russian Jews in the tract of the Argentine Republic. What is to be done with Jews, Niggers, especially in America, Caffres, and other

Indians, natives of all sorts, Chinese, and all other races which are not alive but dead, and all religions which are dead? Is not this a tremendous problem for the future of the world, over and above the petty squabbles of French and Germans, Russians and Turks, and the so-called civilized Europe?) But to return to my party. I wish you could have been there. I had a delightful man named Sir Donald Wallace—him who wrote a book about Russia—have you read it? He seemed to me a man of very great ability and character.

Have you plenty of books? Or shall I send you two or three? Old ones, perhaps. Or will you have got them? Or will you have gone before they can reach Pontresina? I suppose you must be chiefly in a sick room, which is a good place for one, and not altogether sad and unpleasant if one can find a way of soothing and ministering to others. In their weakness they need strength and calmness and cheerfulness, and that the world should be made as much like the world which they knew when in health as possible. They should look sometimes out of a window at fair scenes and be read to out of their favourite books; and be taught to trust in God, in whose hands they are and to whom they return. The most comforting passages of Scripture should be read to them, such as Ps. xxiii. or the later chapters of St. John. And the thought may be felt by us and imparted to them, that we and they are alike close to the Unseen, but they a little nearer and we a few years farther off. And there are all the little things of finding out their wants and cares which I am sure that you will be quick enough to discover. As I write I remember the death of my two sisters in successive years more than fifty years ago, who went to sleep in Christ, perfectly resigned to the Divine will.

To Miss Elliot.

Balliol College,
August 12, 1891.

I am grieved to see by this morning's newspapers that your father has been taken. He is at rest and you are alone. I had a great respect for his abilities and character. He never had

a field on which he could display his powers since he ceased to be Prolocutor.

You gave up everything to him and must have the satisfaction of knowing that you did for him all that could be done, and which could have been done by no one else. All his friends feel this, and I do not suppose that you would ever have wished it otherwise yourself.

I hope you will not think that your occupation in this world is gone. You may have to make a new one, and you should first have some rest or recreation. It seems to me that the later years of life are after all the most valuable, because we have experience and are more disengaged from the world. But it will be time to think of these things hereafter.

Will you let me know if in any way I can help you? There was that small matter about depositing his MSS. in the Bodleian, which I could probably arrange.

To MISS ELLIOT.

BALLIOL COLLEGE,
August 20, 1891.

I am glad to hear that you are leaving Bristol and going to London. I hope that I may have the pleasure of sometimes coming to see you at the old place.

Suppose that you have packed up that portion of your father's papers which you wish to have deposited in the Bodleian, and sent to me here; or would you arrange them chronologically, and index them yourself? Perhaps this would be best.

It pleases me to hear that you are not giving up life, but bravely beginning it again. You will soon find friends, old and new, gathering around you. Every one has a deep feeling of respect towards you for your devotion to your father, and he was worthy of it.

If you do not feel equal to the arrangement of the papers I could probably get it done by some under-librarian at the Bodleian.

I am leaving Oxford on Monday; am better, I think.

To Miss Elliot.

Balliol College,
August 23, 1891.

The boxes have arrived safely, but as I am leaving to-morrow for about two months, and the Librarian of the Bodleian is away for his holiday, I have not unpacked them. They shall be treated with reverence and care.

I believe that I am better, thank you, and mean to be well before I return.

I would not have you destroy the sermons.

To Mrs. Marshall.

Balliol, *September* 30, 1891.

I rejoice to hear how vigorous you and the Professor have been. At you, who sixteen or eighteen years ago climbed Monte Rosa, I am not surprised, but at the Professor who ten years ago could scarcely walk at all, this prowess is wonderful. Let me give you the advice which is always given and never taken, Don't do too much.

The book seems to me to be a very remarkable success. It was just what was wanted to clear up the relations of labour and capital. The future of politics is very interesting, and will be very unlike the past. It will be a battle, not merely between capital and labour, but between classes, for social position, good manners, and tact and cleverness will be arrayed against the muscles of the working-man or the forces of the engineer. We should all, I think, exert ourselves to keep the struggle within the limits of the law—not to break the law is a great landmark which we should all maintain, and not allow Trafalgar Square riots to affect the will of the Houses of Parliament.

I shall expect you to come and see me in the course of the Term, notwithstanding the lecture, or any other paltry excuses. I will write again about this.

Have you read Mr. C. S. Parker's *Life of Sir Robert Peel*? Very good, I think, but wanting in a general view of the great man's character. I think that he was the greatest benefactor of this country during the century. Why was he so hated?

From a class enmity, which would not forgive him, after he had been selected by the higher classes as their leader, for turning out of his way to become the protector of the middle and lower classes.

There is also an excellent life of Lord Althorp, by Ernest Myers, the brother of Frederick. I should like everybody to read it.

To Mrs. Sellar.

Balliol College, Oxford,
October 24, 1891.

I send you a line with my best love in recollection of the many happy days which I have spent at your house with William and your family—so much good and kindness. My chief object at this moment is to beg of you not to give up Edmund's coming to Oxford. He appears to be doing well, and will do better there than anywhere else, and will have the good will of many.

Mr. Gell sent me the photograph of your husband, which I like very much indeed.

I still entertain hopes of getting well and coming to see you.

If you are writing, give my love to the Grants. I should like to hear about them, and especially how the Professor[1] is getting on. What is my old friend, your boy Willie, doing? He ought not to throw away his life[2].

To Lady Lingen.

Balliol College,
October 29, 1891.

As you and Ralph are among my oldest friends, who come down from the earliest time, I should like to send you a few words expressive of the feeling which I have for you. I would not have you suppose that I am expecting to pass away in a moment, but I feel that I have had a considerable shake, and cannot venture to say how long I have to live. You and your

[1] Sir Ludovic Grant, Professor of Public Law in the University of Edinburgh.

[2] In Mrs. T. H. Green's handwriting.

husband have been the best and kindest of friends to me, and we never had the shadow of a difference. Do you remember your saying to me that I might come to your house uninvited at any time of the day or night? and I have pretty nearly acted upon this permission.

There is nothing for which I have so much reason to be grateful as for my friends: to me, to every one, they have been the best of friends, and I hope that they and I may each find a little to do in this world before we depart. No one owes more than I do, and therefore ought to do more, as long as the torch lasts.

I do not think that life is the happier for having given up life[1], and therefore I venture to hope that Ralph will always find some important public business on hand; which he has better reason for doing than any one else.

I do not think that I get any better or get any worse. I am in no pain worth speaking of.

I send you these few lines because you will hear of my illness in the papers[2].

To Lady Sherbrooke.

Balliol College, Oxford,
November 28, 1891.

I have not seen or heard from you for a long time, and I should very much like to do so. I hope that you have been prosperous and have had a good summer.

During the last four months I have had a serious illness, but am now in some degree recovering, though, being affected in the heart, I am not yet able to walk about freely, and go up and down stairs. It may be that I shall be restored to my former health; the reverse seems to me to be more probable. I am thankful to be as I am.

But not to speak of myself any more, I should like to know how you are and Lord Sherbrooke. You who devote life to a labour of love, and find it, as I fear, full of care, but not without consolation. May God bless you!

[1] *Sic*, but ? work.—L. C.

[2] In Mrs. T. H. Green's handwriting.

Does your husband ride still, or walk and enjoy the fresh air? Indeed fresh air, as I begin to know, is one of the greatest blessings of Heaven. I am sure he is happy and feels the gift of life in him, while you are near him.

Excuse my writing to you by the hand of my secretary, as I find it still difficult to write with my own hand [1].

To DR. GREENHILL.

BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD,
November 29, 1891.

It is very kind of you to think of me during my illness. I hope that you are yourself free from pain and anxiety.

I shall always remember with gratitude your great kindness to me when I was a youth. I was very weak and wayward in those days, and had troubles to which I was unequal, though I ought not to have been so. This College has been a haven to me for fifty-six, or, since I gained a Fellowship, fifty-three years.

I am bringing out a new edition of Plato, which, if it were not reprinting in America, would have been published by this time, and of which I hope to send you a copy, if it does not already lie too heavy on your shelves [2].

Excuse my writing to you by the hand of another. I am better, but find it difficult to write with my own hand. I am truly grateful to God for preserving me during the years that have passed [3].

To THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.

BALLIOL COLLEGE,
December 20, 1891.

When persons only wish for the happiness of another, and when they never pass a day without doing a kindness, how can they be otherwise than happy? And when difficulties are very great they have only to ascend to the level of doing the will of God; they will be happy still. If they are

[1] In Fletcher's handwriting. [2] In Fletcher's handwriting.
[3] In Jowett's handwriting.

determined to act rightly, to live as the best men and women have lived, there is no more difficulty of unbelief. They see, not having seen; they go out trusting in God, but not knowing whither they go. There is no delight in life equal to that of setting the world right, of reconciling things and persons to one another, by understanding them, not by embittering them. True sympathy with every one is the path of perfect peace.

I want to keep myself (rather than my friends who need it less) in such thoughts as these; they seem to be a stay to me, and the most suitable thoughts for those whose life is probably drawing to a close. I must make the most of the next three or four years. I want to fill up the gaps and omissions of the past. This fills my mind, and therefore I speak of it to you.

CHAPTER XII

THE END. 1892–1893

(Aet. 74–76)

RECOVERY and renewed work—Third edition of the translation of Plato—Jowett's philosophy—The *Republic* of Plato—Death of friends—Jowett's love of his College; last projects—Drives and conversations—Jowett at Shrewsbury (1893)—Preaches at Westminster Abbey—Failing health—Leaves Oxford for London—With Professor and Mrs. Campbell—Goes to Headley Park—Increased illness and death—Funeral—Reflections—Letters.

AT the beginning of 1892 Jowett's recovery was assured. Once more he could look forward to the future; and, though he could no longer hope to accomplish all his plans, he was passionately anxious, now that his life had been spared, to make a good use of the time that remained.

'It touches me,' he says in a letter to Lady Wemyss (Jan. 6, 1892), 'that you should care about my life and my work. I have more than I shall ever accomplish on hand. But I shall always be grateful for the short respite, and do not at all lament my illness. It seems to have taught me something.'

What impressed him most, in looking back on his illness, was the affectionate kindness of his friends, by which he is 'greatly refreshed and strengthened.' To Lady Airlie he writes:—

'What a charming letter you wrote to me about a month ago! You must not reproach me for not having answered

sooner. It did me real good, and added to the "fragrance of life" to think that I had such a friend, though at a distance.

'You ask about my health. I get on pretty well, and try to do as much as I can. Do not be frightened by the coming on of age. I think it a very happy time, in some respects at least; you are freer from care and may be nearer to God. You must come and see me a few times before I depart.'

As soon as he was able to resume work, he wrote a preface for the new edition of Plato, and the book was presently published. It was a great satisfaction to him to see this, the most important of his literary works, issued in the best form which he could give to it. In his desire that every one who possessed the book should have it in this last and most correct edition, he arranged with the publishers to sell it at half-price to any one who offered a copy of the second edition in exchange. After his death copies were given, at his request, to all members of the College who had obtained the Ireland Scholarship during his Mastership.

This final edition of the translation of Plato was Jowett's 'Magnum Opus.' For fifty years he had been engaged in lecturing and commenting on Plato, in analyzing and translating his works. It was due to him more than to any other single person that Plato took the place in Oxford studies which he has held since 1853, when the final examinations on the new system began. In this length of time Jowett's views naturally underwent some change; but whatever the change might be he never wavered in his allegiance to his master. Though he hoped to find time for other studies, he was constantly brought back to him, partly by accident and partly by choice. In one of his latest letters he declares that his happiest hours have been spent with Plato.

If we ask, What was it in Plato that attracted him

so strongly? the best answer to the question is to quote the words in which he takes leave of the teacher with whom he has lingered so long :—

'More than two thousand two hundred years have passed away since Plato returned to the place of Apollo and the Muses. Yet the echo of his words continues to be heard among men because of all philosophers he has the most melodious voice. He is the inspired prophet or teacher who can never die, the only one in whom the outward form adequately represents the fair soul within; in whom the thoughts of all who went before him are reflected, and of all who come after him are partly anticipated. Other teachers of philosophy are dried up and withered. After a few centuries they have become dust; but he is fresh and blooming, and is always begetting new ideas in the minds of men. They are one-sided and abstract, but he has many sides of wisdom. Nor is he always consistent with himself, because he is always moving onwards, and knows that there are many more things in philosophy than can be expressed in words, and that truth is greater than consistency.'

The beauty of the language, the dramatic power, the artistic grace, the humour and irony, which are present in all or nearly all the *Dialogues* of Plato, appealed strongly to Jowett's literary sense. In them his own ideal of writing seemed to be realized. Hence the project of an analysis, with which he began his Platonic studies, was found to be inadequate; analysis could not give the true Plato any more than dissection can give the living body[1]. Plato's teaching can only be conveyed through Plato's language; the form and the material are inseparably combined. This is of course the case with all great writers, and it is pre-eminently the case with the master of the dialogue. Not less attractive to Jowett

[1] The analyses were retained in the introductions to the *Dialogues*; and in this final edition a shorter marginal analysis was added.

was the manner in which Plato treats his subjects; the infinite variety of the lights in which he places them; the subtle way in which he leads us on to the verge of proof, only to discover that we have taken a wrong path, or are face to face with some insuperable difficulty. With such methods Jowett had the greatest sympathy; he knew that on many subjects certainty was impossible; he disliked systems and formulae. The thoughts of many men in many ages—how can they be brought within the compass of a single mind, or embodied in a series of axioms? We cannot say that ideas are false because inconsistent with one another, or that discussions are without value because they lead to no final result. Every system has its day, and ceases to be; it is but a broken part of the whole, which is greater than all systems. Of this whole Jowett strove never to lose sight: and here, once more, he was in sympathy with Plato.

Often too the words of Plato seemed to Jowett to anticipate the thoughts which arose in his own mind out of his experience of life. In this last edition he has added a page to the introduction to the *Philebus*, in which are collected a 'few inspired sayings or oracles of Plato which receive their full interpretation only from the history of philosophy in later ages.' Among them are these: 'The power and faculty of loving the truth and of doing all things for the sake of the truth.'—'Shall we then agree with them of old time, and merely reassert the notions of others without risk to ourselves; or shall we venture also to share in the risk and bear the reproach which will await us?' ('A sentence full of meaning to reformers of religion,' Jowett observes.) 'In the divine nature of Zeus there is the soul and mind of a king, because there is in him the power of the cause.' In words such as these we may trace Jowett's own sentiments:—a love of truth

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which prevented him from repeating what he did not believe; an apprehension of the storms which attend any attempt to reform religious feeling; a never-failing faith in the divine government of the world.

To the last Jowett seems to have contemplated an essay on 'the genuineness and order of the Platonic Dialogues' (introd. to the *Statesman*, vol. iv. p. 449), and in the long interval (1871–1892) which separated the first and the third editions of his work his views on the position of certain Dialogues became much more clear and fixed[1]. It was also his intention to write a comprehensive account of Plato's philosophy. But his sense of the uncertainty of the available evidence, his dislike of constructive criticism, and above all his unwillingness to force upon the Platonic writings a unity which he felt that they did not possess, kept him back. When he found the theories of others so unsatisfactory, it was natural that he should hesitate to add a new one to the list. He preferred to enlarge the introductions to the various Dialogues, by discussing at greater length the subjects of them, or introducing short essays on features of the Platonic method, such as the 'ideas' or 'myths,' or reviewing modern aspects of Platonic difficulties. By these additions his work has become much more than a translation of Plato, it is a storehouse of criticism of philosophy and philosophers—and of life too, for even more striking than the philosophical discussions are the criticisms of life in its various relations which are scattered through the volumes.

This method of dealing with philosophy was characteristic of Jowett. For, as I have already observed, he was more critical than speculative, more intuitive than systematic. Many penetrating and sagacious aphorisms,

[1] See esp. in ed. 3, introduction to *Philebus* (vol. iv. pp. 570 ff.).

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J. H. H. Cameron, Photo. Walker & Boutall, Ph. Sc

B. Jowett

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especially about psychological and ethical matters, will be found in his writings; from many sides he casts keen glances on his subject which pierce to the heart of it, but he did not attempt to correlate his own ideas and bring them into a system. And perhaps it may be said that his sense of the practical was too keen to allow him to do full justice to a philosopher who was primarily a philosopher. Yet his criticism was also a philosophy. It was not merely that he criticized systems and their founders; he went deeper still, reaching down to the relation of language to thought, and of both to experience. He was wont to argue that any philosophy which neglects the study of language and the history of the mind is unsatisfactory. Words tend to outrun facts and become the symbols of ideas, which in their turn transcend experience. These dominate the mind and prevent it from seeing facts as they are. Facts too are constantly changing, but words remain the same, and acquire a false show of certainty. Again: he contended that the subtlety of the mind is such that its operations cannot be expressed in language. We allow that the truth lies between opposites, yet the intermediate steps are often difficult to define, and men cling to broad distinctions in their desire to be consistent or maintain a clear position. Language is pressed into the service of philosophy, yet the lessons which we learn from language are not moral or metaphysical, but historical. Hence any philosophy in which the present state of knowledge tends to become fixed and *arrêtée*, seemed to Jowett in his later years at least unphilosophical.

To illustrate this. Utilitarianism is condemned by Jowett mainly because it destroys the ideal meaning of such words as truth, justice, honesty, virtue, &c., words 'which have a simple meaning and have become sacred

to us, the word of God written in the human heart. To no other words can the same associations be attached; we cannot explain them adequately on principles of utility; in attempting to do so we rob them of their true character' (*Philebus*, Introd. vol. iv. p. 562). On the other hand, words such as 'development, evolution, law, and the like are constantly put in the place of facts, even by writers who profess to base truth entirely upon fact.' 'We do not understand how difficult it is to prevent the forms of expression which are ready made for our use from outrunning actual observation and experiment.' 'A long period in the history of philosophy was a barren tract, not uncultivated, but unfruitful, because there was no inquiry into the relation of language and thought.' It is for want of such a study that philosophers have wasted their time over 'nominalism' and 'realism,' and theologians have disputed about 'substance' (*Parmenides*, Introd. vol. iv. p. 39; *Meno*, Introd. vol. ii. p. 24).

From this point of view Jowett criticizes in more than one passage the philosophy of the Eighteenth Century. 'The philosophy of Berkeley,' he says, 'could never have had any meaning, even to himself, if he had first analyzed from every point of view the conception of matter.' 'The philosophy of Hume was nothing more than the analysis of the word "cause" into uniform sequence.' 'And it was followed by a philosophy which, equally regardless of the history of the mind, sought to save mankind from scepticism by assigning to our notions of "cause and effect," "substance and accident," "whole and part" a necessary place in human thought without any attempt to analyze the various senses in which the word "cause" or "substance" may be employed' (*Parmenides*, Introd. vol. ii. p. 23; cf. *Meno*, Introd. vol. ii. p. 40).

Words then, if we are to have a true use of them, must

be constantly corrected by a reference to facts. Such criticism does not necessarily lead to rationalism; ideas still remain, so far as they are true and a part of our nature. 'When we have carried our criticism to the furthest point these (religious) ideas still remain, a necessity of our moral nature, better known and understood by us because we are now aware of their imperfection.' Without ideas philosophy is impossible. There is no philosophy of experience; 'it is the idea of experience rather than experience itself with which the mind is filled.' Locke's system is indeed based upon experience, but with him experience includes reflection as well as sense.

On the other hand Jowett is fully aware of the difficulties which attend an abstract idealism. No passage in Plato impressed him more than the philosopher's criticism of his own ideas in the *Parmenides*, in which he points out the almost insuperable difficulty of connecting the abstract idea, if conceived as having a real existence, and the concrete individual (*Parmenides*, Introd. vol. iv. p. 5). Ideal philosophy, Jowett repeats, is at fault because it cannot be fitted to experience. 'Socrates (Plato) and Spinoza are both equally far from any real experience or observation of nature. And the same difficulty is found in both when we seek to apply their ideas to life and practice' (*Meno*, Introd. vol. ii. p. 22.)

Ideas, experience, thought, and sense, all are inadequate as a basis of philosophic method. Are we then to acquiesce in ignorance or resign ourselves to doubt? Not for one moment would Jowett have accepted such a conclusion; on the contrary, the knowledge of failure in the past is the best hope of success in the future.

'We are still,' he says, 'as in Plato's age, groping about for a new method more comprehensive than any of those which now prevail, and also more permanent. And we seem to see

at a distance the promise of such a method, which can hardly be any other than the method of idealized experience, having roots which strike far down into the history of philosophy. It is a method which does not divorce the present from the past, or the part from the whole, or the abstract from the concrete, or theory from fact, or the divine from the human, or one science from another, but labours to connect them. Along such a road we have proceeded a few steps, sufficient perhaps to make us reflect on the want of method of our own day. In another age all the branches of knowledge, whether relating to God or man or nature, will become the knowledge of the revelation of a single science; and all things, like the stars in heaven, will shed their light on one another[1].'

To 'idealize experience,' to paint fair pictures of life in its various relations and vocations—in this lay Jowett's strength. In all that he said or wrote; in his sermons, and speeches, and essays, such pictures abounded, pictures of love and marriage and friendship, of law and religion, pictures of the statesman, and poet, and philosopher, and scholar. Even in his conversation he would sometimes bring himself and his hearers back to them. They satisfied the twofold demand of his philosophy—the ideal elevating experience, and experience correcting the ideal.

When this work was finished Jowett returned once more to the edition of the *Republic* in the original Greek, upon which he had been engaged for more than thirty years. In this labour Professor Campbell was associated with him; and in 1891, when his illness was most severe, he had placed the book entirely in his hands. With returning health the wish returned to finish his own part; and, with Fletcher's help, he again began the revision of the notes—for the text had been printed. It was his intention to write a number of essays on subjects connected with Plato and Greek scholarship: more

[1] *Meno*, Introd. vol. ii. p. 25.

especially he wished to say his say about Bentley, on whose demerits he often entered into conversation with me; but of these he never completed more than a few pages.

As Professor of Greek, Jowett felt that the language and literature of Greece were a trust committed to his care. He desired above all things to see the study of Greek placed on what he thought to be a sound basis, and pursued in a manner likely to produce good fruit. He thought that little could be done in elucidating difficult passages in Greek authors; in spite of all the ingenuity which had been brought to bear on them, the interpretation was still uncertain. He often spoke of Greek as the most difficult language in the world, not because our texts were corrupt, but owing to the subtlety of the thought and the unfamiliar associations of words. The attempt to remove such difficulties by 'emendation' was to him intolerable; and his aversion to this 'curse of Greek scholarship' increased with years. He would have nothing to do with such *novae tabulae*. The best hope of a commentator lay in a careful study of the author, of his use and combination of words; and for this reason Jowett wished to see each of the great Greek authors provided with a special grammar and lexicon.

But scholarship in the stricter sense of the word was only a part of Jowett's Greek studies, and by no means the most important part. He wished to see Greek ideas in contact with modern, and it was with this view that he insisted so strongly on the value of translations. That much is lost in translating from one language to another, he would readily have confessed; no one knew better than he that English words have not the same associations as Greek, and cannot be arranged in the same

order. Yet a translation is still the best means of introducing the Greek author to the English reader; and if we wish to know what the Greeks really thought, it is better to read what they wrote, than what has been written about them.

Even when translated, Greek authors require to be criticized and explained, and therefore every translation was to be accompanied by a number of essays. In the case of Plato, Jowett was able to carry out his plan, and if he had accomplished all that he wished in regard to Greek literature, there would have been essays on early Greek philosophy, leading up to Plato; essays on Thucydides, essays on Aristotle, essays on the *Republic* of Plato. In these he would have dealt with many of the most interesting and fundamental questions which can arise about literature. He would have endeavoured to fix the limits of historical and verbal criticism; he would have cleared away much that rests on insufficient testimony, endeavouring to show us what we really know, and what learned ingenuity has persuaded us to accept as knowledge on many points in the history of Greek literature. His criticism would have been to a great degree negative; he would have applied to historical testimony rules almost as severe as those by which evidence is controlled in a court of law, and historians would have refused to accept his views, as indeed they did refuse to accept them[1], on the ground that history cannot be written on the conditions which he imposed. But the stimulus of such criticism would have been invaluable in raising to a higher level the standard of truth in history, just as his conservatism in scholarship was invaluable in bringing us back to the basis of our knowledge.

[1] Freeman, *Hist. of Sicily*, vol. iii. p. 599.

In June, 1892, Morier lost his only son Victor, to Jowett's great distress, who exerted himself in every way to comfort and console his friend.

'I hardly know how to write to you,' he says to Lady Morier. 'Your husband has been my best and kindest friend for more than forty-five years. Give my love to him, and tell him that I am always thinking of him. It seems to me that I had better not further intrude on your sorrow at present. But will you send me one line to say how he is—nothing more? . . . I feel how vain words are at such a time; I know that you will console him and yourself.'

In July of the same year died Lord Sherbrooke (Robert Lowe). Jowett always felt—and the feeling will be found expressed in more than one letter—that he owed his position as Master of Balliol to Lowe's good offices; and in 1881 he dedicated to him his translation of Thucydides—'as one of the best Greek scholars in England, whose genuine love of ancient classical literature (though sometimes dissembled[1]) is as well known to his friends, as the kindness of his heart and the charm of his conversation.'

He now writes to Lady Sherbrooke:—

'I know of course that people did not like his sarcastic speech. But I have always maintained that he was one of the kindest of men, and had a very strong sense of duty. He said to me once, after his mind was beginning to fail, referring to the time when he held office: "Of course I made endless mistakes." I was greatly touched by this. He and M. Arnold are the only persons who used to encourage me about the translation of Greek authors. He also said to me that he had never got his fair share of praise in the world, but more than his share of abuse. This was quite true: when he was in his full vigour he was the best conversationalist in London, so rapid, so full of fancy, and so copious in information.

[1] Vol. i. p. 394.

Dean Milman said to me, "No man brings more good literary talk into society than R. Lowe." He was the life of a country house. He had a natural sympathy with everything that was free and spontaneous and self-acting: free trade, open competition, payment by results, non-interference, and the like. He was always a political economist of the old school, which has now, partly because it was not understood, gone out of fashion. The first time I saw him was at the Union Debating Society when I came to Oxford to try for a Scholarship. I saw him again in the Balliol Common Room, about the year 1840, when he had been reading Napier's *Peninsular War*, and astonished us all by his eloquent description of the book. Except on these two occasions I did not see much of him while an undergraduate at Oxford, or know him at all intimately till his return from Australia. And now that distinguished life has closed, as the life of all must close. There is one person, as I know well, who will bear him in memory to his life's end. I have no doubt that you will read over all that he has written or spoken which is preserved. The poems were not intended for publication, but some of them are very good. I have not seen them for a great many years, when they were only in MS., but two of them I remember, "On a Cigala," and some satirical verses on the Government. The time at Sydney was perhaps the happiest and most energetic of his life. Do you remember the boy and girl who were orphans (owing to some dreadful crime) and whom he brought home with him to England? He was the greatest man who ever went to Australia, and the Australians know it.'

In the same vacation a heavy loss fell upon Balliol College in the death of Richard Lewis Nettleship, who perished in a snowstorm on Mont Blanc on August 25. For more than twenty years Nettleship had been a Fellow and Tutor of the College, and since Green withdrew from his Tutorship, the principal part of the philosophical teaching had been in his hands. He was, as Jowett says of him, 'one of the props of the College,' the beloved Tutor and guide of many generations of undergraduates,

the delight of his friends, devoted to his work, caring little for success, yet distinguished beyond most men, always and in everything pursuing the ideal and the true. He wrote little, but his essay on Plato's 'Theory of Education' in *Hellenica* has been described as the 'best treatise on education in existence.' His lectures were so greatly admired that many of them have been recovered from the almost verbal transcripts of his pupils.

Jowett felt his loss very deeply.

'We have had a great sorrow and loss at Balliol,' he writes, 'in the death of Mr. R. L. Nettleship. He was an admirable Tutor and a fine character. I know not how to supply his place. I grieve to think that I shall never see him more. . . . Poor Nettleship, whom we have lost, was a man who cannot be replaced; certainly not in Oxford. He was a very good man, and had a considerable touch of genius in him. He seems to have died bravely, telling the guides not to be cowards, but to save their lives. He also sang to them to keep them awake, saying (this was so like him) that he had no voice, but that he would do his best. . . . He was wonderfully beloved by the undergraduates, because they knew that he cared for them more than for anything else in the world. . . . He was beginning to write, and would, I think, have written well; he was also an excellent speaker and Lecturer.'

On the first Sunday of the Michaelmas Term Jowett spoke more at length of Nettleship, and never did he preach a more beautiful or pathetic sermon [1]. I think that he felt his death the more keenly because he had not quite appreciated him. As was natural in the Head of a College, and in one who was most anxious that his pupils should succeed in life, Jowett was more inclined than Nettleship to regard the verdict of the Schools as the test of progress. He knew that a man who has once

[1] The sermon is No. xv. in *College Sermons*.

really distinguished himself is conscious of his powers, and likely to use them in after life. This difference, united with the natural shyness of both men, caused them to move in different circles, each greatly admiring the other, but in imperfect sympathy [1].

Still heavier as a personal loss was the death of Tennyson, whose house had been almost a home to Jowett for more than thirty years. Nowhere did he find a warmer welcome, nowhere was the conversation more delightful. I once asked him whom of his numerous friends he thought the best talker. 'Among men,' he replied, 'Sherbrooke and Tennyson.' In the autumn of 1892 he had visited Aldworth, and though Tennyson had been in somewhat delicate health, he returned home without any suspicion that the end was near. On October 6 he writes to Morier:—

'A fortnight ago to-morrow morning, I took leave of Tennyson. Neither of us had any idea that we should meet no more. He was unwell and suffering, but his mind was perfectly clear, and from time to time during my stay there he was making small corrections of his poems. He had another volume just coming out as good as anything which

[1] In a letter to Campbell, when speaking of his old prejudice which prevented him from appreciating Conington, Jowett observes: 'With how many persons has this been the case!' Perhaps I may mention here another death, which was a very serious loss to Balliol about this time, the death of Charles Warrack on September 13, 1891. For about a year he had been teaching philosophy in the College. He was quite young at the time of his death, and his health had always been very feeble, but those who knew him will cherish his memory as long as they live. He had a genius for philosophy. A few days before his death, when reading Spinoza, he told me that he lingered over every page lest he should come to the end too soon. His powers of conversation were quite remarkable, and in my recollection of him he remains one of those 'golden natures' who help us to form ideals of life.

he has written. He was the last great writer of the nineteenth century to leave the world of letters in darkness.

'For the last thirty-five or forty years he and his wife have been the kindest of friends to me. . . . Life seems to get poorer as we get older; there are so few remaining who knew us when we were young.'

To Lady Tennyson, on receiving the news of her husband's approaching death, he wrote:—

'I am grieved to hear that life is slowly passing away. No one at this hour has a greater sorrow than yours—to lose the partner of your life, who was also the most distinguished man of his age. And no one has a greater consolation in the remembrance of the happy unclouded past, and in the unshaken faith that you are rendering him up to God. . . .

'There is a friend to whom you have been wonderfully kind for thirty-five years, and have shown him never-failing sympathy and not grown tired of him during all this long time—he too hopes that he may be able to say or do something which will soothe your life by reminding you of days gone past.

'I bought the single-volume edition of the poems to-day, and began to read them through again. Will you do the same, beginning with "In Memoriam"? What a volume of them there is! and how astonishingly good! To me and others they made epochs in our own life at the time at which we first read them. They never did us any harm, but the greatest good. They opened our minds in the best manner to the new ideas of the nineteenth century.'

Jowett's veneration for Tennyson cannot be better described than in these words of Mr. Wilfrid Ward:—

'In the winter of 1887–8 Jowett was staying at Farringford, and my wife and I went there one evening to meet him. His devotion to Tennyson always brought him out, and he was very interesting but also very characteristic, administering the usual snubs on any display which savoured of "gush" or sentiment. Tennyson read to us several poems, ending with the

Ode in memory of the Duke of Wellington (one of Jowett's heroes)—a poem which he read with wonderful effect. He read the opening with a suggestion of the deep tones of the passing bell—

> "Bury the Great Duke
> With an empire's lamentation,
> Let us bury the Great Duke
> To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation."

No one who has heard the poet read it can forget the *abandon* and simplicity of his rendering of the concluding lines—

> "Speak no more of his renown,
> Lay your earthly fancies down,
> And in the vast cathedral leave him.
> God accept him, Christ receive him."

There was silence when Tennyson finished. Then he turned to Jowett to ask him some question. No answer came. We looked at the Master, and tears were streaming from his eyes. It was some minutes before he could speak.

'His feeling for the poet was a thing not to be forgotten. He looked on Tennyson as in some sense the great prophet of his time, though he was also alive to all the human aspects of his character and conversation.

'I remember Tennyson telling me of Jowett's endeavour, when he thought himself to be dying, to persuade Tennyson to write a great prayer to be sung by all men of all creeds in these latter days.'

Loss followed upon loss. On March 23, 1893, the Duke of Bedford, who had so recently succeeded to the title, died quite suddenly. In bygone days, when an undergraduate of Balliol, he had formed one of the party at Tummel Bridge, and Jowett continued to the last to take the warmest interest in his career, urging him onward in the hope that he would play a leading part in the political world and in society. Soon afterwards

J. A. Symonds died at Rome. His life, it is true, hung by a thread, and for many years he had been compelled to live out of England, spending the winter at Davos; but the end came suddenly—a slight chill proved more serious than many more dangerous maladies.

These repeated bereavements left their mark on Jowett. The friends who should have cheered his age had gone before him, and no one felt their loss more deeply. For indeed he had 'the genius of friendship.' From time to time in his note-books he made lists of his friends, just as other men might put down a list of their possessions. Yet he remained cheerful to the end. More than once in the last month of his life he said that his last year had been his happiest. If many friends had been taken, many still remained whose affectionate kindness was the delight and comfort of his life—W. Rogers, the Lingens, Coleridge, Morier, Bowen, Wright, Lady Stanley of Alderley, Lord and Lady Wemyss, Lady Airlie, the Duchess of Bedford, the Ilberts, the Campbells, the Marshalls, and others. The journeys to Scotland were indeed given up, and this was a large deduction from the pleasures of his life, but he was still able to pay shorter visits and to receive his friends. For a few weeks in 1892 he stayed during my absence in a little cottage on Headington Hill, of which I was tenant at the time, and while there he was visited by Sir Robert Morier—a day which both remembered as one of the happiest of their lives. Jowett was far from well, and a friend tells me that when she called at the house the ambassador came himself on tiptoe to the door, whispering, 'He is asleep.'

As life drew to a close, and he was no longer capable of continued mental exertion, recreation became a necessity. He found it partly in the society of friends

and partly in doing what lay in his power to make the College attractive. Often he would leave his Plato and walk slowly, with Mrs. Green for his companion, to the College field to watch the preparation of the ground or the building of the Tutor's house. This was his morning's refreshment. Or he would occupy himself with the placing of tablets in the Chapel to the memory of distinguished members of the College. About these and the inscriptions to be placed on them, he took the greatest pains. Again and again he would bring out what he had written and ask to have it read over to him, that he might finish it to his own satisfaction. 'I hope before I die,' he said, 'to secure memorials within the College for all the distinguished members of it.' With the same object he was always endeavouring to obtain portraits of old members of the College. His care even extended to the garden; in the last year of his life he wished to have lists made of such flowers as, either for their beauty or their scent, it would be most worth while to cultivate. He kept a watch on anything which struck him in the gardens of others, and noticed the absence at Balliol of what he found elsewhere, quite ignoring the difficulties of seasons and soils. To him the College was all in all, the home of his youth, the chief centre of his thoughts and interests. There was no other place round which his affections clung so warmly: 'Make the College beautiful' was one of his last sayings.

In the summer of 1891, just before his illness became serious, he called on me and said, 'My doctor tells me I must do two things, one of which I shall do and the other I shall not. He tells me that I must not travel without a servant; but that is nonsense; I cannot take a servant about to be a trouble to my friends. The other is, that as I cannot take sufficient exercise in walking,

I must drive.' He then proposed that we should have a carriage in common, as I was constantly driving out. A carriage was ordered, of such a kind that we could both use it, and the construction of it was of much interest to him. 'Will it look odd in any way?' he asked, 'for I am a great lover of appearances, and do not wish to attract attention.' At last, when we were fairly started, he half apologized for indulging himself. 'We are two old fogeys,' he said, complacently ignoring an inequality of twenty-five years or more in our ages. From this time till his death I went out with him two or three times a week during Term. His delight in driving was extraordinary; he loved to go as fast as he could, and nothing vexed him more than to be passed by others. 'Why does he drive so slowly?' he would exclaim. 'We are going up a hill,' I would suggest, 'and the carriage is heavy.' 'I see no hill here; let us tell him to go on.'

He was entirely without fear, and would go out on the coldest days, when the roads were quite unsafe. In his last days, when he became quite infirm, I was unwilling to go with him alone (except the driver) up the steep hill in Wytham Park. This he thought rather pusillanimous, and one day he told me, with some exultation, that he had been in Wytham with a friend, and there was no difficulty with the hill, 'none whatever.' A day or two afterwards I saw the friend (a lady), who gave a different account of the matter: 'You were quite right not to go. It was most alarming.' On one occasion when he was entering the gate of Wytham Park he suddenly remembered that in old days he had the *entrée* of the place; he leaned forward and said to the woman who kept the lodge, 'I have permission to come in, do you know me? I am Professor

Jowett'—pause; 'I am the Master of Balliol'—pause, till the woman answered, 'I don't know you, sir; but, Lord bless you, it doesn't matter who you are, you can come in here.'

During our drives we talked of many things: at one time he gave me an account of Oxford as it was when he came to the University, describing the Fellows of Balliol of the day, and the eminent private Tutors—Elder[1], Lowe[2], Massie[3], and others; at another he would try to hammer out something clear about bimetallism, but with little success. For a while it was an arrangement between us that each should tell the other at least one story during the course of the drive, but Jowett's resources were inexhaustible and soon outran mine. Or he would go back to the Tractarian movement, pointing out where Newman lived at Littlemore and speaking of his own walks with Ward: 'I am half ashamed of it all now,' he said. When we passed the Shelley monument in University College he remarked, 'I don't object to that,' and went on to make excuses for the poet. The last subject which he was able to discuss was secondary education. He had undertaken to say a few words at the approaching congress (October 10, 1893), and, as he always did, he was making careful preparations for his speech. We talked over various methods of bringing the Universities and secondary schools together without drawing up any definite plan, and when we parted he said, 'Let us think over this, and when we meet again we will finish the matter.' But his illness increased and he never returned to it[4].

[1] Afterwards Head Master of the Charterhouse.

[2] Lord Sherbrooke.

[3] See vol. i. p. 46.

[4] Before his death he had elaborated his views into the following scheme:—

1. The Universities must have

In the Summer Term of 1893 Jowett's health again began to fail. Hitherto he had appeared to be much as usual, and went on working at Plato, lecturing, preaching, and arranging a new lectionary and prayer-book for use in the Chapel; but in the Term it was evident that lecturing was an effort to which he was hardly equal, and, though he devoted many hours to Plato, he could not throw off the work as he wished. At the end of Term the College gave an entertainment. Jowett was always happy on these occasions, but one who heard him speak

some part in the government and management of these schools, and must appoint one person in each school to be on the governing body of all the schools which choose to become affiliated to them.

2. The Universities must conduct a leaving or *abiturienten* examination, which shall be accepted by the Government. The best form of this examination will be to make it like the Local or Schools Board examination. In either case the two Universities should work together as in the Schools examination.

3. Schools may be allowed to choose, by the Government or by the Council of Education, as to whether they will be examined by the Oxford and Cambridge examiners, or by the London University, or by the Government or any other properly authorized board.

4. Persons who have been examined by the Oxford and Cambridge Board should be regarded as members of the University and should be admissible to various privileges.

(*a*) They should be allowed to study at the libraries, attend University lectures without payment, and should be eligible to become members of all clubs and societies to which Oxford and Cambridge men are usually admitted.

(*b*) They should be allowed to take honours in the Schools of the University without residence, at such ages and after the payment of such fees as the University shall think fit.

(*c*) They may also be examined at any examination that is held by the University, and receive a certificate of their proficiency in any particular book or subject which forms part of the University curriculum at any age.

(*d*) They should be eligible for any Scholarship or Exhibition which affords a free education, and they should be allowed to attend free of expense all University Extension Lectures at Oxford and Cambridge.

on this evening observed that he was agitated and almost overcome, and 'there was a kind of sadness in his manner that seemed to be like a leave-taking [1].'

On July 5, 1893, he visited Shrewsbury to be present at the annual speech day of the school. For more than twenty years he had been a member of the governing body, and few things had given him greater pleasure than the completion of the new buildings in 1882, in the plans and arrangements of which he had taken the greatest interest. After luncheon, when the prizes had been distributed, he gave, at the Head Master's request, a short address, his last utterance on the great subject which had been the chief occupation of his life. One of those who were present tells me that it 'was the most impressive thing he ever heard. Jowett seemed in a few sentences to say all that a schoolmaster most wished and needed to hear.' He said nothing that he had not said before, he merely insisted on the old lessons in the old way. He began, as his manner in making speeches was, with enumerating the distinguished men who had gone to Shrewsbury, and from this he passed on to the beauty of the place and of the school buildings. Then he closed round his subject, speaking first of the life and duty of the teacher, and secondly of the life and duty of the scholar. I will quote a few sentences:—

'The calling of a teacher is full of varied interests: he has the greatest of all fields in which to work, and the most curious subject for thought and inquiry—human nature. To have formed the mind of a single person, to have elevated, directed, purified it, is no inconsiderable result of a life.'

'If we would understand the ways of the young we should remember what we ourselves were at their age, and make the same excuses for their wayward faults and passions that we once did for our own.'

[1] For an account of this, see *Temple Bar*, Oct. 1894.

'He who has to teach others should be always growing, or he will fail of doing justice to himself or them. Is it too much to ask of him that in the course of life he should have read through the principal classics, reserving as a matter of duty the hour or half-hour saved from interruptions which is necessary for the task?'

Of the scholar's life he said:—

'A great teacher once said to his disciples, "Ye are my wings." Energy in work or play, truth, purity, honesty in conduct and influence—these were the duties of the scholar. Does it ever strike you that we spend an immoderate time in learning Latin and Greek?—I think, if you will allow me to say so, that this is partly your fault!'

The closing words were more serious:—

'The good name of a school is committed to the scholars rather than to the masters, and especially to the elder scholars, and is in a manner their property. They are responsible for the character which is given to it by themselves. There have been a few even among the young who have not only abstained from evil themselves, but have acted as a restraint upon others—in whose presence no one would dare to boast of a dishonourable action or to utter an impure word. Such characters have been a kind of light in a school.'

Eleven days after his return from Shrewsbury he preached in Westminster Abbey. It was the sermon which he had preached twenty-two years previously at the Greyfriars Church in Edinburgh—the comparison of Bunyan and Spinoza. As he began, so he ended, with a message of peace and good will and reconcilement of opposing factions. Of the two men of whom he spoke, one was imprisoned, the other excommunicated, but to him both were patterns of truth and goodness [1].

He lingered on at Oxford, wishing to complete some work which he had in hand. He was occupied with a

[1] See letter to Lady Stanley, infra, p. 470.

short contribution to the biography of Tennyson and with his edition of the *Republic*. In July he went to Headington Hill, intending later in the summer to visit some friends; but during his stay there he became seriously ill. Towards the end of August he returned to his own house. One by one his projected visits had to be given up, except that to Sir R. Wright at Headley Park. For some time he was able to drive out, as I have said, and he read with great interest Captain Mahan's book on *The Influence of Sea Power in History* and Prof. Pearson's *National Life and Character*, but the pain and sleeplessness increased from day to day.

The last few drives are vividly in my memory. The weather was exceedingly hot—it was the early part of September, 1893—and driving was impossible till late in the afternoon. One day we went to Studley, a village between Oxford and Brill, returning by Stanton St. John. He was interested in the little church—the work of Butterfield—and got out to examine it. Another drive was to Boar's Hill, and as we turned back on the summit he made the carriage stop and for some minutes sat looking at Oxford, which lay below us in the light of the September afternoon; it was his last look at a view which he loved to contemplate. He had a great wish before he left Oxford—for he still hoped to be able to visit some friends—to drive to Blenheim and Dorchester. I made arrangements for going to Blenheim, but on hearing that he was seriously ill I countermanded them. Three days after I received a note: 'I have been very ill since I saw you, but the doctor gives me permission to drive, so we will go to Blenheim as we arranged.' A drive of such a distance was of course impossible. We went out for an hour, and in a few days he was too ill to go at all.

As always, he thought lightly of his symptoms for a time, and was careless about diet. When told that he should eat meat, he breakfasted on cold beef! The symptoms were capricious; one morning, early, he was so ill that Dr. Collier was summoned[1], but when he arrived about eleven o'clock, he found Jowett hard at work on Plato!

Daily he grew worse. In the last week of August he proposed to visit Mrs. Ilbert, but the doctors forbade him to leave Oxford. He remained a fortnight longer, when he resolved to consult Sir W. Broadbent, as Dr. Douglas Powell was not in town. He telegraphed to Mrs. Lewis Campbell, asking if she could receive him in her house, and on hearing of her willingness to do so, he insisted on going the very next day.

His own thoughts about his illness are given in these extracts from letters written to Mrs. Ilbert:—

'*August* 25, 1893.

'It is a long time since I heard from you. Will you write me a faithful account of how you are, and whether you are resolved to take the necessary steps for getting well?

'If I were to propose to come and see you on Saturday, or Monday week, would the time be convenient?'

'*August* 30, 1893.

'I am very sorry that I cannot come to you on Monday, but the doctor positively forbids it, and I think he is right. I have had a rather bad heart attack and indigestion, not so bad as those I had two years ago, but serious. I have therefore given up my visits for the present, but when I get better I will resume some of them.

[1] Sir H. Acland was not in Oxford at this time, and his place was taken by Dr. Collier. The illness was mainly due to weakness of the organs of digestion, owing to which the heart had become affected.

'I write by a well-known hand[1]; whether from laziness or illness I cannot quite tell. I can assure you that I mean to get well. Will you send me word to the same effect?'

'*September* 12, 1893.

'This complaint of the heart is one of the most trying that there can be, because it is always making itself out to be worse than it is, and better than it is. The inference is that wise persons, like you and me, ought not to attend to its intimations, but to take every possible care of themselves.

'. . . You will be interested to know how I am. I would tell you if I could. I mean to take myself the good advice which I give you, though it is not very comfortable: is it now? My impression is that I shall pull through it again, since I seem to have a good deal of strength.

'Tell the children that I am very sorry not to have heard them play again; but I shall come some day and ask for the concert which they have promised me.'

The last letter which he ever wrote with his own hand was addressed to Mrs. Green, who had gone to stay with him at the Lodge on September 11, but was compelled to return home the next day owing to illness. On the 14th, on the eve of starting for London, Jowett wrote to her:—

'I was delighted to hear from you, and hope that you are already well. I very much approve of your loyalty to doctors and nurses.

'Yet I am also equally disposed to turn against them (except my own nurse, who is an admirable woman). But I am very much inclined to say that doctors "they knaws nowt"—for they are always guessing.

'I shall return in ten days or a fortnight, and I hope to better health. I think that I cannot be so ill as I sometimes fancy. It is a strange complaint; one day at the point of death, and then, two hours after, much yourself. Write to me at Mrs. Campbell's.'

[1] Miss Knight's.

From September 15 to September 23 he remained with the Campbells, in London, under the care of Sir W. Broadbent. His case was by this time almost hopeless; if now and then, owing to the unremitting attention which he received, he seemed somewhat better, at other times he felt that the end could not be far off. He was very anxious to finish the short memoir which he was writing of Lord Tennyson, and went on dictating this to Mrs. Campbell, when he was able—it was his last literary effort; at other times he was occupied in arranging his affairs, or talking to his friends, so far as his physical distress allowed him to do so.

Speaking of the work that he had done with Professor Campbell, he said to Mrs. Campbell: 'I am well satisfied with the work which Lewis and I have done on Plato. Of course every man's work is but a poor thing; still, I think, this is good in its way. It will be a good to philosophy and a good to morality. It will be read for many years, and then it will be superseded. There is nothing that I would rather have done than this work. Natural science has had a great effect on mankind, but the ideas of men have had much more. The ideas of Plato, the attempt after an order of the world, though it was not right, was an attempt in the right direction.'

As his illness increased his thoughts were naturally drawn towards the last things. 'I am not afraid of this which is coming upon me,' he said, 'but I cannot bear to be imposed upon. What do they really think?'

'This morning I felt just in the calm frame of mind in which I would wish to pass away.

'I think over the past and see much that was wrong, but it does not overwhelm me.'

Jowett was what is called a 'bad patient,' as we have seen. He could not bear to submit his will to others unless

he was convinced of the necessity of doing so, and he never quite believed in medical skill. He maintained that 'we may always do a great deal towards our own cure, more than all the doctors put together,' though it was also his opinion 'that you cannot die with a good conscience if you die from any cause which you can possibly prevent.' In the present case he was bent upon paying his promised visit to Sir Robert and Lady Wright at Headley Park—perhaps he still hoped that he might be able to baptize the infant child of his friends—and Sir William Broadbent did not withhold his permission. He arrived there on September 23. In the following night he became very ill, and was never afterwards able to leave his bed.

Sir William Markby, who was one of his legal representatives, arrived on the following Monday, and remained with him, at Sir R. Wright's request, till his death. His servant, Perroud, had accompanied him from Oxford, and throughout attended him with devoted care.

The child was brought to him, and as the tiny hand closed upon his finger, he said to Sir R. Wright, 'Your little son seems to have a kindness for me.'

On Tuesday, September 26, Lord Selborne and his daughter, Lady Sophia Palmer, came to see him. He clearly recognized his friends, and knew that he would never see them again. Lady Sophia writes:—

'He was suffering (so I thought) more from weakness than from actual pain, and his articulation was not always distinct, but on my father bending over him and taking his hand, Mr. Jowett said, "This is kind, this is kind"; and father said, "Sophia is here with me," and Mr. Jowett turned his head, as if looking for me, and asked that I might come to him. He then held one of my hands and one of my father's, and he asked after Jim[1], saying more than once, "He will do great

[1] The Rev. E. J. Palmer, son of the late Archdeacon Palmer.

things, he will do great things"; and then he seemed to be speaking to Jim, and to urge him on his career, but this was not quite clear. Then he and my father spoke to each other of the old days, and of their life in this world being near its close. Suddenly the Master raised himself and said, with a sudden glow of vigour and brightness which I shall never forget, "I bless God for my life, I bless God for my life"; and then, falling back on the pillow, he murmured, again and again, as if we were not there, "I bless Thee for my life." Father thought him wandering and weaker, and that we ought to go, and he knelt by the bedside and took the Master's hand, which lay on the coverlet, and reverently kissed it. Then Mr. Jowett looked up to him and said (curiously almost word for word what my father said), "Mine has been a happy life, I bless God for my life."'

On the same day the Tennysons came, and in the evening his housekeeper, Miss Knight. She found him still able to recognize her.

'"Master," I said, "you know me?" "Yes, my dear child, of course I know you," he replied, "but I did not know that you were here." After pausing a moment or two, so Miss Knight continues, 'he said, "You know that I am passing away?" "Yes," I answered, "I know it only too well." He was quiet for a moment; then, looking up a little anxiously into my face, he spoke again: "You will make the best use of the rest of the life that is left to you after I am gone?" I promised to do so. Fearing that I might not have another opportunity of speaking with him, I said, "Won't you give me a message for my brother?" He unclosed his eyes, and said with a smile, "Oh yes, give him my love and tell him that he must be sure to bring out that little book that he is doing for himself[1]. I particularly wish it."'

The next day the Campbells came, and Lord Bowen. To Sir William Markby he said, 'Bid farewell to the College'; and these were almost his last words. When Mrs. Green arrived on Friday, the 29th, he knew her,

[1] *Selections from Plato.*

but could no longer speak. Sir R. Wright, who frequently came into the sick-room with affectionate inquiries and tender greeting, he seemed to recognize almost to the last, but words were impossible. Early on Friday morning he was thought to utter the word 'Bible,' and Sir William Markby read to him the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. 'I think he was conscious of it,' Sir William says, 'for he had been very restless, and now he became quite quiet.' Afterwards he or Mrs. Green read other passages —Psalms xci, xcii, Revelation xxii, St. John xiv; but it is doubtful whether Jowett understood them.

He lingered on in much suffering and restlessness till three o'clock on Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Green, who was with him at the end, writes:—

'I shall always remember the beautiful Sunday afternoon when he passed away. He was looking so ill and suffering those last days, and when the last peace had come all the beauty and grandeur came back and he lay asleep so that it was joy to behold. The windows were wide open to the country, and Sir Robert and Lady Wright brought heather and wild flowers and laid them round the bed. Later, the moon shone in and lit up his beautiful marble face and the shining white hair. There seemed to be a blending of the dignity and wisdom of old age and of the simplicity and radiant freshness of youth.'

The remains were brought to Oxford, and on October 6 they were laid in St. Sepulchre's Cemetery, separated only by a single grave from those of T. H. Green. 'Sit mea anima cum illo,' Jowett had said at Green's death; and it was his last wish to be buried near him.

Some details of the funeral are of interest. Part of the service was read in the College Chapel by the present Dean of Ripon; the remainder at the grave by Bishop (now Archbishop) Temple and the late Archdeacon Palmer.

The pall-bearers were Heads of Houses who had been members of Balliol—the Warden of Merton (the Hon. G. C. Brodrick), the Provost of Oriel (D. B. Monro), the Warden of All Souls (Sir William Anson), the Rector of Lincoln (the Rev. W. W. Merry), the Principal of Brasenose (C. B. Heberden), the Rector of Exeter (the Rev. W. W. Jackson), the President of Magdalen (T. H. Warren)—with whom was associated the Provost of Eton (the Rev. H. Hornby). The Chapel was, of course, filled to overflowing, and perhaps a more distinguished gathering was never seen in Oxford. Numbers who were unable to find room in the Chapel joined the procession when it left the College, and, as they fell into rank, formed a long line extending from the College gate to St. Giles' Church. All sorts and conditions of men were there, eager to pay the last tribute of affectionate respect to one whose sympathy had been given to all in every noble effort without distinction of class or creed.

It is time to say farewell, yet a few more words may still be spoken in taking our last leave of a friend.

'He had the genius of friendship,' said one; and another: 'He was the best man I have ever known.' And again: 'It was he, perhaps, as much as any one who taught me that work, not success, made life worth living.' Or: 'How sadly commonplace we are becoming, with the great men who gave us all character and an ideal dropping off on all sides!' Or: 'What a gap his death will make, and how much of one's life it seems to throw into the remote past! While he lived one always felt that a little of the undergraduate hung about one.' The impressions which he left differed in different minds even to inconsistency; but in all there remained an imperishable memory.

As is often the case with men of strong and original character, Jowett united in himself some apparently contradictory qualities. From his earliest childhood he was sensitive and shy, fearing to express his own feelings lest they should meet with no response from others. We can imagine him in his childhood an eager student, happy in the society of his sister Emily, but hardly caring for boy companions. The untoward circumstances of his early life, by preventing him from mixing much with others, increased these natural tendencies; and when his prospects brightened it was too late to shake them off. Even to the last he could not expand in the presence of an uncongenial spirit. He fought against this weakness in himself, and preached against it to others, but he never overcame it. 'I have lost a third of my life by shyness,' he said.

Yet along with this timid, shrinking, sensitive habit there existed an indomitable tenacity and courage. Whether he was supporting or opposing a plan he was the last to abandon his post. He refused to believe in a 'lost cause,' if the cause was a good one; and if he could not wholly prevent what he felt to be mischievous, he was a master in the art of obstruction. He never allowed a friend to be attacked in silence or shrank from supporting an opinion because it was unpopular. He feared the face of no man. There was also another way, less common, but not less noble, in which he showed his courage. At the risk of giving pain, even extreme pain, to those who were most dear to him, he would speak out if he thought it necessary and right to do so. This was the courage of a large and honest mind, which, even if it provoked momentary resentment, left no lasting sore.

For years Jowett's sympathetic nature seems to have

met with little response beyond his own immediate circle. A few friends found him out on his coming to Balliol; and after the brilliant success of 1838 he was, of course, a known man; but it was with and through his pupils after he became a Tutor in the College that his friendships were chiefly formed. There were, of course, men who never came under his influence, but on the majority he exercised a powerful attraction, and to many he became the chief friend of their lives. They looked on him with mingled amusement and awe. In lighter moments it was 'dear old Jowler,' whose sayings they repeated 'with a difference,' fixing all kinds of absurd stories upon him, which were handed down from generation to generation. 'How do you propose to deal with the mythology?' asked an old pupil, when I told him that I was writing Jowett's life. But underneath this playfulness lay a veneration such as few men have inspired. He was like no other person; one whose life 'retaught what life should be,' a saint without asceticism, moving in a world of truth and purity and wisdom; and in a world of strength too, for with him sympathy did not spell weakness. He never hesitated to speak, and to speak sharply if necessary: 'A man who hangs on you is no good,' he said; and when a friend reproached him with being hard, he replied, 'I have been too soft all my life.' It is true that he sometimes bore with the weaknesses of men to an extent which was thought unwise, but he did so in the hope of inspiring them with new strength; he never cast a man off so long as he had any hope of him. He did not like to acknowledge a failure on his own part, and his belief in the possibility of improvement, where there was any moral vitality at all, was boundless. In this, as much as in anything, he showed his tenacity.

It has been said that Jowett, especially in his later years, assigned too great a value to the practical side of life; that he became a man of the world, and judged success by the world's standard; that he was the 'prosperous survivor of many martyrdoms,' and chose his friends from the prosperous. It is true that he placed a great, perhaps an excessive, value on success: it distressed him to see his pupils 'making a mess of life'; he wished them to take their part in the work of their generation with energy and effect. He dreaded listlessness and indifference, feeling that a healthy stimulus is often the best means of saving a man from his lower self. He asserted, not altogether in jest, that he had little liking for those who had failed in life. That men should go from the University without a purpose or interest, idle dreamers, qualified only to 'fail in art and literature,' was what he most wished to prevent. He even warned men against vague aspirations or acts of self-sacrifice for which they were unfitted; he had seen enough of wasted life and duties neglected in the pursuit of ill-chosen ambitions. 'Corruptio optimi pessima,' was a truth often in his mind: and he would quote with almost painful emphasis the saying of Bunyan, that 'there is a way to Hell, even from the Gates of Heaven.' And yet no man ever lived in the light of the ideal more than he did. Through ideals he endeavoured to give shape to his own life; through ideals he sought to educate and elevate others—ideals drawn from the noblest poetry and philosophy, from sacred books, from the lives of the great and good. In himself he was one of those noble natures with whom even trivial daily acts become a 'reasonable service,' whose ears seem to be ever listening for the voice of Truth above the noise and babble of the world. In his view the ideal and practical

were not to be separated: ideals without practice bear no fruit; practice without the ideal is like the helpless wandering of some headless creature.

It is much to be regretted that he never wrote the works which he contemplated on morals and religion. Had he given to these subjects the time and labour which he devoted to translating and commenting on Greek authors he would have left a deeper impression on his age. It would not then be said, as is sometimes asserted now, that his teaching was critical and destructive only; that he was always taking away and never giving back. Critical, of course he was, especially in his earlier years; but he did not criticize merely to be critical. He took up arms against anything which he thought to be false or unworthy of the Divine nature; he fought against the limitations which deprive men of the freedom which is their birthright—the liberty to look at things as they really are. In one of his latest letters he even expressed the hope 'that the age of Biblical criticism is passing away.' He wished to move in an 'ampler air.' 'It is not with the very words of Christ,' he said, 'but with the best form of Christianity as the world has made it, or can make it or will receive it, that we are concerned to-day[1].' Through all hindrances he strove to reach forward to the ideal beyond and behind them, but about the reality of that ideal he never doubted. To some it might seem a contradiction that one who refused to 'envisage' a future life in any form conceivable to man should maintain, with an almost passionate intensity of belief, that the souls of the departed 'are with God,' 'that this world cannot be all'; but such was Jowett's nature. No difficulties, moral or religious or intellectual, ever shook his firm belief in a Divine Author of the world

[1] See letter of Jan. 17, 1892, p. 445.

and of the human mind. Somewhere, if not here; in the future, if not now, justice and truth will be made plain; and of this much at least he was convinced—the moral life is the truest manifestation of the Divine Will.

On these and kindred subjects no one could have spoken with greater insight than Jowett. Already, in his work on St. Paul, he had written passages such as no other man of our age has put on paper. He wandered into other paths. As Professor of Greek he felt himself bound to work at Greek literature, and, as I have said, he believed that in translation he was doing this work in the most useful way. There were times too when the greatness of the subjects on which he had pondered so long seemed to overwhelm him. To a friend who asked why he did not finish his work on the Life of Christ, he replied, falling back in his chair, with tears in his eyes, 'Because I cannot; God has not given me the power to do it.' And after the harsh reception of his theological work he was haunted with the fear that, by writing, he might do harm as well as good. The thought that words written in the cause of truth and justice had been received as heretical and mischievous doctrines, destroying the spiritual lives of many, caused him intense and lasting pain. His sensitive nature received a wound from which it never quite recovered. 'The iron entered into his soul.'

In some points we might compare Jowett with the man whom he so greatly admired—Dr. Johnson. It is true that they followed different walks in life; and if Jowett had gone out into the world as Johnson did, if he had remained free from the limitations which were imposed upon him by his position as a clergyman, a Professor, and Head of a College, the parallel might

have been closer still. But in many respects they were alike. Both had a remarkable gift for incisive sayings, which put an argument into a nutshell, or confuted an opponent with an epigram. Of course their attitude in conversation was very different. Johnson was always the central figure; Jowett was shy and diffident. If Johnson was the bull who 'tossed and gored a good many persons last night,' Jowett was the matador who could give the *coup de grâce* with effective skill. Like Johnson, Jowett detested all exaggeration, and had a wholesome horror of cant. To both language was a sacred gift and to be used with reverence. Both delighted in the society of younger persons, and of women. Both were men of scholarly instincts, and yet both loved desultory reading: round both, even to the end of life, clung something of the habit of the teacher. Both objected to any philosophy which seemed to persuade men out of their senses: but while Johnson confuted Berkeley by kicking the stone, Jowett met him with the observation that he had merely exchanged two words, putting 'sensation' in the place of 'sense'; and this difference in the manner of their criticism is characteristic of the men.

There is also another, greater than Johnson, with whom Jowett has been compared. He was 'the Socrates of my youth,' Sir Alexander Grant said of him. He was the great teacher, unwearied in his own search after Truth, and endeavouring by every means to shape and guide the minds and characters of those who came under his care. This, he would have acknowledged, had been the best work of his life. An old pupil, wishing at the time of his death to express his feeling towards his master, could find no better words than those with which Plato closes his narrative of the death of Socrates:

'Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend; concerning whom I may truly say that of all the men of his time whom I have known he was the wisest and justest and best.'

And with these words we will leave him.

AVE, PIA ANIMA; AVE, ATQUE VALE.

LETTERS, 1892–1893.

To PROFESSOR LEWIS CAMPBELL.

BALLIOL COLLEGE,
January 11, 1892.

I was very much interested to hear of your plans. I say no more to dissuade you from carrying them out.

Certainly to a person who has ideas and materials for writing, boundless leisure is a thing greatly to be desired. If the fire has not altogether burnt out they may thus be able to do themselves the justice which they never did before. If you turn idle Mrs. Campbell and I will come down upon you. My doctrine is that a man may do more and better in the last ten years than at any other time of his life; and I believe it may be so with you. . . .

I seem to be much better, greatly refreshed and strengthened by all the kindness of my friends. I shall be delighted to see you when you come in February.

To JOHN FFOLLIOTT.

BALLIOL COLLEGE,
January 16, 1892.

I was very glad to hear from you. It is most kind of you to have taken so much interest about my illness. For some

days I was uncertain whether I should live for another day. I had no pain, or not much, but the heart was so weak. But I will not trouble you with details of my illness. Looking back I am not sorry to have had it, (1) because it has shown me the extraordinary depth of kindness and affection which there is in friends like you and Morier; and (2) because I hope that it may have left an impression on me which will never wear out.

So Morier goes to Rome; if indeed these things are finally settled. I wrote to him a month ago, but 'the villain' has not written to me. However, I do not complain, for when I see him again in all his greatness (Sir John now with all Europe) I find him just the same as he was forty-five years ago. I regret his leaving St. Petersburg, but it was necessary for his health, otherwise he will not be so influential, and though he is quick at picking up languages, he will have a difficulty with Italian.

I am afraid that the melancholy condition of Ireland makes you melancholy. It must be rather sad to have so little public sympathy and also to suffer so much pecuniary trouble. When one is dispirited one must try to get into a higher sphere, out of this world into another. It is a great consolation to try and do good to as many as possible in the later years of life—if it can be so—daily, and thus to renew a kind of hope and youth.

What a tragical end Parnell's was! I think that he was disinterested and had some noble thoughts. I always admired him for not making capital out of his imprisonment at Kilmainham. There is an interesting report in the *Nineteenth Century* of a conversation which a stranger (Lord Ribblesdale) had with him, throwing a new light on his character.

You seem to be doing better in Ireland. I rather expect the Ministry, after trying this Local Government Bill, will give it [up]. It is a kite set flying for the election.

Will you and your daughter give me the pleasure of a visit next year late in the summer, because during our Summer Term I am expected to take meals with the Fellows?

To Miss M. Tennant.

Balliol College,
January 17, 1892.

I am not going to scold you any more. I will give you a blessing for the year.

May you be happy.

May you read the best books.

May you make the best friends.

May you learn a new language—Italian or even Greek.

May you despise fashion and rank and dress and frivolity of all sorts.

May you live above the world, for others and not for yourself.

May you be very gay and very serious. . . .

And now shall I tell you a little about myself?—that is always an interesting subject to oneself. You know I have had a very dangerous illness since we met. I used to wonder in the evening whether I should be alive in the morning; no fear, nor yet confidence, nor anything at all unusual. I think that there was a sense of rest and freedom—so nearly shaking off the troubles of life, and shaking off oneself. There is no egotism or vanity when you are near death—no enmity, no ambition—so I found. I am glad to have had this illness for two reasons. It has shown me the extraordinary depth of affection which was felt towards me by many friends. It left an impression on my mind which I hope that I shall never lose.

Write me some good news about yourself. I do not mean whether you are going to be married, although that would be very interesting to me, but uncertain whether it would be good news or bad. I don't say with Voltaire, whichever you do you will be sorry for it, but always that a woman may have as happy and useful and distinguished a life unmarried as married.

To Mrs. T. Humphry Ward.

January 17, 1892.

I am sure that 'we authors' require 'boundless leisure,' as Dizzy said to me once (I always treasure the remark), the

best of air, no care, a walk and a drive daily, and times in which to read and lie fallow. There must be of course continuous effort and energy, but no tired or excited work. Every one has to consider for her or himself what are the *mollia tempora scribendi.* An author requires to be strong in body as well as in mind.

I hope that the age of Biblical criticism is passing away, and that we may get into a *largior aether.* I do not see that we have gained from it except negatively, and there of course we have gained a great deal by clearing away so much, but positively we have gained little or nothing. And even if we knew the manner of the composition of the Old and New Testament, and were sure of every reading and every date and fact, we should be no nearer the true form of religion. It is not with the very words of Christ, but with the best form of Christianity as the world has made it, or can make it or will receive it, that we are concerned to-day. There is an ideal which we have to place before us intimately connected with practical life—nothing, if not a life—which may be conveniently spoken of as the life of Christ. And we have to adjust this which we can feel within us, and which we see externally shown by a natural gift in a very few persons, to all the political and ecclesiastical and social forms which it takes around us.

To Dr. W. A. Greenhill.

Balliol College,
January 22, 1892.

It was very kind of you to write to me and to take any interest about my illness. I am now nearly myself again, at least as well as I was this time last year. I hope that you are prospering in health and other ways, and shall wish you at any rate a few years of life. For I perceive that we all of us desire to live not many, but a few years longer.

The Plato is nearly ready, but it has been delayed for the sake of reprinting it in America, which gives copyright under the new Act—a very great boon to authors. I had anticipated your suggestion in the new edition. The Introduction now contains references to the text.

We have been suffering here from the plague of influenza, which last week compelled us to put off the meeting of the Colleges. No one seems to know anything about its causes or its cure. The medical men unanimously said that we must not meet. I hear to-day that the report is slightly better.

What you say about my late hours with the undergraduates is probably true. I think that the best and happiest part of my life has been spent with them and with Plato.

To PROFESSOR CAIRD.

BALLIOL COLLEGE,
February 4, 1892.

I write to thank you for the kind present of the book[1] and for the kindness of the dedication to me.

I shall expect it to be widely read and to create a great interest among all persons who think about religion.

There seems to me to be an opportunity for laying down more rational principles of religion, greater than there has been in the Christian world before, and you and your brother may bear a great part in this movement.

I have read nearly the whole of the book. When I am more at leisure I may perhaps venture to send you a few remarks.

To THE COUNTESS OF WEMYSS.

February 13, 1892.

I entirely agree with you about *David Grieve*. It is a pathetic, tragic story, but true to life—not of course to ordinary life, but to the life of rather extraordinary persons under extraordinary circumstances. I think that upper-class life has been too much the theme of novels, and that there remain large fields almost untouched in the other ranks of society. Dickens did a great work in this way, which has not been sufficiently appreciated. He made different classes understand one another.

I have been reading Huxley's *Lessons in Physiology*, and wonder that I should have been so stupidly ignorant of the human body before. It is a subject upon which the smallest

[1] *The Evolution of Religion.*

amount of knowledge makes the greatest difference; also it seems to me to be the field in which there is a probability, in one or two generations, of the greatest benefits being conferred on man. The world is becoming strangely changed; we must struggle and think and adapt ourselves to it. 'The sun is new every day' is the saying of a very old Greek philosopher, and there is something in this age which this old saying describes to me. We must shuffle off prejudices, but not get rid of common sense. There are many things which we have to keep in our hearts, but not to talk about.

To Miss C. M. Symonds.

Balliol College,
March 20, 1892.

I was very much pleased to hear from you. I always like to think of you as living under the brightest of skies in the sheltered valley of Davos, full of mirth and happiness, walking to the tops of mountains, tobogganing, reading all sorts of pleasant books, while we poor mortals in England, especially in London, live in a kind of darkness, never seeing the sun for more than a few hours at a time, and never doing anything which other people do not do. Indeed I think that you have greatly the advantage of us. And then what leisure and freedom from interruptions! What a temple of peaceful industry! in which father and mother and you and Madge are all writing books. The world will not contain the books that are written in that house; and always pleasant conversation and such great kindness—that is my experience of you.

I want you to come and stay with me when you are in England. I shall expect you to make breakfast for me, and to play me a tune every day. If you have been practising since as diligently as when I was at Davos, you must be a perfect musician by this time.

You know that I have had a great illness a few months ago, from which for about a week I did not expect to recover. It was strange to think that I might not be alive the next day, but I do not remember to have felt any fear and no great discomfort. I believe that this is usually the feeling of persons

when they are hovering on the confines of life. Only old times and old friends who are gone seemed to come back to me with a peculiar vividness. When I was at the worst my dear friend your aunt Charlotte came to take care of me. And I was greatly helped by her: she has knowledge and sense as well as kindness, and is believed in by the doctors. In Roger North's phraseology, 'she is worth a whole College of Physicians.'

It is rather egotistical of me to be talking about myself. But when you come to see me, you shall revenge yourself. Also I shall expect you to receive a complete education in a week or a fortnight. That is what all ladies do at the University Extension. And I shall expect you to be very happy and get rid of all petty troubles, and I will show you the country and the town. We will be merry, taking drives together such as you used to take with me at Davos.

I remain, my dear child, your affectionate friend,

B. JOWETT.

I send my love to your mother and sisters.

To J. A. SYMONDS.

BALLIOL COLLEGE,

March 20, 1892.

In about six weeks I shall send you and Mrs. Symonds five volumes of Plato, considerably improved in the writer's opinion, and certainly enlarged. It shall be a present to you both, and you shall read part of the text with the Greek and she shall read some of the introductions. Did you ever hear the story of Bishop Warburton writing to Doddridge to tell him that 'he liked his commentary very much; he read the notes himself and his wife read the practical observations'?

To SIR R. B. D. MORIER.

BALLIOL COLLEGE,

May 6, 1892.

It was only yesterday that I heard of your serious illness and of Victor's. I wrote to you in ignorance of it. I fear

that you have been sacrificing yourself too much to the public service and are now feeling the reaction from it.

Please send me a line or two as I am anxious to hear about you. I hear a good account of Victor, only he is described as careless of himself. I have asked him to come down here, if he can spare time, before he returns to Africa.

I cannot regret your remaining at St. Petersburg, though I fear it is a great risk. It is the post of danger and of great opportunities.

For myself I am very fairly well but weak, and I rather fear that I shall never be strong again.

You are constantly in my mind.

To Miss M. Tennant.

Balliol College,
May 8, 1892.

The beginning of religion seems to me to be, first, resignation, and, secondly, trust in God. 'O rest in the Lord.' This is a true word for the departing one as well as for the survivor. 'The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God, and there shall no torment touch them.' 'Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you.' It is weak and wrong to rebel against the order of nature, which is also the will of God, or to seek to know things which no one has ever known. Sympathy is a precious help, but our chief support must be the thought of God. It is natural also at such times to think of those who have been already taken from us, and have not yet faded into the distance.

I think also that it is natural amid the terrible realities of life to consider how we can make life more real and more unworldly, how we can live more for others and less for ourselves. There are very few moments of our lives which we pass in the presence of death; let the memory of these last and exercise an abiding influence over us.

Have you got any books to read? I think 'In Memoriam' very sweet and consoling in such times of trial, also the latter chapters of the Gospel of St. John and Isaiah.

Do not be weak, dear friend. You never required strength

more, for the sake of others. And I know that you will not suffer yourself to be overwhelmed, for you always seem to me to have unusual strength of character.

Write to me if it is not troublesome to you when the time comes, and if you would like to tell me what is in your heart. I am a very poor comforter, but I shall truly sympathize with you.

To THE COUNTESS OF WEMYSS.

June (?) 17, 1892.

The third edition of Plato has just come out. I have told the bookseller to send you a copy.

Why did I send it? Because I expect you to read it? No, that would be rather hard upon you, though you may, perhaps, with interest read some parts of it. The real reason why I send it is because it is my own, and I have nothing better to send you, and you have been so good and true a friend for more than thirty years that I cannot help feeling very grateful to you. It seems to me a great thing to have had such a friend. I am told that I ought not to go long journeys, and therefore I may not again come to see you. But I hope you will come to see me as long as I am here.

To ———

BALLIOL COLLEGE,
July 26, 1892.

I was very glad to receive your kind letter, though sorry to find you are out of heart. As we get older I believe that there is only one remedy for this state of things: 'Rest'—getting up rather late, going to bed in the daytime, being in the open air four hours out of the twelve, and avoiding chill. That is my summary of health and longevity. If you attend to these precautions I believe that you may even do a great deal of work. To be weak in later life is to be miserable. The only remedy is to lie down.

Will you accept my experience of life, or will you go to a physician and talk your case over with him? But I hope you will not be depressed. Remember that 'Heaviness may

endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.' We 'old fellows,' as Dr. Johnson says, 'should not go discouraging one another.' You have certainly done a very good day's work, but I hope that you will do a few strokes more before we go home. I should be very pleased to hear a better account of you; so if you have time to write let me have a line from you. Get rest and change of air and scene. . . .

I think that you and I must have known one another more than fifty years.

To Lady Sherbrooke.

Balliol College,
July 27, 1892.

It grieves me that I shall never see again my dear friend your husband. I always consider that I was under great obligations to him, for he in fact obtained for me the Mastership of Balliol, by getting the late Master transferred to another post. Almost ever since his return from Australia we had been intimate, and he was one of my kindest friends. I am sure that every one who cared for him will care for and wish you well. We all of us feel that no one else could have made him so happy in the declining years of life.

And now he is at rest and in the hands of God, where we too soon shall be. I fear that you will feel lonely now that your daily charge has ceased. Try to lead a useful and not merely a conventional life during the years which remain. It will be the best way to banish sorrow.

I should like to come and see you and have a talk about our friend some day; and perhaps you will some day come and see me.

May God bless you and guide you for the best.

To the Countess of Wemyss.

Balliol College,
July 1, 1892.

I get rather puzzled about politics, not being altogether disposed to take the dark view which is suggested of the recent elections. The country has been 'lost' so many times, but has

always been 'sound at bottom.' I think that these fears emanate from the upper and upper-middle class, whose position will probably be a good deal altered, as it has already been, in the next fifty years. But their position has not been so much changed as in every other country, and there is nothing which they may not retain or regain by education and good manners, and a high standard of patriotism and disinterestedness. I cannot conceal from myself that no class can be trusted to take care of any other class, though it is generally strong enough to maintain what is important to its own [interests]. Even Mr. Gladstone will be very different when he is sobered by the difficulties and responsibilities of office. If he is not, the English people will not endure him for six months. There is no such immense difference between the morals of the two parties as is sometimes imagined. Did not the Tories begin by attacking Lord Spencer, whom they were bound in honour to support? and this has been the source of all the evils which followed. It ought to be acknowledged that they have pacified Ireland; but on the other hand there is a good deal of truth in the general feeling that liberal measures should in fairness be carried by Liberals, which, next to Mr. Gladstone's personal influence, has probably been the most important argument with the elector. Though I say this, I think Home Rule as mischievous as ever, and heartily hope that we shall get rid of it. . . .

I am afraid that I get rather heterodox, but I believe thoroughly in the words, 'casting all your care upon Him,' and have often found help from them, especially during the last year.

TO THE COUNTESS OF AIRLIE.

BALLIOL COLLEGE,
August 8, 1892.

I am afraid that I shall hardly see your home again, which, whether viewed from the inside or from the outside, has already been to me one of the fairest of places. What uninterrupted kindness has been shown to me for more than thirty years there! and what interesting persons I have met! And the kindness which was shown to me in old days follows

me still. I hope that you will still come and see me from time to time. I shall say to you in the words of the *Republic*, 'If I were able to come to you I would not ask you to come to me. But now that I am growing old the pleasure of seeing friends becomes greater to me than ever.'

Lord Sherbrooke often comes into my mind just now. His first wife used always to maintain that he was one of the kindest of men; and I think this to have been quite true. For all his biting words he was one who really cared for the feelings of others. It cannot be denied that his life in its direct aim was a failure: he did not see beyond political economy and the conventions of society. But indirectly it was a very noble life, full of independence and intellectual interest, courageous and self-reliant. He had always a strong feeling of affection for you; there was no friend to whom he was so much attached. He was also very kind to me, having, I think, obtained for me the Mastership of Balliol by spiriting away Dr. Scott to the Deanery of Rochester. I should have said (though it would not be the common opinion) that he had a great deal of natural genius for poetry, and might have been a considerable poet. No one appreciated poetry more. He thought and felt like a poet, but had not the gift of language or style, and he had no concentration.

To Miss M. Tennant.

Eastnor Castle,
August 22, 1892.

I have sometimes thought that a new religious novel might be written, the converse of *Robert Elsmere*, in which the hero or heroine, having a strong sense of religion, ignored the outward forms and never spoke of it, but only lived the religious life. It is a great thing in a novel that the thoughts of many hearts should be revealed in it; that people should say, 'Here is a book which expresses to me for the first time what I have been feeling all my life—what I really felt about the death of a sister or a mother, apart from conventionalities.' The world is greatly in need of persons who will talk to them silently about the things of life and experience—who will respond silently to their own better thoughts. I write this, yet I hardly know that these sort

of suggestions are of any use. Every one must think them out for themselves. . . .

I would not have you in too great haste about writing, but take a good deal of rest. As Dizzy said to me, 'Writing requires unbounded leisure.' Do not work against the grain, but get the habit of laying things aside and taking them up again—perhaps after reading in the interval. The best education for the whole of life is writing.

To MRS. T. HUMPHRY WARD.

August 29, 1892.

Thank you for what you say about my book. 'We authors' (under which term I include translators and editors), 'madam, like to be appreciated.' As Miss Edgeworth says: 'Nothing satisfies us but large draughts of unqualified praise.' I dare say, however, that you are above all this sort of thing.

I am glad to hear that you have another novel on the stocks, because I believe that you may write something better still than what has already given you such a great reputation. But you need rest and leisure and freedom from care. I rather fear that you are wearing yourself out in the prime of life. I think that every novel should take twice the time of the preceding. If you keep your health and force of mind, it is no matter whether it appears two years or three years hence. Having gained the ear of the public you can afford to wait. We shall all be so sorry if you were to break down.

I should like to have a good talk with you. I seldom get any one to talk to on religious subjects. It seems to me that the world is growing rather tired of German criticism, having got out of it nearly all that it is capable of giving. To me it appears one of the most hopeful signs of the present day that we are coming back to the old, old doctrine, 'he can't be wrong whose life is in the right.' Yet this has to be taught in a new way, adapted to the wants of the age. We must give up doctrine and teach by the lives of men, beginning with the life of Christ instead. And the best words of men, beginning with the Gospels and the prophets, will be our Bible.

We have been much distressed at Balliol by hearing of the

death of R. L. Nettleship. Did you know him? He was one who cannot be replaced. He was a very good man, and a writer from whom much might have been expected.

To Sir R. B. D. Morier.

Balliol College,
September 1, 1892.

I too look back on the day when you were at Headington[1] as one of the happiest of my life.

We opened your picture to-day. A thousand thanks for it. We are delighted to have this memorial of you. It is a very good picture, although the painter has slightly Germanized you. I think that the Fellows would like to put you up in the Hall rather than in the Library. Write to me from time to time. I will answer by return.

To Lady Stanley of Alderley.

Headley Park, Hants,
September 3, 1892.

My mind lingers about the last house in which I was, and though I am very well off here I still wish to be there, if it were possible to be in two places at once.

Our friends here send you their warmest greetings.

There is a passage in the *Laws* of Plato (which I should like to transcribe if I had the book here) where an aged person is described dwelling in a house, a blessing to all the inhabitants of it, honoured as a divinity; and the gods themselves are pleased when they see the aged one receiving love and honour, and are propitious to that house which contains an image of themselves. Age like youth is a blessed time, and perhaps the most important members of a family are the oldest and the youngest in it. It totters in its steps and also sometimes in its thoughts and words; but yet it may preserve a sort of continuity of mind by trusting in God. I fancy you will understand what I mean, yet perhaps I am taking a liberty in saying this. Judging from my own experience, I should say

[1] See p. 421.

that the greatest difficulty was to get above moods of mind which vary from day to day and really arise from physical causes. When we feel ourselves weakest it is a new strength to think of the unchangeableness of God.

Wishing you rest and peace and still for the sake of us all a few years of life.

To Lady Sherbrooke.

Ottery St. Mary (Lord Coleridge's),
September 21, 1892.

I was very much pleased to hear from you and to know that you were resting in a pleasant country. What you say about Lord Sherbrooke is very touching and interesting to me.

I quite agree with you in thinking that he was one of the kindest men whom I ever knew. It is not a trouble, but a pleasure to me to write about him. Only I fear that I may disappoint you because I know so little, having been neither at the same school nor the same College with him, knowing very little of him until after his return from Australia, and then only at intervals. I will do as well as I can.

It seems sad as we get older to lose so many of our friends. They have gone where we shall go, and, as we hope, we shall still be in the hands of God, as they are, in another state of being.

I have been staying with one of the survivors of the old time, Lord Selborne. He spoke with great affection of his old schoolfellow and of the days at Winchester. He said, as I should have suspected, that R. L. was not one of those who were happy at school. The world was his proper field.

I shall venture to come and see you when I come to London.

To the Duchess of Bedford.

Balliol College,
September 28, 1892.

About a year ago a distinguished lady paid me a visit when I was very near the end. Her kindness and affection will always have a place in my heart. Now it has pleased God (I use old-fashioned phrases) to restore me to comparative

health, and I desire above all things in the few years that remain to do all that I can for *her* and for my other friends, and for the College to which I owe so much, and possibly to write a few words which may be read by others when I am gone. These are the only objects which I have still before me.

I am glad to hear that you and Tavistock enjoyed Homburg and were benefited by your stay there. I do not wonder that when people have shut themselves up for several years the isolation grows upon them and they do not like to come out of their shell. But the repugnance is got over at last, if they are carefully waited upon and observed.

To Lady Tennyson[1].

Balliol College,
October 4, 1892.

My dear Friend,

It was very kind of you to let me have the latest news. I am afraid that matters have grown sensibly worse in the last week. It is sad to be unable to help those whom we love when they are in pain and suffering. We can only commend them to God, who cares both for them and for us. You have the satisfaction of knowing that you have contributed to that great life in a manner that no one else could—is not this a happiness?—and that he has the most simple and absolute love of you; and that you have never been for an hour parted in sorrow or in joy. Think over the blessings of the past in all this anxiety and sadness.

Your last words are hopeful. That is my view also. I observed when I saw him that he had so much bodily vigour and so much intellectual power remaining in him. The friends of a patient are right in hoping, because it inspires hope in himself. They help him to get well. He does not appear to me so ill as he was three years ago.

God bless you. Do not trouble yourself to answer this. But perhaps if anything much better or much worse happens Mrs. Hallam would kindly write me two lines.

Ever yours affectionately,

B. Jowett.

[1] Emily, Lady Tennyson, who died Aug. 10, 1896.

To Hallam Tennyson.

Balliol College,
October 5, 1892.

You must be overpowered by anxiety and business.

I loved your dear father and seem to have learned a great deal from him. It was a great privilege to have had him for a friend.

There was nothing that he would have desired more than that you should make a name and career for yourself in your own way, worthy of that which he bequeaths to you: he regretted that he had been a drag upon you.

This is the saddest and most solemn event which can happen to you. Yet it is one that you can reflect upon without the shadow of self-reproach. No son ever performed his duty in a more conscientious and perfect and unselfish manner. He was fond of the word 'selfless,' and he applied it to you. . . .

When will you come and see me—as soon as you like—for a night or for a few hours, either alone or with your wife—or later some time hence? With love to you and her in this great hour of trial.

To Hallam Tennyson.

Balliol College,
October 13, 1892.

I think that you must be truly pleased at the scene of yesterday. Never was so deep a feeling shown on any similar occasion

He is at rest and you are alone, and many thoughts must come into your mind about him and about yourself. First, I suppose, comes the care of his works in England and in America. Secondly, you will have to make a life for yourself.

I should like, if you can come to see me in the next five months, to make you acquainted with Lord Morley, the Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords. I believe that there is good work to be done by a clear-headed man in that old-fashioned assembly.

But it is too soon to speak of this. Only, my dear Hallam,

it is never too soon to determine that you will strike out a path for yourself which will lead to the best kind of distinction. I would not have you listen to the people who say that you are at a disadvantage because you are a peer.

To Lady Tennyson.

Balliol College,
October 13, 1892.

We laid him yesterday among his kindred, the Poets.

There was never such a concourse before within the walls of the Abbey.

He is not there, but with God, where we too soon shall be. He rests in the Lord.

Do not trouble yourself to answer my letters.

At some future time I will come, if I may, to see you—not now.

You would be touched, as I am, to hear of Mr. Woolner's death.

To Hallam Tennyson.

Balliol College,
October 25, 1892.

I suppose that you are already at work on the Memoir. I hope that the house inside and out and its neighbourhood will be adequately sketched—should there not be some good portraits and other pictures?

Are there any of your father's contemporaries still alive? The only one I can think of besides Gladstone is Merivale, Dean of Ely, and he must be looked after quickly or he will be gone.

Gladstone came to see me to-day, and was very kind. He said, 'There is a question in which you perhaps can help me. Whom shall we make laureate?' (I did not repeat to him what you told me.) I said, 'Don't fill it up—nobody expects it to be filled up.' 'Well,' he said, 'I shall be in no hurry.' He expressed great regret that he could not come to the funeral, but said it was impossible. He was glad that you were going to write 'the life,' and spoke of you in the highest terms. He

looked very much aged since I saw him last—in the 90 stage a cold or the least illness might take him off.

Ask E. L. Lushington to set down all that he remembers, for he too may be soon 'going home.' You will not let it drag on like Stanley's *Life*, which has almost passed out of remembrance, and those who would have most cared to read it are in their graves. . . .

It will interest the world if something can be said of the connexion and meaning of his poems. There is no need why the desire of the public for gossip about him should be satisfied. He led a dignified private life, and ought not to be made a show of to the public.

To J. A. SYMONDS.

BALLIOL COLLEGE,
October 21, 1892.

I have received your delightful volumes[1], and have read them nearly through with great pleasure and interest. I think that they show a turn for biography: they certainly make the personality of Michael Angelo much clearer than it was before. He was a noble sort of being, the greatest genius for art that has ever existed in the modern world; yet with some limitations which greatly impair his perfection. He was also a very good man in every relation of life. I do not think that there is anything in his love affairs or in your manner of speaking of them which ought to arouse the least offence. His affection especially for the Marchioness di Peschara is very touching and noble, such as a great man might very worthily feel, and we are glad that he had such a consolation in his rather sad life.

I think it is probably a true criticism that his women tend to be men and that his men are gymnasts or athletes, but this does not prevent their possessing both nobility and beauty.

Do you do sufficient justice to him as a great architect?

I hope that you will go on and give us some more authentic pictures of great Italians, such as Sarpi and Giordano Bruno, or if you like, of Leonardo and Raphael. The great minds

[1] *Life of Michelangelo Buonarroti.*

of a nation are the best part of its history. It is of the Italy not renaissant—the great men of Italy—that we want to get a sight.

I congratulate you heartily on having produced so excellent a work. As a minor matter it is excellently got up and does credit to the printer.

To W. H. Hall.

Balliol College,
November 28, 1892.

It is a long time since I have written to you, and I am afraid that I must have seemed to forget you. But indeed this is not the case. I have a lively sense of the great kindness which you and Mrs. Hall showed me four or five years ago when I was ill. I have often heard of you from Mrs. A. Sellar, who always speaks of you with the warmest affection. I suppose you have gone off to your Southern Paradise. I wonder that all Englishmen who can afford it do not also fly southward. When you come back I hope that you will pay me a visit, and renew recollections of Oxford.

We seem to be all wondering and waiting what the next two months are to bring forth. Gladstone came to call here when he was in Oxford. He looked very old, but there was a sort of 'nodosity' about him which promised a year or two of life. He was very kind and pleasant and also very deaf. The lecture was not much; chiefly interesting as showing that a considerable piece of the old High Churchman and Oxford man still remained in him. I always feel that, erratic and dangerous as his political course has been, there is something nobler about him than about any one in the opposite party. He has fallen on evil times, when the world is becoming very difficult to manage and has outrun him and slipped out of his hands.

Tennyson's death is a terrible loss to me. He was the really 'grand old man,' with some weaknesses, yet in his life and surroundings and in his end truly great. No poet of this century has filled the English mind so much, or given so much good thought to people in affliction. I think that it is best to leave him without a successor for the present.

To SIR R. B. D. MORIER.

BALLIOL COLLEGE,
December 18, 1892.

I am anxious about an announcement which I read in the newspaper relating to your health. Will you write me a line? or tell Wardrop or some one to write? How is Wardrop himself getting on?

It is about a year since you and your dear son came to see me at Oxford. It was the last time that I ever saw him. I have a very pleasant recollection of him and his charming ways. 'Oh that it were possible!' But it is not: 'We shall go to him' soon, 'but he will not return to us.'

I hope that you work constantly at your memoirs. You have known so much that you have the material for making a very interesting book. I have just been reading with delight Alfred Milner's book on Egypt. It is admirable, and will, I should think, produce a considerable effect on the foreign policy of England.

What can we old men do better than write? It is a solace, and is also the most independent occupation in which we can be engaged. I hope to write and to do not much else so long as I live.

Is Lady Blennerhassett staying with you? She may be glad to hear that her son is doing well at Balliol, and improving both in character and knowledge. He is liked and respected.

It pleases me to tell you, though I can hardly expect that it will interest you to know, that the College is very prosperous, and that during the last week we have gained six places out of eight (including the two first) in the competition for the Ireland. The Fellows and the undergraduates seem also to be pulling together well, which pleases me even more.

The change in English politics is very great during the last two years. The working-man is coming to the fore, and wants to dictate to the rest of society. He is not numerically one-tenth of the whole, but he is united and has a great deal of political ability. He has some sense of justice and order, but little or no sense of the rights of property—Mann, Burns, Tillett, Champion, Hyndman, Clements, are his leaders. It seems not

impossible that in the course of the next ten years we may have a struggle like that of the Commune of Paris. Is it not likely that the great armies of Europe may some day be undermined by Socialism?

The Ministry seem to be waning in public opinion, and there are reports of divisions among them. Our friend Rosebery is the only one who appears to gain. I read his speeches, which are excellently adapted for the purpose. He has the advantage of being more a man of the world than most of them, and more of a philosopher. He is not a Radical at all, but seems to consider carefully what are the possibilities of order and good government under the *régime* of universal suffrage. I am sorry to see that Balfour has put his foot into the quagmire of bimetallism.

I am anxious to hear about you. You must be brave and not give way. Believe that there are many things in which you may still have an important hand.

To the Countess of Wemyss.

Balliol College,
January 16, 1893.

It is very hard to see another suffering, and very hard to know what consolation to offer to them. And there is only one great consolation, that we must trust in God, who will give us peace and rest at the last. And next to this comes human sympathy, which does to a certain extent soothe and banish suffering.

'Be near me when my light is low.'

It grieves me to think that for so many months you have borne the load of anxiety. I suppose that the greater the trouble, the greater should be the resignation and the courage and high spirit which enable us to meet it. We cannot keep up the spirits of another if we are downcast ourselves.

How good it was of you to come and see me about a month ago! I have often thought of your visit with pleasure.

I left the Tennysons this morning. The house seems very sad and empty now that its great master has departed. Three months before—three little months—I had been there dining out with him, and he, though in pain, full of life and mind.

To Lady Sherbrooke.

Balliol College,
February 5, 1893.

I am very glad to hear that the Life is making so much progress.

I have just completed the contribution which I was to make. The writing of it has been a great pleasure to me, and reminds me of many happy days which I have passed in Lord Sherbrooke's company.

The contribution seems to me very inadequate. Please to look at it and let me know if there is anything which you would wish to have omitted.

I should like to come and see you some day at Caterham, or in London, and talk about old days. You must have the satisfaction of knowing that you made him very happy during the last years of his life.

To Sir Robert Herbert.

Balliol College,
March 9, 1893.

I write to thank you for your kind letter, and Lady Carnarvon for her present of the *Prometheus*.

The translation seems to me very spirited and good; I think that it was well worth publishing. It really gives the English reader some notion of the wonderful original. I know of no English translation of a Greek tragedy equally good, except perhaps some parts of Fitzgerald's *Agamemnon*.

I think that Lady Carnarvon is much to be congratulated upon the appearance of the translation.

I hope you enjoy your well-earned leisure. Will you look me up when you come to Oxford? It comes into my head oddly enough at this moment that I looked over a translation which you made of the last two or three pages of the sixth book of the *Republic* about forty years ago; and I am further reminded that we made a journey to Wells together to the funeral of Dr. Jenkyns in 1854.

To the Duchess of Bedford.

Balliol College,
March 24, 1893.

I regret more than I can say what has happened to you.

We all of us knew that the Duke's was a precarious life, but none of us thought that this blow would have come so soon or so suddenly.

I should like you to know that I really appreciated him.

I liked his great kindness and recognized his ability. It seemed to me that he might have naturally risen to a high position in the State.

I do not regret that he has been taken, because I think that it was not possible for him to have recovered his health and spirits and to have fulfilled his part in the world.

He is at rest and with God, which is far better, where we too soon shall be, some of us very soon, in four or five years at the latest.

It grieves me to think of you; for I know that you must acutely feel this terrible blow. Words are of no use at such times, and we must rest in God. Then slowly our life begins to be mapped out anew under His guidance, and our purposes to shape themselves. For a while it is better not to think either of the past or the future.

I remember your once telling me that I could help you: this was about sixteen years ago. May I try to help you still? I shall always hope to do so as long as I live. Yet you do not need help; and I always find myself a very inefficient helper of friends.

I am so sorry to hear that your mother-in-law is failing in health. I wish her rest and peace. Will you give my kind remembrances to her? For more than twenty years she used to welcome me at Woburn. Nothing in the year was more pleasant to me than those visits. But I have just been saying that we must not dwell on the past.

When are you returning to London or to Woburn? Shall I have the pleasure of seeing you at some time, somewhere?

I shall be at Oxford during the next week, then I go to Hallam Tennyson's, at the Isle of Wight, and return here April 18 for Term.

Believe me always

Your affectionate friend,

B. JOWETT.

TO THE COUNTESS OF WEMYSS.

BALLIOL COLLEGE,

April 1, 1893.

Yes, I did send you *The Episode of the Bab*[1], if you will kindly accept it and perhaps read it. It seems to me the most curious passage in the history of religion which has happened in modern times. ('Bab,' or 'the Gate,' was a prophet who was martyred in our lifetime, about the year 1852.) I have often heard of him from Turguenieff, from a Persian who was at Balliol, and from General Stuart, who was an English secret agent in those regions, but no full account of him has been published until this one. It seems to me more like the narrative of the Gospels than anything which I have read. Read especially the narrative of the woman Koratelaim[2], who was of great beauty, and a popular Persian poetess.

How is your invalid going on? I should so much like to hear, both for your sake and his own, that he is better. Old age is very resigned, and is thankful for a good sleep, or for a fine day; it does not expect much and makes the most of what remains. But with youth this is otherwise; it seems so hard to have no enjoyment of youth; to be in bed instead of being in the hunting-field or at some other manly sport. It is sad to see them—yet also many a young man has had ideas put into his mind by a great illness which have transfigured his life. Even though he never quits the sofa this may be the result. If we want to encourage them we must encourage ourselves, and become what they need, knowing that both we and they are in the hands of God.

[1] *A Traveller's Narrative written to illustrate the Episode of the Bab*, by E. G. Browne, vol. ii.

[2] Kurratu 'l 'Ayn; cf. *op. cit.* p. 309 ff.

To Mrs. Green.

Balliol College,
April 27, 1893.

My dear Friend,

I am deeply grieved to hear what has befallen you, so unexpected to all of us, so overwhelming to the members of your dear brother's family. I thought that he would have lived for many years and written many more volumes.

His life seems to me to have been a happy one; it was a very full one; he did more in a comparatively short time than most persons accomplish in a long time.

I know that you better than any one can comfort his family. I hope that Mrs. Symonds and her girls will always regard me as a friend. Will you give my best love to them? If there is any way in which I can help them I shall be delighted.

Your brother always appeared to me to be one of the kindest of men—like your father: without considering differences of station. There were many persons in the neighbourhood of Davos to whom he had been a true friend. His memory will not soon be forgotten in the Grisons.

We want to see you back again at Oxford. Do you know, there is no one who does more good there than yourself. May this sad loss not bear too heavily upon you! There is no way, perhaps, in which we can lighten sorrow better than by throwing ourselves into the sorrow of others.

Believe me, my dear Mrs. Green,

Your ever faithful and affectionate friend,

B. Jowett.

To Lady Sherbrooke.

Balliol College,
May 4, 1893.

I was very much pleased to receive your letter and the book. You must have great satisfaction in fulfilling a duty to Lord Sherbrooke's memory so quickly and so well.

I have read about half the second volume. I thought the Life very well executed. It is not at all dull, any more than he himself was. It contains a true picture—not deformed as

many biographies are by exaggerated affection and flattery. I shall hope to come and see you, if you will have me, some time during the summer or autumn. I am sure, dear Lady Sherbrooke, that all your husband's friends will always entertain the deepest respect and regard for you. I never knew any one cared for as he was.

Wishing you rest and peace and many years of useful life.

To Sir M. Grant Duff.

Balliol College,
May 8, 1893.

I write to thank you for the Memoir of Renan, which I have found extremely interesting. It is just what was wanted, and will not only make him known, but show him as he was to the English world.

Could one of Renan's friends translate it into French?

It grieves me that I knew so little of him. He was a really good and great man, who has done much for France and for mankind. In some respects he may be compared to M. Arnold. Both of them wrote an exquisite style; both of them had courage and were regardless of the opinion of the world; both of them had a strong religious feeling which was not understood by their contemporaries. No doubt Renan's is the larger and more enduring work, but M. Arnold is very admirable. I regret that Renan wrote at the end of his life that strange drama about the Reign of Terror.

It is a great blessing to have known such men, and to be able to write such a tribute in honour of one of them.

To Wilfrid Ward.

Balliol College,
May 24, 1893.

I write to thank you for the second volume of the Life of your father.

I have read a great part of it, and mean to read the whole. It is very interesting, and appears to me admirably executed.

His was a very full life, both at Oxford and afterwards. He

is the same man from the beginning to the end of it. I am very glad that I had the opportunity of renewing acquaintance with him in the Isle of Wight, once at Northwood and several times at Freshwater. I shall never forget the ancient kindnesses he showed to me fifty years ago, and the great benefit which I derived from his conversation. . . .

To Miss C. M. Symonds.

Balliol College,
June 8, 1893.

Thank you for your kind letter. I like to hear of your father in the way in which you speak of him. That is what he would have liked himself.

One person can keep a family together and make them happy, if they give their whole mind to it, and I am sure that you and your mother can do it together. You ought to be cheerful from the first, and fill up time with occupations and pleasant relaxations. Sorrow ought not to make us dull or heavy. It is perhaps natural that being in sorrow ourselves we should solace ourselves by showing more kindness to others than formerly. Certainly your father was overflowing with affection and desire to do good to every one.

When you come to England, I hope that you will spend some time with me and come and see the Oxford world in which we live. You know that you are my godchild, and, whatever that means, I am sure it is a tie which I shall not forget.

I would recommend you always to have some interesting book on hand with which you can amuse yourself and others: also (perhaps) to learn some language, such as Italian, which you partly know. It is a great delight to read and learn by heart the very best books when you get a taste for them. Read your father's books. I do not suppose that I shall ever go to Davos again. Yet it is a place for which I have a strong love. I remember our drives to the opposite valleys, especially one which we went with your father to Wiesen; also a short tour which I made with him to St. Gall and to the head of the Lake of Constance.

Mr. and Mrs. Knight, whom you were good enough to make your friends, are very prosperous. He lives at Brading in the Isle of Wight, and has much better health than when he was at Davos. He is very happy, being very contented. He is occupied in translating Herodotus, which will, I hope, some day see the light.

Give my kindest regards and love to your mother. As T. H. Green said to his wife when he was dying, 'Lead a useful life.' It does not really so much matter, my dear, whether you are married or unmarried if you can live with dignity and do good to others. Do not be the slave of that sort of thing. An old lady came in to see me to-day (related to high people) who has kept a school for middle-class boys and girls for between forty and fifty years, upon which she has spent her own income and has gained nothing from it. She seemed to be greatly touched because I told her that I knew of none whose life had been more valuable. These are the sort of examples to cultivate. When you write, tell me something about what you are doing and thinking. J. A. S. used to say that you wrote excellent letters, and I think so too.

To Lady Stanley of Alderley.

Headington Hill,
August 6, 1893.

I leave off work on Sept. 7, and shall be delighted to accept your very kind invitation if I may come to you for three or four days on Sept. 8 or 9. I am not really at Oxford, but staying up at the hills in the neighbourhood.

You are good enough to like to read my sermon[1], so I send it you, though it is not worth reading. I rather like, when I have the opportunity of preaching in Westminster Abbey, to take the liberty of saying a word in favour of some great Dissenter or saintly infidel, whose praise is *not* heard in all the Churches.

Lady Airlie rather scoffs at me when I tell her that old age is the best part of life. And so I really think, because you

[1] The sermon on Bunyan and Spinoza.

see things more truly and impersonally and less under the influence of party or interest or the world (having nothing to fear and nothing to hope for except rest with God) than you did in the days of youth. Also you have the opportunity of doing more good to others and to yourself, because you have more experience and knowledge. Nor is death a terror, but the prospect of it a pleasure and repose, when bodily troubles are beginning to weigh us down.

I am sorry you are depressed about the state of the world (I am afraid that my sermon gave you no comfort on that head). Some one said to Dr. Johnson, 'Sir, the country is lost.' To which he, not much liking that sort of conversation, replied, 'Sir, it is not so much to be lamented that the country is lost as that the Scotch have found it' (for Scotch read Irish). But I do not think that this sort of politics is likely to last. There are as good men in Parliament as there have ever been, e. g. Mr. Balfour, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Ritchie, and on the other side, the Lord Chancellor, Mr. Asquith, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Morley—just at present we are troubled with a very difficult question and a very impracticable leader. But this will pass away and the air will clear. Only we must not expect that the opinions will still be the same as they were in the days of our youth; and must be willing to look forward hopefully to a future which we may perhaps expect to see.

Now I must not [indulge] any more in writing, but only promise myself many pleasant talks with you on these and other subjects. With most kind regards to 'Miss' Maude.

To Mrs. Marshall.

Balliol College,
August 7, 1893.

It refreshes me always to hear from you, and you kindly seem never to forget me. You are among the happiest people whom I know, making the most of Term and the most of vacation, and always helping one another, and indeed enjoying life to the utmost, with great interests to fill the mind and good friends.

Shall I come and see you this year? Certainly; if you are

good enough to ask me. I should like to come not in vacation, when my time is already taken up, but about the beginning of Term, after October 15, for a week-day or two, as I cannot get away on Sunday. And I shall expect you to pay me a visit also later on.

I am glad to hear that the *opus magnum* is getting on. Now that people are in a troubled state of mind about the currency is the time for it to appear. They seem to have given up the old theory of Ricardo and Lord Overstone—that the value of currency depended on the value of the precious metals as a commodity—and not to know where to look for a new one.

Bimetallism seems rather too hard for the vulgar understanding to comprehend. It seems nothing to the ordinary mind but a new name for high prices and easy borrowing of money. The stolid minds of the City have nothing to say to it—but also they have nothing to put in its place. So I want to hear what Alfred says about it in the second volume. I hope that he is not getting into the quagmire of bimetallism. Your account of the Dolomites seems enchanting: I should like to be there with you, but my days of walking seem to be past—instead of 'twenty miles a day,' I can only walk one mile. But still though older I am very well and do a good deal of work, and the College is, I believe, very prosperous.

I went to stay at Bournemouth two or three months ago. By the munificence of Lady Shelley, the poet Shelley, who was expelled from University College about eighty years ago with the approval of every one, has been reinstated in a sort of Pantheon of his own with the approval of every one. 'So the whirligig of time brings about its revenges.' 'I was one Sir Topas, in this interlude.'

I saw your father and mother at Bournemouth. They were both looking a little older and feebler, but very well.

To PROFESSOR LEWIS CAMPBELL.

BALLIOL COLLEGE,
August 25, 1893.

I am glad to hear that you are enjoying yourself in Switzerland, and are making progress with the Gifford Lectures. That

is an opportunity which you may well be envied. I hope that you will be re-elected at the end of two years, and if you add on another two years to that, making six years in all, you will have time and opportunity to write a great work on a most interesting subject. For indeed Greek religion runs up into the Christian religion, with which it has quite as much to do as the Jewish, and probably more.

To trace it in its whole extent and ritual and mythology, from Homer to the Stoics and Neo-platonists, with its outlying parts of oracles and mysteries, is indeed an enormous work. The Germans have provided the materials, and you have to work them up with a better judgement than theirs.

I have just finished going over the Notes of the *Republic* for the second time, and shall have got a third revision before they are written out for the press. If books are to be edited afresh, no pains seems to me excessive for such a work as the *Republic*. I hope to go to press about Christmas.

I am reading over your studies of the text and language. When we meet we must talk over the misprints of the text: some sacrifice of money will have to be made, but in a book of this sort it is worth while. I hope to finish looking through your papers in about ten days' time, when I go for a holiday. When do you go to Egypt? I hope that you and Mrs. Campbell will pay me a visit before that time; and then we can talk of this and many other things.

I have been reading C. H. Pearson's book on *National Character* with great interest. When are you coming home? On leaving here I think I shall return in six weeks.

To Professor John Nichol[1].

Balliol College,
August 31, 1893.

Will you write a line and tell me how you are, and how Mrs. Nichol is, and what you are doing? It is now nearly three years since we parted at the Crieff railway station, and I have had no authentic tidings of you since. For more than

[1] Cf. Knight's *Life of John Nichol*, p. 284.

a year I had a set of Plato waiting for you, but having received no answer to a letter which I wrote asking you to come here, I did not send it (shall I send it now?). But I cannot forget your old affection and attachment, and if I never saw you and Mrs. Nichol again, should always have it lying at the bottom of my heart.

You may have heard of a dangerous illness I had about two years ago. I got over it (though I have a tendency to suffer from relapses of it). However, I mean to brush it off, and, please God, to live for a few years longer.

I hope you have not given up literary projects. The last one which I have seen, Bacon, appeared to me very successful, and I hear the Carlyle well spoken of. What a turmoil of passion *that* life was; yet he gave expression to some element of our age which was needed. I am told that Pobiedonostsev, the Russian Emperor's ecclesiastical adviser, is a great reader and admirer of him.

It seems a long time, and things and people have changed—how many of our friends?—since I first came to see you at the Observatory at Glasgow, and afterwards at Moffat, and very many times since in Montgomery Place.

I cannot myself complain of old age. It has left me still many friends, and the recollections of many others who are gone, which have a great comfort and pleasure in them. I no longer go so far as Scotland, but you and Mrs. Nichol will, I hope, come and see me again at Balliol and talk over old times.

I have read lately a book which has greatly delighted me: Captain Mahan's *Influence of Sea Power in History*, and on the Napoleonic power especially. The book is American, and yet quite faultless in point of taste; it is also perfectly impartial, and shows immense knowledge of the subject. It touches the 'whereabouts' of the future in war, not altogether a pleasant contemplation for England. Do get it and read it. You will pass a fortnight very pleasantly in doing so.

The only other book I have been reading is Grant Duff's account of Renan. Renan must have been a much greater and better man than we are accustomed to think him in England. But then he has fallen under an ecclesiastical ban. I don't

like these ecclesiastical bans. They make me think as I get older that the power of the Church has increased and (in England) is increasing and ought to be diminished.

I said that this was the 'only other book,' but I now remember another very well worth reading, C. H. Pearson on *National Character*—very instructive, I think, though crotchety, like the author of it. It is one of the metaphysical books about politics, an aspect of the science which, though I have not much fancy for it, seems to be coming over the world.

APPENDIX

I. COPY OF PROFESSOR JOWETT'S WILL.

I BENJAMIN JOWETT Master of Balliol College and Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford revoke all former Wills and Codicils and declare this to be my last Will and Testament.

To my Cousin Sidney Thomas Irwin at present a Master in Clifton College I leave the sum of one thousand five hundred pounds, to Miss Harriett Irwin his sister I leave a like sum of one thousand five hundred pounds, to Miss Martha Knight my Housekeeper in grateful recognition of her faithful services I leave two thousand pounds. To Mr. Matthew Knight her brother and my former secretary in grateful recognition of his valuable services to me and the many happy hours we have passed together I leave a like sum of two thousand pounds. If he is not living at the time of my decease but his wife is living I leave a sum of one thousand pounds to his wife. To Frank Fletcher if he is living with me at the time of my decease I leave a legacy of five hundred pounds; but if he is not living with me a hundred a year for every year in which he has fulfilled the duties of Secretary to me to be reckoned from June 1890. *To William Parker Butler of Balliol College in grateful recognition of his services to myself and to the College two hundred pounds. To my Butler Perroud if he is living with me at the time of my death I leave two hundred pounds and I forgive*

him the one hundred pounds which I have lent him. To Sir William James Farrer of 66 Lincoln's Inn Fields one hundred pounds, to Courtenay Peregrine Ilbert Esq. five hundred pounds, to Sir William Markby one hundred pounds.

In virtue of a power given by Section 1 Act 15 George the third Chapter 33 I specially bequeath the perpetual copyright of my Writings to Balliol College. I desire that they may be republished from time to time as may seem expedient, and that the profits if any arising from the republication of them shall be invested from time to time and the income thence accruing applied in the first place to the improvement or correction of them. Secondly to the making of New Translations or Editions of Greek Authors or in any way promoting and advancing the Study of Greek Literature or otherwise for the advancement of learning in such way that the College may have the benefit intended by 15 George the third Chap. 53 Sec. 1. And I request the College to appoint Mr. C. P. Ilbert, Mr. Justice Wright, Professor Lewis Campbell late of St. Andrews University, Mr. Hardie of Balliol College or other suitable persons to carry out these instructions.

My plate I bequeath to my Cousin Mrs. Stevens of Clifton except the large silver vase presented to me by the New Zealand Government which I leave to Mrs. Ilbert.

My letters are to be burned.

The remainder of my property of whatever kind I leave to Balliol College Oxford.

I appoint as my Executors Courtenay Peregrine Ilbert Esq., Sir William James Farrer, and Sir William Markby. Should any difference of opinion arise about any of the provisions of this Will the decision of it is to rest with them.

Signed and delivered by the said Benjamin Jowett to be his last Will and Testament in the presence of us who in his presence and in the presence of each other both being present at the same time have hereunto subscribed our names and witness this twenty fourth day of March in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety two.

BENJAMIN JOWETT.

Balliol College,
September 2nd, 1893.

I desire to make some alterations in my Will.

The legacy of £200 bequeathed to Mr. William Parker is hereby withdrawn as he has a Pension from the College of £100 a year.

The legacy of £2000 to Miss Nightingale is also withdrawn, as I fear there is no possibility of realizing the scheme to which it was originally to have been applied.

I leave £200 to Mr. Frank Fletcher instead of the provision made for him in my Will.

I leave to Perroud £300 in addition to the sums already bequeathed to him.

I wish the two maids who live with me Emily and Edith Dunn to have £50 each. I hope that they will lead good and useful lives.

I appoint Professor Lewis Campbell, Mr. Evelyn Abbott and Mr. Lyttelton Gell my Literary Executors and give them entire control over my papers and other writings excepting so far as provision is made for them by the terms of my Will.

I am doubtful if my sermons or unfinished papers should be published at all. I leave this to their discretion.

I hope that the translation of Aristotle may be finished as soon as possible.

I deliver this as my act and deed.

BENJAMIN JOWETT,
Master of Balliol College.

II. LIST OF WORKS BY PROFESSOR JOWETT.

1. *The Epistles of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, Galatians, Romans,* with critical notes and dissertations. Murray; 2 vols. 8vo. 1855.

The same; second edition; revised. Murray. 1859.

The same; third edition; edited and condensed by Professor Lewis Campbell. Murray; 2 vols. cr. 8vo. 1894.

2. *Essays and Reviews.* Parker. 1860. The seventh essay, 'On the Interpretation of Scripture,' is by JOWETT.
   The same, various subsequent editions. Longmans. 1861. This essay is reprinted in the third edition of the *Epistles.*

3. *The Dialogues of Plato,* translated into English, with Analyses and Introductions. Clarendon Press; 4 vols. demy 8vo. 1871.
   The same; second edition. Clarendon Press; 5 vols. 1875.
   The same; third edition. Clarendon Press; 5 vols. 1892.
   The Republic of Plato, translated into English, with Introduction, Analysis, Marginal Analysis, and Index; third edition, published separately. Clarendon Press. 1888.
   Selections from the Dialogues of Plato (Greek), by JOWETT and PURVES. Clarendon Press; cr. 8vo. 1883. The Preface, twenty-six pages, was entirely JOWETT'S, and was re-presented in
   Selections from Plato (English), by JOWETT and MATTHEW KNIGHT. Clarendon Press. 1894.
   Plato's Republic (the Greek text), with notes and essay, by JOWETT and CAMPBELL. Clarendon Press; 3 vols. 8vo. 1894.

4. *Thucydides,* translated into English, with Introduction, Marginal Analysis, Notes and Indices. Clarendon Press; 2 vols. 8vo. 1881.

5. *The Politics of Aristotle,* translated into English; with Introduction, Marginal Analysis, Essays, Notes, and Indices. Clarendon Press; 2 vols. 8vo. 1885.

6. *College Sermons,* edited by the Honourable and Very Rev. W. H. FREMANTLE, Dean of Ripon. Murray; cr. 8vo. 1895.

In preparation:—

Lectures and Addresses; cr. 8vo; edited by P. LYTTELTON GELL.
Sermons, second series; edited by the DEAN OF RIPON.
Letters; edited by ABBOTT and CAMPBELL.

III. LIST OF PORTRAITS OF PROFESSOR JOWETT.

1. In crayons, by G. Richmond. See Vol. I, frontispiece and p. 256. Now at Balliol College.
2. In crayons, by Laugée. 1871. Now in the possession of Professor A. Dicey.
3. In oils, by G. F. Watts. In the Hall, Balliol College.
4. In pastels, by the Cavaliere C. M. Ross. Presented to the College by the late A. Macmillan as a memorial of Malcolm Macmillan. At Balliol College. See Vol. II, p. 372.
5. In water colours, by the Lady Abercromby, 1892. See frontispiece to Vol. II. Now in the Hall, Balliol College.

Of photographs three may be mentioned—that by Valery, taken in 1886; and those by Cameron, taken in 1893, of which one is reproduced in Vol. II, p. 408.

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